LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

June

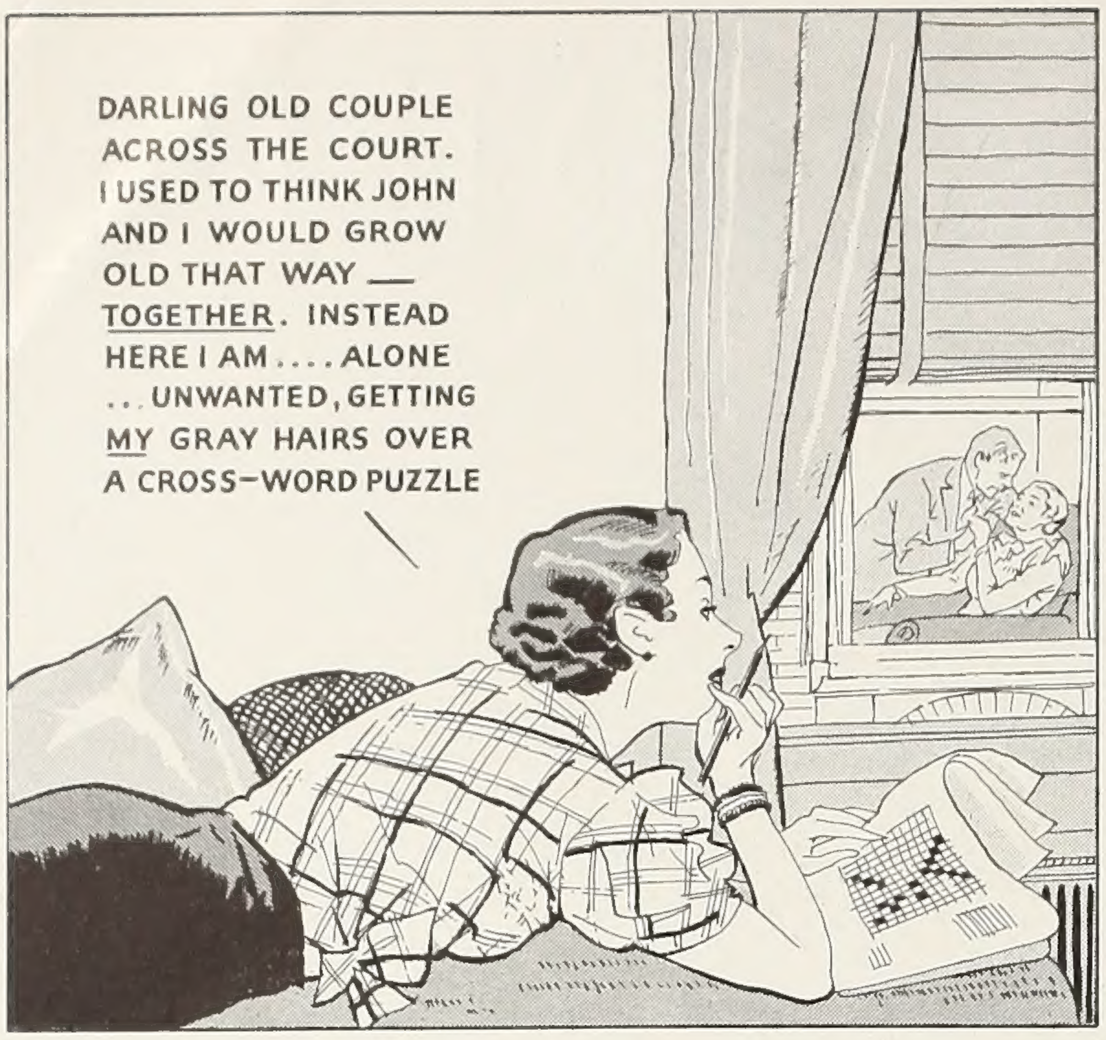
10 cents

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 3C 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

NORMA SHEARER

RISKING ALL TO CRASH HOLLYWOOD!

DARLING OLD COUPLE ACROSS THE COURT. I USED TO THINK JOHN AND I WOULD GROW OLD THAT WAY — TOGETHER. INSTEAD HERE I AM.... ALONE ...UNWANTED, GETTING MY GRAY HAIRS OVER A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



LATER — *a friend drops in — helps solve the puzzle* —

THEN CONNIE, FIVE DOWN MUST BE "B.O." — "ODOR OF LONELINESS." HOW SILLY! IF PEOPLE ARE LONELY BECAUSE THEY HAVE "B.O." WHY THEN I'M THE WORLD'S WORST OFFENDER

OH...ER...I SUPPOSE EVERYBODY SHOULD PLAY SAFE. I'M CRAZY ABOUT LIFEBUOY, MYSELF



NEXT DAY

I TOOK CONNIE'S ADVICE — CHANGED TO LIFEBUOY. IF BY ANY CHANCE "B.O." WERE THE REASON JOHN CHANGED — I'M SURE I COULD WIN HIM BACK NOW

"B.O." GONE — *her bachelor days over!*

JOHN, DARLING, I'M GOING TO TRY SO HARD TO MAKE YOU HAPPY

DON'T HAVE TO TRY. HONEY. JUST STAY AS YOU ARE NOW

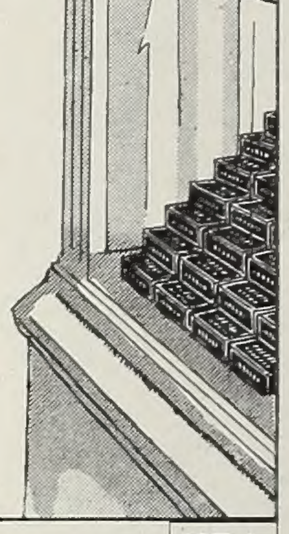




SO SAY thousands upon thousands of women. Lifebuoy keeps their complexions clear and fresh—let it do the same for *yours*. Its gentle, searching lather penetrates pores—coaxes out clogged wastes—adds soft, youthful radiance to dull skin.

The richest lather ever

Lifebuoy gives *handfuls* of creamy lather whether the water is hard or soft, hot or cold. Wonderful for your bath! Its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its deep-cleansing lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores — stops "B.O." (*body odor*).



SHE HATED WASHDAY UNTIL ....





NEXT MONDAY EVENING

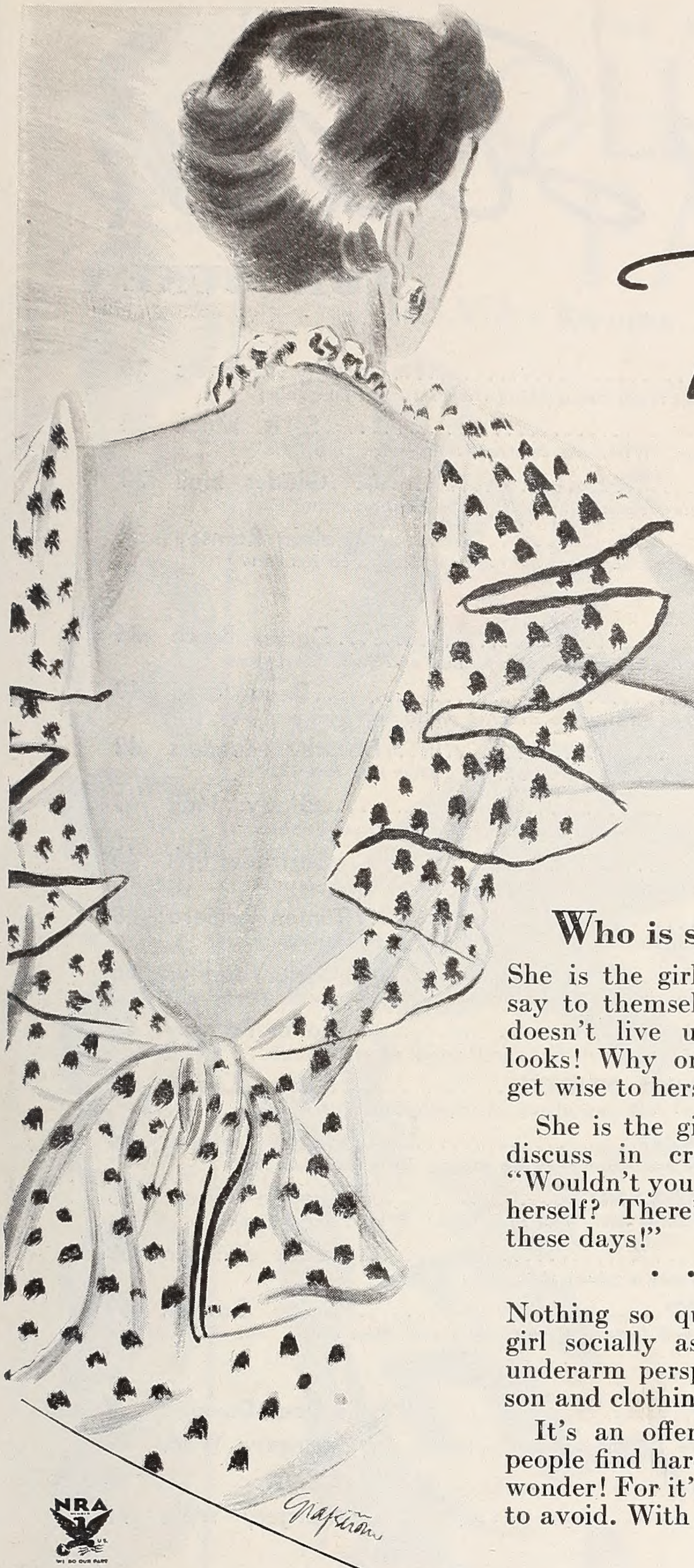




NO WONDER he's proud of her! She doesn't scrub clothes threadbare—she *soaks them 4 or 5 shades whiter* in Rinso suds. Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer!

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Safe for colors—easy on hands. A little gives a lot of rich, lasting suds *even in hardest water.* Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get Rinso today.





The girl nobody wants to be

Who is she?

She is the girl about whom men say to themselves: "She certainly doesn't live up to her stunning looks! Why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself?"

She is the girl whom other girls discuss in cruel little huddles: "Wouldn't you think she'd notice it herself? There's no excuse for it these days!"

• • • • •

Nothing so quickly sidetracks a girl socially as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's an offense that up-to-date people find hard to excuse. And no wonder! For it's so simple and easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just a quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm when you dress, and *you're safe for all day or evening.*

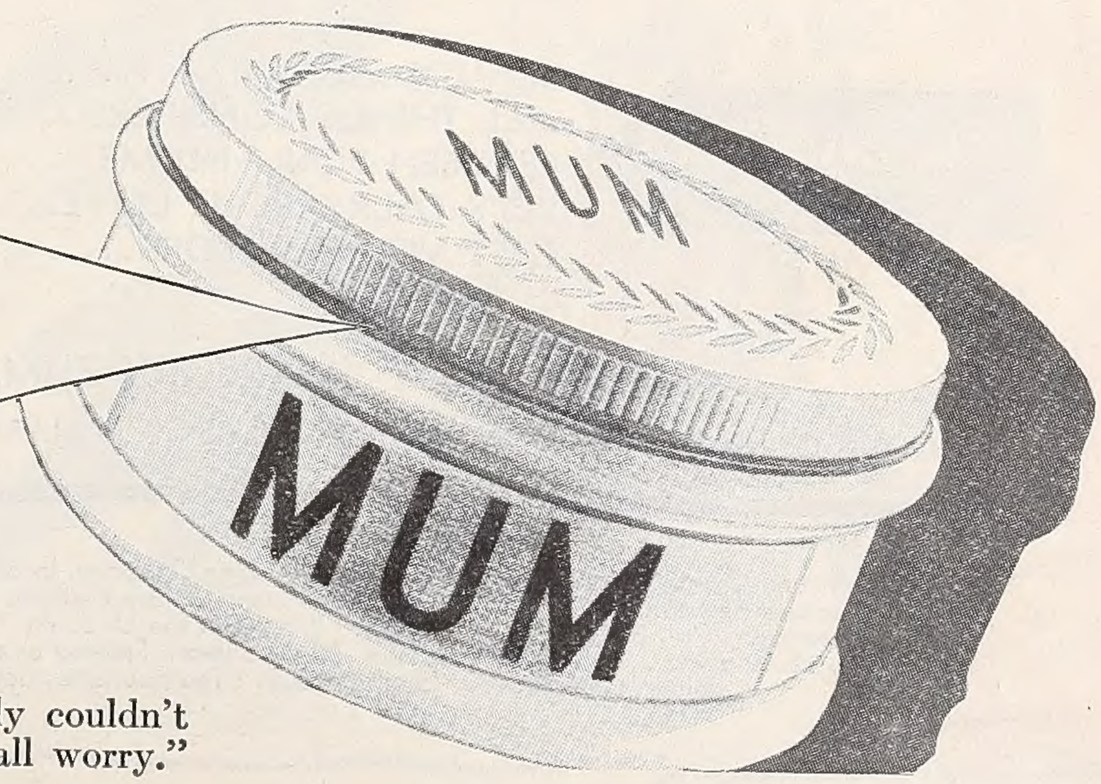
And think of this—if you forget to use Mum when dressing, use it *afterwards*. It's harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too; even a sensitive skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, this dainty deodorant cream does away with unpleasant body odor *without* preventing perspiration itself.

The girl or woman who is careless about underarm odor always pays for it in lost popularity. Use Mum and be sure of yourself. All toilet counters have it. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"WE PRIZE MUM FOR THIS, TOO," women say. "We simply couldn't get along without it to use on sanitary napkins. It relieves us of all worry."

APR 28 1934 ©C1B 224044

Modern Screen

FOR JUNE

Special Stories

"STOP GOSSIPING ABOUT ME!" ..... Dorothy Manners 26
Jean Harlow's much-rumored loves and feuds are making the Platinum One rebel

BING MEANS TO QUIT ..... S. R. Mook 28
Crosby craves a little fun. And he says, "When my contract is up—I'm through!"

RISKING ALL! ..... Gladys Hall 30
On the slimmest chance at fame, movie-struck humans will gamble honor and life

"THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS!" ..... Walter Ramsey 32
Lee Tracy's first interview since his return contains a touching tribute to his fans

Features

"I WANT TO BE BAD!" ..... Carter Bruce 34
Helen Mack, a real dramatic find, qualifies her startling statement and gives her reasons

SPIES INFEST HOLLYWOOD ..... Dena Reed 40
Stealing ideas, snooping onto sets, hired thieves are making producers' lives a misery

KAY HAS FOOLED US ALL ..... Dorothy Manners 42
The real mystery woman of Hollywood isn't Garbo at all. It's Miss Kay Francis

WITH A SONG IN HIS HEART ..... Gladys Hall 43
Otto Kruger will keep with him all his life the memory of a girl and the melody she sang

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 ..... Gertrude Hill 46
Baby Le Roy has muscled in on the star racket and toddled off with stolen laurels

NO MOTHERS TO GUIDE THEM ..... Ramon Romero 48
Our Garbos, Hepburns, Wests and Bennetts do nicely without the aid of a stage mama

THE MAN GARBO LOVES ..... Cyril Vandour 56
Let's find out about this Mamoulian chap—beyond the fact that he's Garbo's boy friend

THE LIFE STORY OF A REAL GUY ..... Walter Ramsey 58
We mean Spencer Tracy. A swell, human yarn that you'll enjoy clear through

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MARLENE DIETRICH ..... John Lodge 60
Her leading man in "Scarlet Empress" tells you about an utterly different Marlene

WILL GLORIA COME BACK AGAIN? ..... Maude Lathem 64
The firm Swanson chin is set and the gray-blue eyes are eager. Let's hope she wins

WILL ROGERS—FATHER AND HUSBAND ..... Katherine Albert 66
What do you know about the man's home life? Not much, eh? Well, read this story

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED ..... Jack Jamison 68
And Jean Muir went after it with the sort of pluck that gains its goal

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MARY? ..... Regina Cannon 69
Miss Brian is healthy, wealthy, wise and beautiful—but she's still Miss Brian. Why?

Fashion and Home

THE MODERN HOSTESS ..... Phyllis Deen-Dunning 8
WHAT CLOTHES FOR VACATION TIME? ..... Margery Wells 70
MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS 74
ON DRESS PARADE ..... Margery Wells 77

Departments

BEAUTY ADVICE 6
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED 10
BETWEEN YOU AND ME 12
LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE 14
THEY VISIT NEW YORK 35
GOOD NEWS 36
REVIEWS 44
ALL JOKING ASIDE 50
THE INFORMATION DESK 78
THE REPORT CARD 80

MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

REGINA CANNON, Associate Editor ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor WALTER RAMSEY, Western Representative

Published monthly and copyrighted 1934 by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; H. Meyer, Vice-President, M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 8, No. 1, June, 1934. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $2.40 a year. Foreign subscriptions, $2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the Post office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers acccept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE

HOLLYWOOD PARTY

R.S.V.P.- Revues, Songs, Variety, Pandemonium



IS IT MARCO POLO? OR DURANTE'S INFERNO? -WELL ANYWAY IT'S A CLASSIC

A LAUREL TO LUPE- AND OLIVER'S ALL OF A TWIST!

THE "BARON" SAID MEET PING PONG - THE SON OF KING KONG. MICKEY SAID OH, A CHIMPANZEE AND THE FIGHT WAS ON!

NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ - AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE

SCHNARZAN AND HIS MATE - SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.

HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.

WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY - WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER? -A WISE CRACKER.

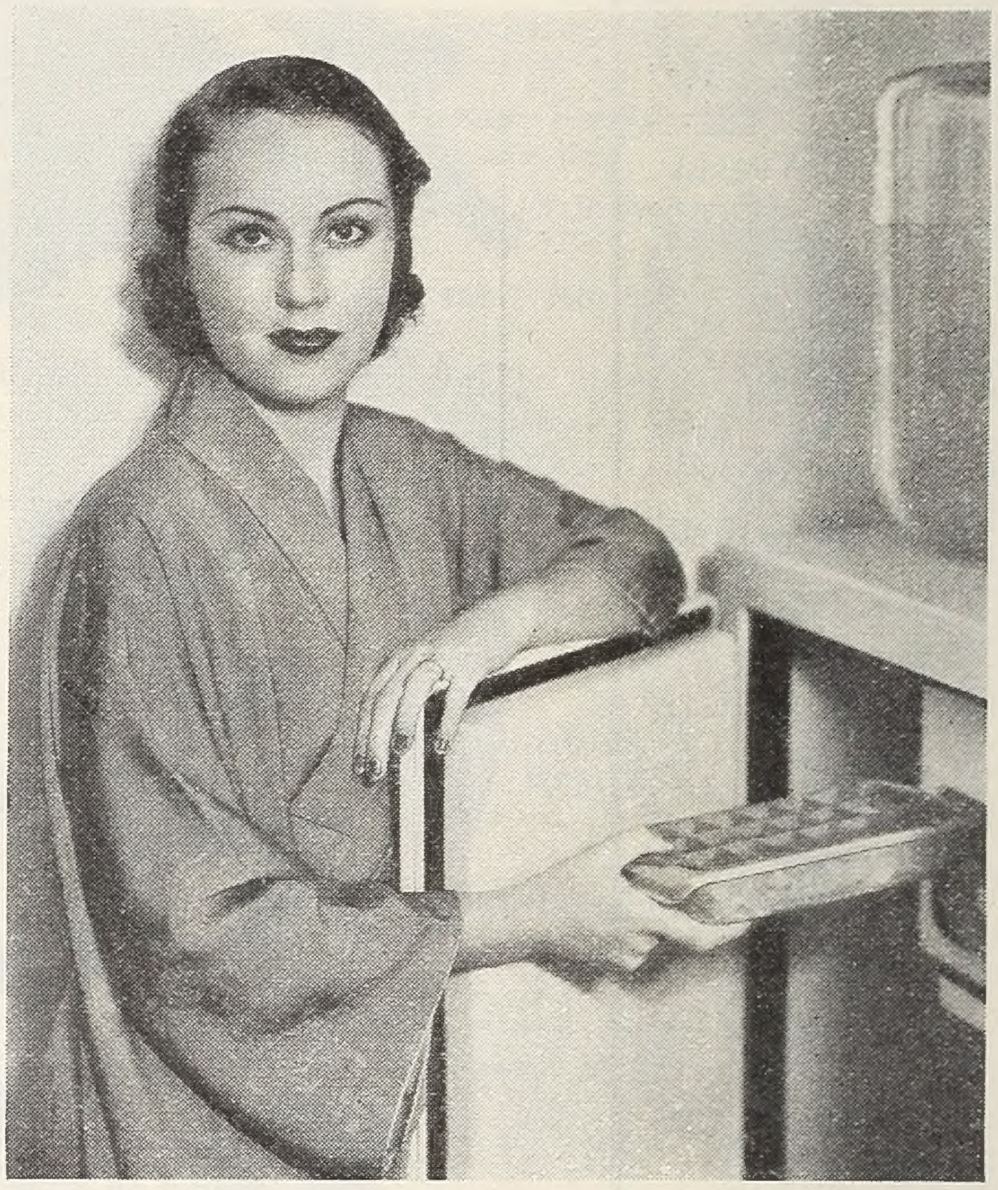
a la jalou

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Beauty Advice

Your beauty problems will be answered by Mary Biddle, promptly and in a personal letter, if you will write to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. The address is Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.





Fay Wray is a girl who works very hard and plays very hard, too. She never looks anything but lovely. That takes care—and pains. One of her never-neglected beauty tasks is to give her skin a brisk, invigorating ice rub at least once every day.



BY MARY BIDDLE

THAT large picture of Fay Wray presents for your admiration a glamorous, dazzling lady—a sort of princess, awfully well-groomed, and frightfully well-coiffed. A dream girl for men to worship and buy orchids for and dance with on moonlit terraces. A slim, cool creature who, in the sticky weather we are about to endure, would never do anything so unalluring as to perspire, or go unpowdered and unwaved.

The smaller picture of Fay Wray presents a young lady in her wrapper—one who has just pattered from her dressing-room, in her mules, to the kitchen to get a cube of ice from the refrigerator. She is going to take this ice cube back to her dressing-room—or to the bathroom—wrap it in a soft cloth, and, with it, polish her clean, make-upless face. It will act as an astringent, a pepper-upper, a dirt-cheap tonic and beautifier. (*Continued on page 124*)

Use TINTEX— for Everything Faded in Your Apparel and Home Decorations



Use TINTEX for

Underthings...Negligees
Dresses ... Sweaters
Scarfs...Stockings...Slips
Blouses ... Children's
Clothes ... Men's Shirts

Curtains ... Bed Spreads
Drapes... Luncheon Sets
Doilies ... Slip Covers

• Color Magic for Every Fabric •

EVERY day Tintex is performing its miracle of color in millions of homes. With these simplest and quickest of all tints and dyes you, too, can make faded fabrics become new again ... or you can give them different colors, if you wish.

Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere





Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints and Dyes**



The MODERN hostess

Plantation Marble and Silvermoon are just a few of the enticing cakes Joan Blondell dotes on.



PROBABLY if I should stop you on the street tomorrow and ask you to name your favorite cake you'd answer "chocolate layer" or "devil's food." Somehow almost everybody does. But, if I'd repeat this little experiment a month from now, I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts you'd answer "Silvermoon," or "Plantation Marble," or "Maple Cream," because I hope that by then you will have made and eaten Joan Blondell's delicious cakes.

It was funny how I happened to find out about these cakes. If Bette Davis hadn't been going to have a birthday, I might not have.



You see, it was this way. Joan Blondell thought it would be fun to have a surprise party for Bette, and she asked me if I knew of anything different to have to eat. Well, I suggested a few little party treats and Joan was so enthusiastic about them that I set to work and planned a whole menu for her. Everything went along nicely until I mentioned Bombe Glacée and Petits Fours for dessert.

"Don't be silly!" said Joan. "This is a birthday party and, of course, Bette must have a birthday cake—a big one, with candles."

"And all dolled up with pastry-tube roses, Happy Birthday scrawled across the top in pink icing, and under the icing, that mysterious mixture of sawdust and almond meal that so many caterers dignify with the name of cake," I replied sarcastically.

"No such thing," exclaimed Joan. Then, with a flash of her lovely smile, "Bette's going to have a real, old-fashioned birthday cake and I'm going to make it for her myself."

"Hooray!" I cheered. "And what particular cake do you pride yourself on being able to make?"

"I can make any kind of cake," answered Joan earnestly, "but I have several favorites and I shall choose one of them for Bette's birthday cake."

"Tell me what they are," I urged, spotting a chance to get some pointers from Joan in exchange for the ideas I had given her.

"Well, probably my very favorite cake is one we call Silvermoon, with Seafoam Icing on it."

"Sounds like a poem," I hazarded.

"It is a poem," agreed Joan, laughing. "It's better than a poem, this delicate white cake. It has nuts in it and on top is a frosting, which is made of brown sugar, egg whites and coffee."

"The sort of cake which makes a man forget there was hash for supper," I suggested.

"Hash for supper, indeed! That cake is not one to consort with hash. It is of the aristocracy, I would have you know. Though I suppose if you did want to cover up the fact that the rest of a meal consisted of hash and little else, this cake could do it better than almost anything else I know."

"Then there is Plantation Marble Cake with Fudge Frosting," went on Joan.

"And why (*Continued on page 110*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for June, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)


Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"
with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey
if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!
Paramount Pictures



ALL THINGS *Considered*

BY THE EDITOR

I HAVE just received a letter from a girl—one of our readers. From such telltale things as choice of words and presentation of ideas, one can see that the writer is a person of more than average intelligence. The letter is signed only with the initials. You will understand why in a moment. I cannot print the letter—it is much too bitter. It has made me ponder seriously over certain moving pictures and stories which I have always taken more or less for granted.

We have had, recently, several pictures which presented the theme of motherhood without benefit of clergy. I have seen three such pictures in the last few months. They were all beautifully done. They brought tears to the eyes and a lump to the throat. Two of these three ended—oh, so happily. In the third the mother died, but the child and the father (a very wealthy father, of course) came together at the finish. In all three pictures, there was an aura of beauty, a tragical loveliness, an abundance of romance, an idealizing of the bare facts which made the heroine's plight seem an enviable dramatic experience.

"Stop these pictures!" cries the girl who has written me the above-mentioned letter. "Stop them! Believing the screen to be the greatest medium of modern social education, it seems like a good idea to try to cut down on these baby pictures for the same reason, comparatively, that an attempt was made to reduce the number of gangster films. The gangster was rapidly becoming the idol of young, male America."

There—that is all of the letter I can print. For, you see, this girl went through the same experience as the heroines of the pictures I have been talking about. She sneers at the romantic poppycock which glossed over these films. The happy—or nearly happy—endings. The charming reunion of mama, papa and child. The way in which the unmarried mothers' gallantry was played up. This girl does not complain about her lot and she appears much too intelligent to think that her life is "ruined." But it is certainly not a "romantic" nor particularly gallant experience she has been through. It has taken something sweet and wonderful away from her which she can never recapture.

She says, in effect: "Don't go on giving impressionable young girls in this country the notion that there is anything romantic, gallant, courageous or dramatic in such an experience."

This girl will never see her baby again. She hopes and prays that she will never see the father. She looks forward to no happy ending. She looks forward to—forgetting.

Do you blame her?

A romantic setting will, we know, bring glamor to many a sordid fact. I am not suggesting, of course, that a good story should be left unwritten because its basis-in-fact may be the unhappy experience of some human being. I am wondering—that's all—if the mirror should not be held up a little closer to nature. The reflections therein may provide swell stories for the screen.

Let Warner Bros. musical stars bring you the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!



★ 4 MILLS BROS.



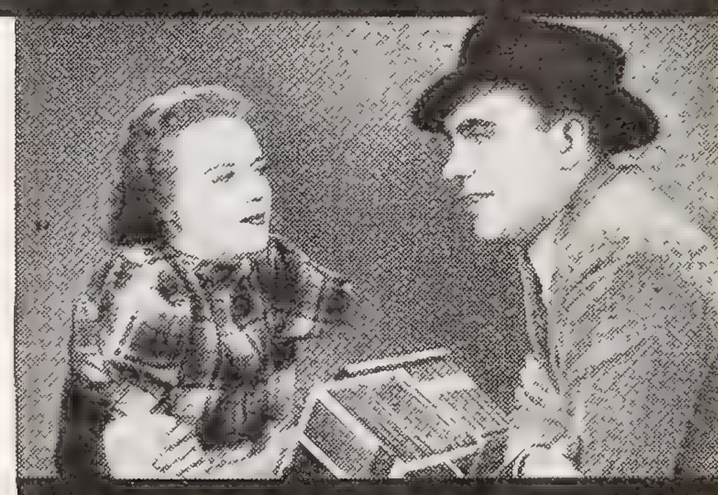
★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss . . . . . .

20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS"

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell.

A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright



★ PAT O'BRIEN



★ ALLEN JENKINS

★ TED FIORITO & HIS BAND



"Lord, give me big feet."

. . . Letters galore on this and that movie subject have been pouring in. Naturally, because our space is limited, we print only the best ones. If yours isn't in this issue—try, try again.



"A great educational force."

Wanted: Big Feet

J. JESSEL, of Pullman, Washington, vindicates Garbo's Garboisms:

No, I'm not Greta Garbo's press agent, but what if Greta Garbo does have big feet? What if Greta Garbo does "Vant to be alone"? What if Greta Garbo does "Tank ay go home now"? Hasn't she a perfect right to have big feet? Doesn't she have a perfect right to want to be alone or to go home? Ever so often one hears an impersonation of Miss Garbo over the radio until one begins to think that there must be something to this little girl. If she is so bad as all the taker-offers try to make you believe she is, why is she the idol of both men and women on and off the screen?

If it takes big feet and a desire to be at home and alone, we all salute you, Greta Garbo. May we see more and more of your wonderful productions.

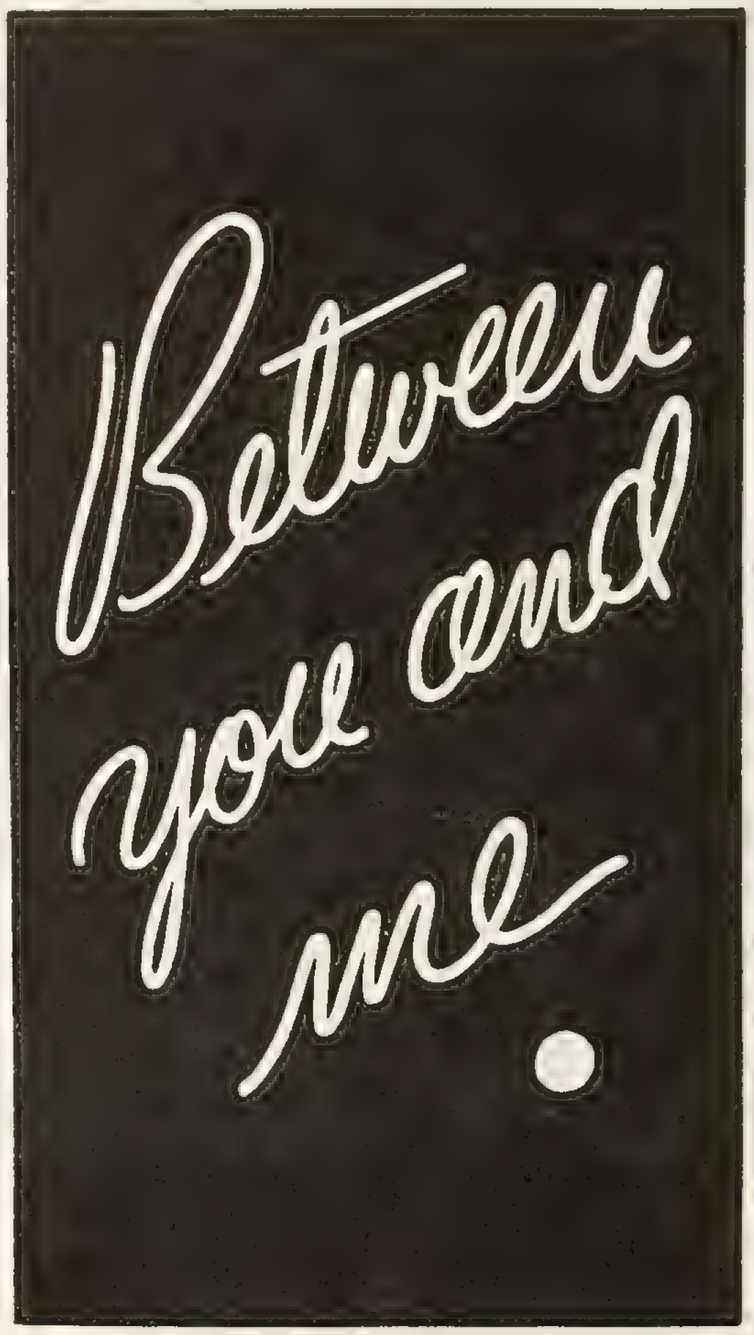
Teachers, Professors, Scientists, Please Note

A. A. KIDDER of Stockton, Cal., may be kidding us, but anyway:

I am greatly interested in MODERN SCREEN as one of the great educational forces of our time. Indeed, I doubt if there be a greater agency; my only doubt is whether its power is used for the upbuilding of character among our youth.

Judging by the lusty bill boards and the newspaper advertisements, one might easily conclude that as innocent entertainment the movies had lost out since the heroes and heroines are largely gangsters or criminals. Now, such characters, it seems to me, are not to be emulated.

For several years I have studied the screen, attending once or twice a week, and I have seen for myself



those pictures which were considered the very best, as well as those of a lower standard. I must confess that I do not always agree with what the masses consider the "best" and what they consider the "worst." My hope is that the standard will rise and be kept high for the betterment of our country and the whole world.

"Picture I'd Like to See" Conference

(In "All Things Considered" for April, the Editor invited the fans to tell her about books they'd like to see picturized. Here are the most interesting replies.)

J. I., of Lake Villa, Ill.:

I think that "Joan of Arc," plus our Katie (Hepburn, of course), would be second only to "Little Women," which, in my opinion is the best movie ever made. I can just see Hepburn riding gallantly to battle—and the vision is swell!

GEO. JENKINS, of Newport News, Va.:

A fine college film could be produced from John Erskine's new book, "Bachelor of Arts." And among your suggestions of good films to be made, I'd like to include "The Student Prince," to be made again in a sincere technicolor version, music and all.

M. GEORGE, of Callav, Mo.:

William Allen White's "In the Heart of a Fool" would make a marvelous photoplay. It is perhaps a bit heavy in spots but that, of course, could be eliminated in the picture. It's just full of strong characters, both tragic and comic.

Irene Dunne could play the beautiful and courageous wife; David Manners, the printer's son; Warner Baxter, Irene Dunne's husband, and Kay Francis, the husband-snatcher.

NELLIE COFFIN, of Pleasant Ridge, Mich.:

I'd like to see Irene Dunne in "Little Dorrit," by Charles Dickens. Dorrit's father could be played by Richard Dix. Oh, it would be a wonderful picture, fraught with humor, history, satire, domestic felicity and family tragedy. I think it would transcend "David Copperfield," which they are now working on. It would have an all-around appeal to any audience.

JANE PRESCOTT, of New Rochelle, N. Y.:

If those in authority could refrain from changing the ending, I would like to see Anthony Pryde's "The Secret Room" (not a mystery) made into a picture. The part of "Nevil" might have been written expressly for Leslie Howard; Elissa Landi fills all require-

(*Continued on page 17*)



★★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

By ALICE VAN DORAN



Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess."

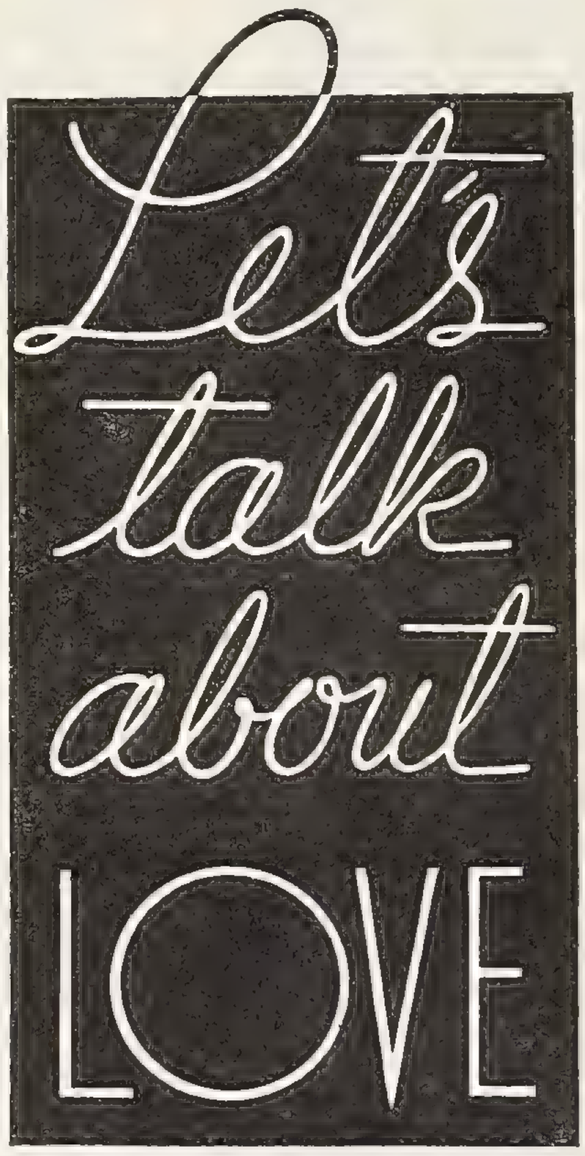
ROMANCE is something most of us associate with lace Valentines, crinolines and Janet Gaynor. It's something we imagine to be as impractical as it is intangible —and that, of course, is where we are wrong. For, just as love is what makes the world go 'round, romance is what keeps love going.

A certain young girl I know, who was recently so heartbroken that she declared she could never, never fall in love again, is all set to embark on a new sentimental adventure. True, she is a little uneasy as to what the outcome will be and has lost a bit of her self-confidence and is just a mite pessimistic and on the defensive, but nevertheless she is ready to try again.

"Of course," she told me, a little defiantly, "it can't last. Love never does. But while it's 'on,' I'm going to have a good time and make the most of it."

Well, first of all, it *can* last. And at least half of its lasting power is up to the little lady herself. If she sits down and takes stock of what went wrong with her last love, it is pretty safe to say that romance in the affair was pretty conspicuous by its absence.

Perhaps she was at fault; perhaps the young man concerned was in the wrong or, maybe the blame should be equally shared. At any rate, it is safe to say that they came to know each other so well that they treated each other as "one of the family." Now, one of the family is all right if you're a sister or a brother or an aunt, but if you are somebody's sweetheart or somebody's beau, it is just about the most fatal-to-love treatment that can possibly be doled out.



When you become too familiar with a person, the tendency seems to lie in the general direction of off-handedness and indifference. You aren't intentionally inconsiderate, but you get to feel, "Oh, well, Jim knows me so well! He'll understand if I don't tell him I had an enjoyable evening," or "Even if I don't phone Mary, as I said I would, she knows me well enough to understand that I was too busy."

An awful lot of the love crimes are committed in the name of understanding and, believe it or not, there is a limit to one's comprehension even when that one is in love!

A promise—no matter how lightly made—is a promise, whether the person to whom it is given is one's "one and only" or one's most casual acquaintance. The funny part of it is, you wouldn't think of breaking one where the latter was concerned. Just as you wouldn't dream of being anything but polite to him. Why? Well, besides its being a mark of good breeding and careful upbringing, it makes an impression. A good one. And, somehow or other, we are never late in wanting to create a favorable impression on a new friend. Why we shouldn't want to keep it with a loved one that already has it, is perhaps one of the perversities of human nature.

Another thing, I'll bet all the tea in China that if you are dining with the one you love, and you're "in a mood," you just don't attempt to snap out of it. You will sit through the entire meal without opening your mouth—except, of course, to eat the *(Continued on page 130)*

Love makes the world go 'round, but romance keeps love going

Only *Peach Bloom* on the *Blonde* But *Too Bad* on the *Brunette*



MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage, coarse re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. MARCHAND CO. MM6-34
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PICTURE NEWS!

Photos by Scotty



Whoops, Aggie! The Missus McHugh, Butterworth and Crosby are doing it for charity, so it's all right. This act—a take-off on the Boswell Sisters—was part of Hollywood's Temple Israel Benefit.



Will Rogers and his old pal, Fred Stone, volunteered their services for the Temple Israel Benefit, too.



Grace Moore's operatic soprano and little Ruby Keeler's dancing feet were special attractions.



Edna Best was in tears when she left Herbert Marshall at the Pasadena depot—some say for a divorce.



Bob Armstrong's five scottie pups are entered in a race by Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Johnny Mack Brown and Ralph Bellamy. Bob's giving them the "go" signal.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 12*)

ments for the part of "Fan"; "Julian"—a most difficult role—would provide the dramatic part that Ramon Novarro needs, if he is to escape "typing."

The story contains some "meaty" dramatic material for all three principal players, opportunity for elaborate settings, some dialogue already too good to be changed, interesting minor characters who bring touches of comedy and lightness into the gripping suspense of the plot. In short, it is great screen material, worthy of fine treatment.

JOHN CARDIN, of Brooklyn, New York:

Don't you think a talkie version of "The Flesh and the Devil" would be something to rave about? With Jean Harlow in the Garbo role, Clark Gable in the role made famous by John Gilbert, and Robert Montgomery in the part played by the late Lars Hanson. I think this would be one of the greatest events in the history of talkies. (*Fans, your response to the editorial in the April issue on "Pictures I'd Like to See" was indeed gratifying. It proved once more that producers would be wise to choose for their story material some of the old stand-bys that we all read in school.*)

Tone Without Joan?

G. ROHRER, of Waverly, Ill., goes on about a very popular young man:

Let's have an article about Franchot Tone in MODERN SCREEN soon. It would greatly please us if a picture, a really good one (without La Crawford draped about him), would find its way into the picture section, too. He's my favorite actor and I think it's a shame that we hear so very little of him. I hope he isn't doing a Garbo, or is he? He's a fine actor and he doesn't need any "dame" to help him rise to stardom, no matter how grand she may be. (*It'll be a life story on the Tone boy and it'll appear in an early issue of* MODERN SCREEN. *And didja see the pitcher of him on page 52? Truth compels us to add that Crawford's is on page 53, but anyway, Tone has a whole page to himself.*)

(*Continued on page 125*)

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you—shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're *white!*

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "*trick*" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is *real* soap—soap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the *golden* bar with *lots of dirt-loosening naptha in it!*

Make a test with Fels-Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stubborn dirt is loosened! (Naptha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—*safely!*

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woolens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out *snowy-white*—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.





"More good news!... Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the *lowest price in almost twenty years!*"

© 1934, FELS & CO.

Together again

The most *Glorious* sweethearts of the Screen



Janet
GAYNOR
Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with

JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS



Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris

FOX

Margaret Sullavan



Margaret Sullavan is so docile and tractable lately that she has Universal wondering. Why, she's even taken a great interest in her fan mail and, as for her erstwhile frequent disappearing acts, well, they've been conspicuous by their absence. She has been busy making "Little Man, What Now?" Miss Sullavan, as you've doubtless guessed, is destined to go far. She definitely comes under the head of White Hopes.



Ronald Colman

He's an independent soul and, having stacked up plenty of the coin of the realm, Ronald Colman can afford to be. You'll see him soon in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," his first for Twentieth Century. Ronnie has spent the past year traveling, you know, and when he finishes this picture he'll be off again to parts unknown. He's an outdoor lad and takes his sports rather seriously.

Norma Shearer



She's back again after two long years away from the celluloid. And, just to make up for lost time, or give us good measure or sumpin', Norma employs two leading men in "Riptide." Yes, she goes from Robert Montgomery to Herbert Marshall in three reels! You'll see her next in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," for Miss Shearer has drawn the season's most delectable picture plum.

Pat Patterson

Besides being a clever little actress (what a hit she made in Fox's "Bottoms Up") this little lady might be termed impulsive and impetuous, for Pat Patterson is the gal who sent for her beau to come over from England and married Charles Boyer before the unfortunate lad arrived. However, the Boyers are pleased as punch and it looks as if they are going to co-star in "By Royal Command." Meanwhile, they've been honeymooning in the desert.





Bob Montgomery

Believe it or not, Robert Montgomery's hobby is skeet shooting. Next to that, he enjoys collecting antiques and furniture for his new home in Westchester, New York. Bob has finished "Riptide" with Norma Shearer and is going to do "Biography" after his journey east for a rest cure to be punctuated with theatre-going and shopping. He is one of Metro's most consistently popular players, for he knows light comedy as few lads do.

Ann Sothern

When she gets a swimming pool, Ann Sothern will feel as if she's a real Hollywood citizen. Up to now, she's acquired a new home and two Scotty pups, which isn't bad when you consider the gal has only been on the Coast a few months. Ann was known as Harriet Lake to the Broadway stage, where she tripped the light fantastic with considerable success. Columbia's "The Party's Over" is her latest cinema venture.





Maurice Chevalier

There's no straw hat and the famous grin is gone, but you can't fool us—it's Chevalier! You'll see him as the hero of "The Merry Widow" and, though rumors were flying fast and furious to the contrary, with mention of the talented Peggy Wood for the much coveted part, Jeanette MacDonald will play the title role and Ernst Lubitsch is to direct. And, as to the one about his fearing competition, why Maurice says he actually welcomes it.

"Stop gossiping



"Divorce Hal Rosson?
Why, how silly!"



"Quarrel with Louis B. Mayer?
Perfectly ridiculous!"



"Interested in Max Baer?
Well, that's funny!"

JEAN said, "I'm through taking it! I have sat back and shrugged off Hollywood gossip about me for the last time. For awhile I had the idea that as long as I portrayed seductive, worldly girls on the screen, I had to expect a certain amount of gossip about that screen Jean Harlow. I considered it the price to pay for the screen character I portrayed. But that is over. From now on, I am declaring war on malicious, fantastic stories which are circulated about me. I shall explain the truth at every opportunity. I am tired of being lied about!"

The lady of these fighting words brought her cream-colored coupe to a vehement brake-dragging stop for two reasons. First, her anger had given added force to the foot she thrust down on the brake; and the second and best reason was a red signal against us at the intersection.

We were Holmby Hills bound from a session at the studio, where Jean had been posing for new photographs and I had been milling around waiting for her. The "sitting" had apparently gone all right at first. There had been poses of Jean looking sirenic, seductive, alluring; smiling over her shoulder, tossing her incredible hair forward, backward, windward and every other way it could be tossed against a black background.

It might have turned out to be one of those days when nothing ever happens if a certain lady reporter hadn't dropped in on Jean and told her something. That, strictly, was the end of that "sitting." Five minutes later there was the banging of a door in the publicity department, a rustle, not of silk, but of brown flannel slacks, and a determined stride, as my friend and neighbor and favorite screen dynamite gathered me up because, it seemed, we were going home. There was a certain glint in her eye.

She had just heard the gossip story about Jean Harlow and Max Baer!

Heard it? Of course I had heard it. The story had been whispered behind every hand in Hollywood of how Jean was supposed to have been Max's Big Moment while he was making "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" on the M-G-M lot, and of how his estranged wife had supposedly planned to name Jean in a divorce suit. And this was supposed (for the third time) to be the reason Jean had eloped in an airplane and married Hal Rosson in such a hurry.

"I don't know what

(*Cont'd on page 93*)

about me....!"



"Dislike Joan Crawford?
How could I?"

Have you heard the latest about Jean Harlow and Max Baer? And the one about the Platinum's feud with Joan Crawford? And the quarrels she has with her family? Well, Jean's heard these whispers and talks about them right out loud!

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS







Dixie Lee Crosby, the adored and adoring little woman, isn't so hot about this retiring idea for various strictly feminine reasons. But if Bing should really do it—okay.

Bing MEANS TO QUIT

What do you think of that? He's serious and sane and determined about the idea. Are you going to let the attractive, popular Bing get away with retirement?



Maybe, in a very few years, young Gary Evans Crosby will have become a famous crooner, too. Then he can support his old man in the style to which Bing has become resigned.



The blue of the night is bright rose color compared to the blue of the days when Bing must give up a choice golf meet for duty's sake. "It will be different, later," says Bing.

By S. R. MOOK

THE other evening Bing, his wife and I were sitting in the den of their home. The trout season had just opened and I had suggested we go on a few days' fishing expedition.

"Can't handle it," said Bing sulkily. "I'm on this picture and as soon as I finish 'We're Not Dressing,' I've got to start on another one. When that's done, I've got three weeks of personal appearances to do in New York. Damn it!"

Then he brightened visibly. "A year and a half more and I'll be able to go anywhere I want, any time I want. We can wait."

"What are you carrying on about now?" I wondered.

Bing laughed. "I'm not just talking big. My contract with Paramount expires the latter part of 1935. When that golden day rolls around, I'm through, washed up, *fini.*"

"You're crazy," I retorted. "What are you going to live on? Have you got enough laid by to keep this place going?"

"Not yet," Bing admitted, "but I will have by then. Here's how it is: the best years of a man's life are between twenty-eight and forty. I'll be thirty-two in 1935. Two of those best years already have gone, never to return, alas. I'm not going to waste the other ten. I'm going to have some fun out of life. I'm going to retire."

"Yeah," I taunted. "I've heard that talk before. Name me one big star who has retired at the height of his or her career—and stayed retired. Jolson, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge—all of them have retired. But have any of them stayed retired?"

THAT'S all right, too," Bing returned. "Maybe they like the spotlight. I don't. All this adulation is very flattering, of course, and I appreciate it, but it bothers me. If I sit down at a table in the Paramount restaurant, immediately four or five guys are pointing cameras at me and snapping flashlights in my face while I chew. So I have to sit on a stool at the lunch counter to have a little privacy. If I got to a picture show, a cameraman jumps out and says, 'Just a minute, Bing.'"

"Tchk, tchk, tchk," I murmered sympathetically. "It's tough to be famous."

"You said it," said Bing imperturbably. "Money isn't everything. By the time my Paramount contract is up I'll have about a hundred and fifty G's salted away. Maybe a little more. Then——"

"You mean," I ejaculated, "with all this money you've made, you haven't even got a paltry hundred and fifty thousand skins laid by?"

"That's it. Seems incredible, doesn't it? Well, look: my manager gets five per cent of (*Continued on page 103*)



To crash Hollywood, movie aspirants have stolen, starved and willingly faced death. For the screen-struck consider no sacrifice too much to make, no price too great to pay, for the break that seldom, if ever, comes

RISKING

ONE in ten thousand achieves stardom," authority says. But what of the other nine thousand and ninety-nine? Do they trail meekly home, dragging their hopes behind them? Do they, resignedly, accept jobs as waitresses, gas station boys, saleswomen and manicurists? They do not. Death is more welcome than such substitutes as these.

I know, because I have talked with Producer Jesse Lasky. I have talked with Casting Director Ben Piazza of the M-G-M lot, with Casting Director Phil Friedman of Fox and Casting Director Fred Datig of Paramount. I have talked to established stars and to a few of the nine thousand and ninety-nine themselves and I have found—heartbreak.

They *do* break their hearts, these desperate and determined nine thousand odd. They resort to extremities so fantastic, reckless, suicidal, dangerous as to pass credulity. They have themselves buried alive. They traverse the country in coffins. Nice girls deliberately involve themselves in scandals in the forlorn hope that the resultant tabloid notoriety may also be productive of a contract. They do themselves actual bodily harm, they starve and die of starvation, they employ blackmail and bribery, fainting fits and stolen identities, spiritualistic means and lies that would send even Baron Munchausen tottering home to mama. They walk across the country, they spend their last dollar, they hurl themselves in front of producers' cars, counting death better than—No Casting. They create actual and physical inquisitions for themselves, willing to walk through the gates of any kind of pain if by so doing they may seize the gelatin Grail in their hands.

Producer Jesse Lasky recently gave out a statement which read: "The quickest way to make an auspicious entry into Hollywood is to stay away and forget the movies until a name has been developed in some other field of entertainment. If you sing, get on the air and become so important producers will send special trains after you. If your talent runs to acting, go on the stage. Unusual success in either field is the shortest cut to the screen, proving that what Hollywood wants is tested merit.

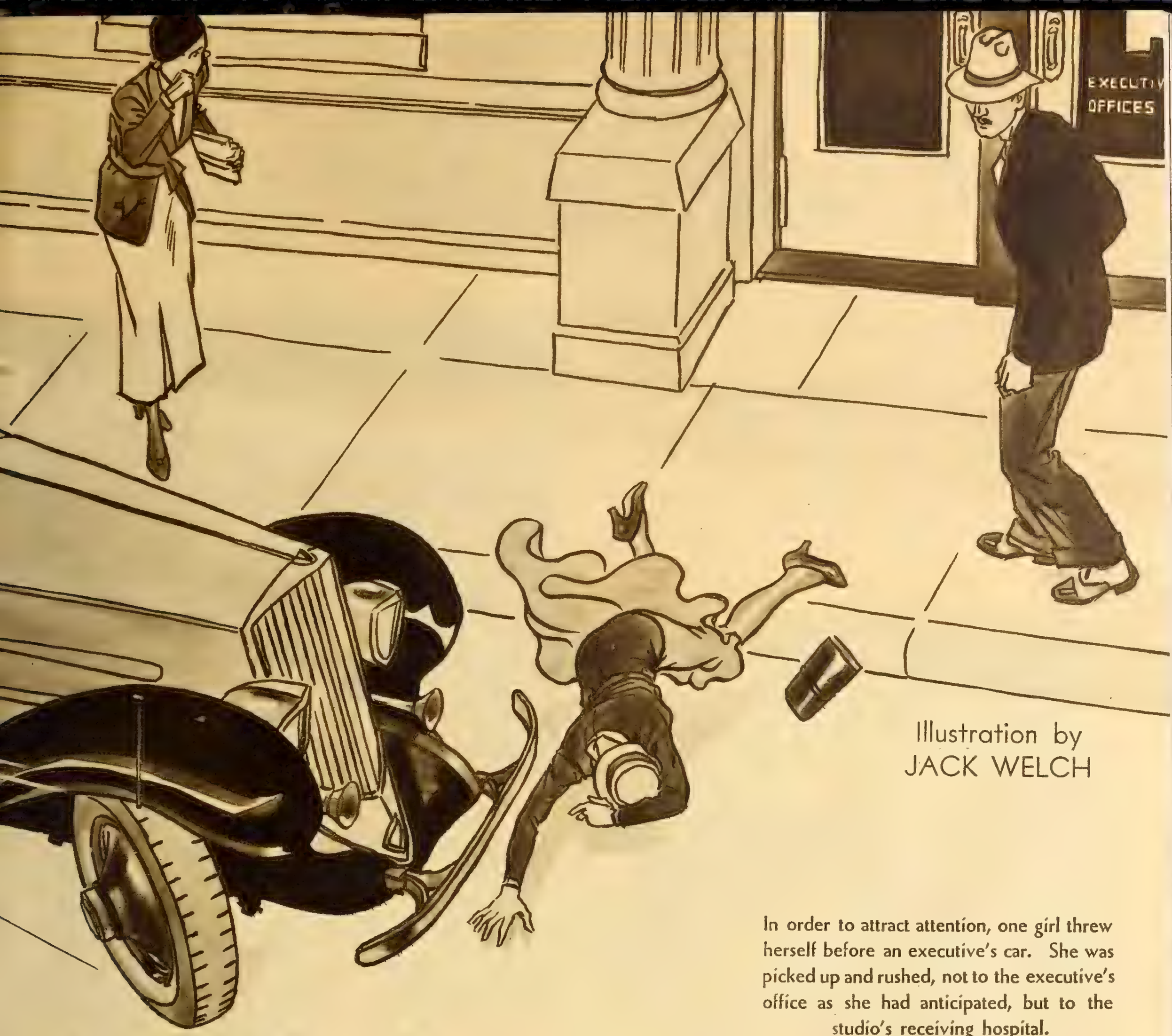


Illustration by
JACK WELCH

In order to attract attention, one girl threw herself before an executive's car. She was picked up and rushed, not to the executive's office as she had anticipated, but to the studio's receiving hospital.

ALL! ◆ ◆ ◆

By GLADYS HALL

"The romantic tradition that stars rise out of the extra ranks or are picked by directors from mobs at railroad stations is sheer fable. Success in Hollywood comes as the result of previous experience—and a tremendous capacity for hard work."

I THOUGHT, "This is so. It is sound, sane, practical common sense. But—" And then I was told of the girl, Lucile, who had worked a great deal on the Paramount lot. A girl with a consuming ambition and—very beautiful legs. So beautiful that whenever a close-up of beautiful legs was demanded, hers were the legs in demand.

One day terrible screams came from the room where this girl was dressing. She had poured acid over her legs, burning them so terribly that they were grooved and seared to the very bone. She was rushed to the receiving hospital and there told reporters that she had disfigured her legs in the hope that directors might hear of her and give her a chance to show her face and her abilities on the screen. Her legs were ruining her career. She said, "I was brought up on the biblical saying that if an eye offend you, pluck it out." The girl's limbs were permanently disfigured, but the pain did not bear film fruit.

I had a long talk with Mr. Lasky the other day. We spoke of this case. I said, "I should imagine that such ferocious eagerness, such frantic desire might mean something—an emotional quality, a terrific desire. There are so many of these boys and girls who are willing, who do take the very hearts out of their bodies and hurl them against the studio walls until the blood spatters. What of them? Does it avail them nothing?"

"Occasionally," Mr. Lasky admitted, "this kind of an attempt to enter pictures does work. Sometimes, rarely, the authentic flame is there. More often it is fanaticism, too erratic to be usable. I have a case, somewhat similar, on my hands right now. Ever since it was announced that I was to make 'Red Heads on Parade,' I have been getting letters from a young lady, each letter containing a strand of bright red hair. (*Continued on page 89*)

"Thank you,

When Lee and the Mexican police agreed to disagree and that celebrated tussle ensued, his first thought was of his mother. How would she take it? Could she possibly understand? Well, Mrs. Tracy's first letter brought the answer her unhappy son longed to hear.





WHAT goes through the heart and mind of a man, acclaimed for his talents and achievements, secure in a high place in his profession, who overnight finds himself on the brink of oblivion because of a fluke of fate?

What bitterness rankles his heart, or what philosophy sustains him through the long days and months while the public sits in judgment on his case—whether he is to be, or not to be?

In other words, what have been the feelings of Lee Tracy in the ten weeks following his abrupt dismissal from M-G-M by Louis B. Mayer, for "disgraceful conduct in Mexico City," to the signing for his comeback screen chance in "I'll Tell the World" at Universal?

The jury of public opinion has acquitted Lee. He knows that now. Universal is not starring him in one of their most important pictures of the year out of philanthropic purposes or because they think Lee is a nice boy. As though this were not enough, he has received 2500 letters in two months from the great paying public who have said in effect, "Keep a stiff upper lip, kid. We're for you!"

The case is off the record. Lee Tracy is on his way again. But in the beginning, in the darkest days, he did not know this would be the outcome.

"I know now that the most terrible thing that can happen is uncertainty. That awful waiting, hoping and despair of not knowing our fate. I think it is in all of us

MY FRIENDS!"

By WALTER RAMSEY



(Below, left) The gossips have had Isabel Jewell engaged to Lee for some time and it looks as if they've hit the truth at last. (Right) The star and Gloria Stuart in "I'll Tell the World," his first picture since the famous fracas.

"I'm back again, fans, because of your letters and encouragement and loyalty! And because of you, Isabel Jewell, who stood by in those months of torture"





to adjust ourselves and bear our burdens after the ax falls. But not knowing whether or not it is going to fall, that is hell!"

The supposedly "new" Lee Tracy sat across from me in the Indian Room of the Universal studio café. For hours we had been skirting the subject of this Mexican affair, for it is written in Lee's contract he is to be spared the embarrassment of any reference to the "Viva Villa" engagement in Mexico City. Yet I think he knew as well as I that we could not really evade the subject if he was to truthfully answer my question: "Have you changed, as they say you have?"

I didn't want to embarrass him. I like him too well. And besides I had my orders from the publicity department. So we talked of cabbages and kings and movies and politics before Lee, himself, threw down the gauntlet and honestly tackled the subject.

He said, "Every vital, dangerous climax of our lives changes us to a certain degree. Only moles are immune to experience. But I have not changed in the sense the gossip columnists are insisting. I am not brow-beaten or cowed or hitting the sawdust trail on the old reform ticket. I have not taken the oath that I will never again stay in the same room with a bottle of liquor. Those stories have burned me up plenty.

"Just because I am living quietly, because I walk into a café and do not order a drink when I do not feel like drinking, because I do not (*Continued on page 95*)

"I want to be BAD!"

And Helen Mack, who knew herself as a "good" girl, knows whereof she speaks

By CARTER BRUCE

THREE years ago, when Helen Mack was given her first screen test in New York, she portrayed a married woman with a lover!

Poor little Helen, who was then only seventeen and had never been married and most certainly had never had a lover, told the director, "I'm just a girl. I don't think I can play a married woman with a lover, so sophisticated and all. Why can't I be just a girl?"

"Because you'd be lousy as 'just a girl,'" snapped the director who had taken an interest in her first trial before the camera. "You're not beautiful—in fact, you're not even pretty—so you'd better get plenty of real character into your roles if you want to get anywhere."

Later, when the test resulted in a contract with Fox, Helen was given the ingenue role in her first picture. Then she realized what the director had meant. She was dreadful as "just a girl," and that's why she exclaimed, as she sat across the desk from me, "I want to play bad girls! I don't mean prostitutes or anything like that, but I have to call them bad girls to make Hollywood understand what I mean—the down-to-earth type of girl with lots of character, with nerve enough to be real, natural and even unconventional if need be. Like the girl I played in 'All of Me.' She was real and honest. Not what you would call 'a good girl' in the ordinary sense of the word, but a girl who knew the meaning of the word love and was willing to sacrifice almost anything for it. And she was natural and fine, even though she was what you might call a bad girl. I loved her."

And the whole country seems to know what she means. Already, thousands of fans have written Helen to tell her how wonderful they thought she was in "All of Me," thousands more have written Paramount begging that they see more of this little girl who has thrilled them with her naturalness and charm. And Paramount has

(*Cont'd on page 116*)



Here's Helen with George Raft in a scene from "All of Me," the picture in which she clicked and which won her a new contract. This little lady admits she's a poor ingenue, but a good actress, and Paramount agrees.





George Raft arrives in Gotham.

By REGINA CANNON

...The stars come to town to work, shop and make merry



Lanny Ross, rarin' to go places.

THERE'S a little place in New York's East Fifties, which might be known as Volstead's Last Stand or a Final Tribute to Prohibition, that is, if it wasn't called Leon and Eddie's.

Leon and Eddie's has atmosphere —lots of it. Wall decorations that resemble a college boy's dream of a wicked night in Paris, singing waiters, and an oval bar; well, you know, the spirit of "What the heck, let's be gay!"

What makes Leon and Eddie's news to this department is that Al Jolson chose the colorful spot as the locale for his "Wonder Bar" party, and when Al gives a party, it comes under the head of what the naïve Daisy Ashford called "gaierty."

Everybody, **and** everybody who heard about it were "among those present," so if success is counted in attendance, this particular soirée established a record.

Paul Whiteman and his exotic wife —Margaret Livingston to us movie fans—George Raft, Helen Vinson, Micky Neilan, Colleen Moore and Estelle Brody were some few of the guests. The jazz orchestra played, the newspaper men sipped and Mr. Jolson sang. Yes, several request numbers followed "I Want to Go to Heaven on a Mule."



The Paul Whitemans and Jolson.

Before Al "obliged," he asked a few rhetorical questions. We're sure they were rhetorical because they came so fast that nobody had a chance to give the answers and most of 'em were along the line of "Why don't people like me? Ask the cast of 'Wonder Bar' why they didn't speak to me?"

Well, of course it may have all been in the nature of good, clean fun, but we suspect that, for all his success, Mr. Jolson has an inferiority complex. It couldn't be a "disposition," could it? No, we thought not.

Anna-hoo, the party was grand and the guests wove out around seven o'clock, feeling that the world was indeed a more stimulating sphere than they had suspected and that there should be lots and lots of "Wonder Bars" with Al Jolson presiding over them in his genial, hospitable manner.

* * *

WE all received a terrific shock in Lilyan Tashman's death. When she arrived in New York a few weeks ago, she seemed in excellent health and marvelous spirits. She was here, you know, to play in "Frankie and Johnnie."

In spite of the fact that Lilyan was known to the world as a star and "Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman," we are quite sure that there are many other attributes that her beloved colony will remember her for much longer: Her strong friendships, charitable nature and brilliant wit.

Since Lilyan was young and beautiful when she died, a great deal of interest was shown in her funeral in New York. Lil had requested that she be buried in a certain blue satin gown and Eddie Lowe carried out her last wish. On her breast was glimpsed Eddie's last gift to her, an emerald brooch. (*Continued on page 129*)

Gloria



IN spite of denials, all is far from well between Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer. This marriage has been straining at the leash for some time and "Mike's" prolonged stay in Europe hasn't helped matters any.

LEE'S IN BAD AGAIN!

Maybe you think Universal isn't hopping mad at Lee Tracy!

Just when they thought they had done so much for the young actor by giving him a come-back chance after almost every studio in town had turned him down (it was that Mexican trouble, remember) they find out that Lee has up and got himself a Paramount contract right over their heads.

Universal feels it is a dirty trick, after they took a chance in starring Lee in "I'll Tell the World," that he should permit another studio to reap the benefits.

Let it never be said that Dick Cromwell is not a gallant gentleman. Here he is lighting a cigarette for a lady in the lobby of the Tingel-Tangel Theatre and, when our Scotty asked the names of both his companions, Dick said, "Darned if I know." (Right) Claudette Colbert attended the opening of "Allez-Oop," with Mr. and Mrs. Lukas.



And again at the Tingel-Tangel. Maurice Chevalier is "snapped" with Lilian Harvey. They're very good friends, you know. Our Maurice seems to be sort of playing the feminine field these days, with Kay Francis still way in the lead. Wonder how he feels about that little heartbreaker, Toby Wing, these days?

EDNA BEST has sailed away to England and, they say, 'tis with the intention of gaining her freedom from Herbert Marshall. You'll remember Edna as the gal who ran out on M-G-M because she got so lonesome for husband Marshall in New York. Now, it seems, she is running away for another purpose.

Don't forget what we predicted last month: the Edna Best-Herbert Marshall divorce will be followed by another headline slip-up—and two of the four will then marry.

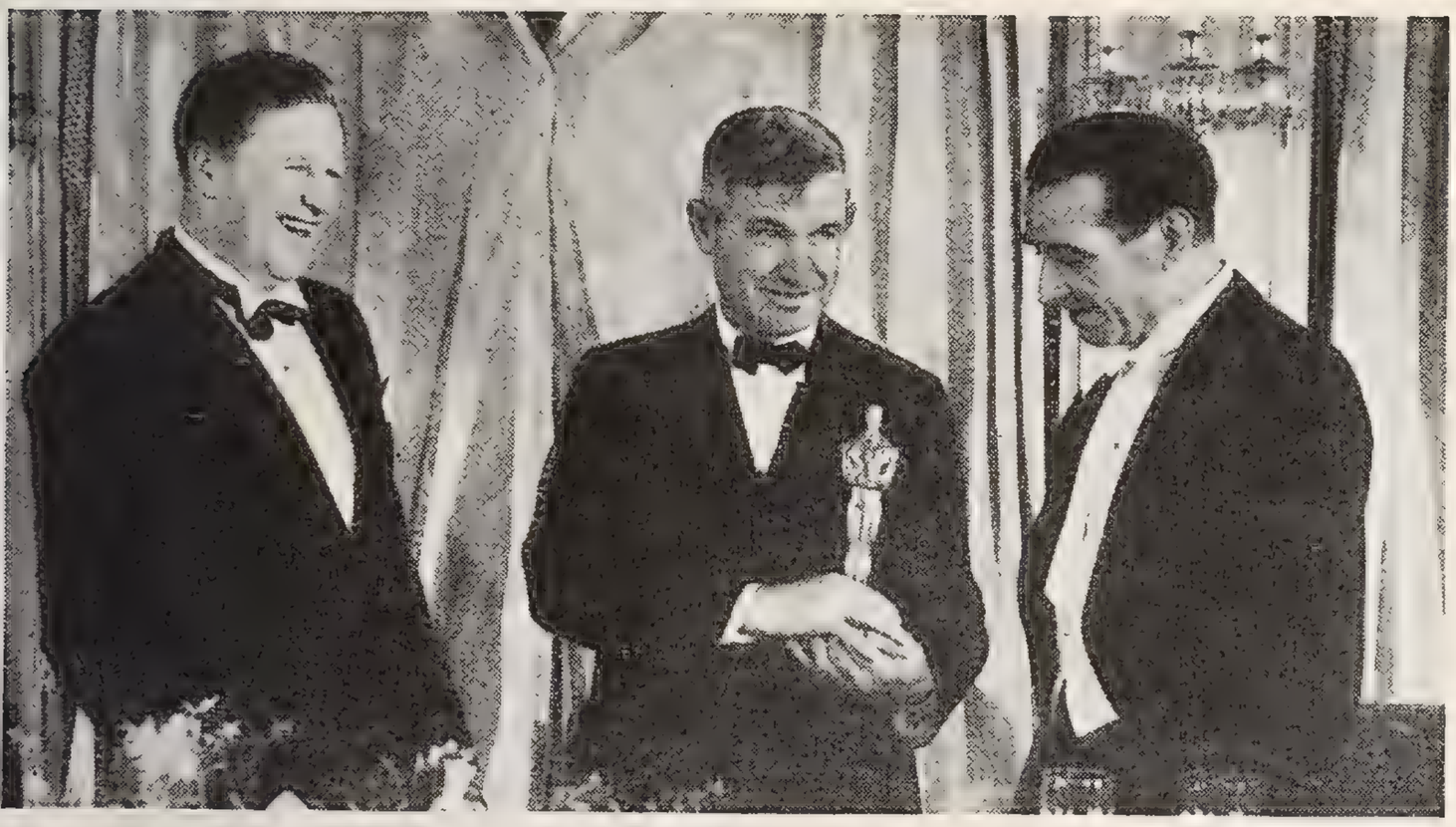
We might add that Hollywood is very much against the Best-Marshall split because they know the inside story about the famous and much-married femme star who has caused the whole thing. Seems she slipped into the breach while the otherwise-happily-married couple were having a slight misunderstanding and took advantage of her position to break the marriage up for good. You will soon know of whom we are talking—unless you've been doing a little peeking of your own.



News



Here is one of the tables at the Academy Awards Dinner. Jeanette MacDonald, the sweet and charming Edna Best, Herbert Marshall's wife—the gentleman himself and Norma Shearer. (Below) Of course, the highlight of the occasion was Will Rogers. Will did his stuff, which means entertainment par excellence for all lucky enough to be present. Franklyn Hansen and Frank Lloyd are with him.



At this writing there is a slight chance that the Producers Association may settle this argument in favor of Universal. Poor Lee. He's always getting in bad.

WHY did Marlene Dietrich hide her face and refuse to be photographed with hubby, Rudy Seiber, when our cameraman, Scotty, caught them on Hollywood Boulevard?

Marlene has never been so elusive before. In fact, she has been gracious about posing with Josef von Sternberg. A mere husband shouldn't have caused such a temperamental display to make her put her hands before her face and attempt to hide behind Seiber's newspaper. Anyway, Scotty got a picture of Marlene trying not to get her picture took, and you'll see it on page 39. We must say, it was all very amusing.

CHARLIE FARRELL is fighting mad that divorce rumors concerning himself and Virginia Valli Farrell have cropped up just as Charlie goes back to work with Janet Gaynor again.

"I thought all such silly talk was over forever," Charlie stated, indignantly denying any thought of separation from Virginia. "If we were going to be separated, it's news to me."

RUSS COLUMBO'S car stands out in front of Carole Lombard's house so often it's actually made a rut in the road.

MARY ASTOR'S TROUBLES

The glaring headlines, "Parents Sue Mary Astor for Support," were shocking to read, but since the facts in the case have come out, Hollywood is pretty well convinced that this is definitely a story with two sides.

On March 20th, Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke (Mary's parents. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke) made complaint against their daughter claiming that they were without money and almost without food. Langhanke charged that Mary had given them only $35 in cash since last August and five $30 grocery coupons. Now, it seemed, they were in danger of losing their home. We visualized a shocking picture of two elderly people being forced out of their little family nest. However, the papers came out the next day with Mary's side of the story.

The "little home" turned out to be an elaborate Moorish



A famous foursome attending one of the Cocoanut Grove supper dances included Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Virginia Gilbert and Paul Warburg.

(Below) Janet Gaynor and Gene Raymond have been goin' places.



Edna Best, before her departure, with Leslie Howard at polo matches.



mansion with a fifteen thousand dollar swimming pool. According to Mary, she gave her parents this estate six years ago, free and clear of debt. Then, she charges, they promptly clamped a $15,000 mortgage on the property for the purpose of putting in the swimming pool.

"Over a period of fourteen years," says Mary, "my parents have received $500,000 of my earnings. In addition to the property, I gave them, at the time, $1,000 a month for the next twelve months and in 1931 I loaned them $2,500 to pay their income taxes. I have repeatedly offered to give them $100 per month to live on, if they would give up that 'white elephant' of a mansion they insist upon living in. I always have been, and I always will be, ready and willing to keep them comfortably, but I cannot maintain them in open-handed extravagance."

AN enterprising Swede arrived in Hollywood today with a racket all his own. He has spent quite some time in Sweden gathering those pictures that Garbo made before she started in the movies. They were made for an advertising house and showed the glamorous Swedish star in some unflattering gowns. The lad who brought the pictures here wants to sell them to Garbo (or the studio) on the basis that if they don't buy them, he'll sell them elsewhere. It's our bet that M-G-M will pay.

NEW YORK and London are all excited about the possibility of reconciliation between Mary and Doug. The most reliable sources of information are supposed to have vouched for the tip that Fairbanks and Mary are going to forget and start all over again. But out in Hollywood they still can't quite believe it. Somehow or other it just doesn't seem possible.

All the illusion and glamour have gone from that romance now. Doug has been named in a divorce suit. Mary has too often sobbed out the injustices heaped upon her golden head during eleven years of marriage. It is too late for the great dream romance to bloom again in its original perfection, or even in illusion.

JACK GILBERT advertised in the Hollywood Reporter as follows: "Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer will neither offer me work nor release me from my contract. Jack Gilbert."

Poor Jack! Will his troubles, both real and fancied, never come to an end?

SYLVIA'S ON THE SPOT

Sylvia, the former Hollywood taker-offer-of-fat from the moom picture stars (and now on the radio in Noo Yawk), is getting herself in a jam with the colony. One gal was about to sue her for saying that she had lost ten pounds via Sylvia's method. The gal in question had actually lost thirty by her own methods. And she didn't like the idea of letting Sylvia get the credit for it. We can't blame her either.

Now, there's a suit for 100 G's filed against the same Sylvia by Ginger Rogers. She alleges that Sylvia had a voice on her program t'other night that was supposed to be Ginger Rogers' and then another voice (supposedly a director's) said some mean things about Ginger and told her to stick to comedy and that she would never make it in drama. It will be fun!

NEWS



The confident pair face the "mike" smilingly. Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer wafted a scene from "Ripticle" over the air waves.

(Below) Dick Powell, Alice Faye and Joe E. Brown do a little kiddin'.



Dietrich with hubby Seiber pulling the Garbo-Hepburn stunt.



NO wonder those big, husky guys have been following Spencer Tracy around for over a month. It just came to light: A note was delivered to Spencer about five weeks ago demanding $8,000 in cash, "or we shall kidnap either you, your two children, or Loretta Young." Spenc tried the "dummy package" on the appointed hour but no one came to collect the "money." For over a month, now, he has been wondering when, how or where. It must be a terrible feeling.

THE joke is slightly on Dick Arlen, but he's a swell scout and can take it.

For years Dick has been going around with hurt feelings because he had an idea Paramount didn't appreciate him. Like a lot of other actors in Hollywood, Dick had the idea a studio was just a great big soul-less machine whose only interest was in the box office. For ten years he'd had that idea.

Came the morning of his tenth anniversary with Paramount. Came a call from the studio inviting Dick to drop over for luncheon that day. And what he walked in on was a testimonial banquet of 200 Paramount executives, directors and leaders, all rallied around to the cause of telling him how much they thought of him and valued his services. The big lug almost broke down and bawled, he was so touched.

But words of appreciation were not all that Dick received. Before the luncheon was over he had been presented with a new contract, a vacation trip to Europe, on salary, and four beautiful traveling bags, two for him and two for Jobyna.

Now who is going to say the mean old studios are nothing but box office machines?

CONNIE BENNETT was so nervous during a recent radio broadcast she actually shook in her boots. They say nervousness is contagious. It must have been in this case, because even mike-hardened Russ Columbo seemed to develop the jitters along with Connie.

TCH, TCH, ARLINE!

Listen, Arline Judge! This paragraph is special and private to you. We wouldn't mention this if it weren't for the combined facts that you are about the prettiest and freshest little personality to come down the Hollywood pike in a long time. You were plenty cute in "Looking for Trouble" and you're due to click in a big way pretty soon.

And that's why you should stop right now using the slightly hard-boiled language you've been flaunting lately. It isn't natural, and you know it.

Your pal, Carole Lombard, can get away with it, but you're a whole lot nicer when you are just you, and let the "fasties" fall from other lips.

IMAGINE the embarrassment of the Hollywood hostess who tried to get Ann Harding on the telephone to invite her to a party.

It seems that Ann has a phone that takes only out-going calls. It is impossible to ring-in on her. So the friend called the studio and they would not give her Ann's street address.

At last she obtained it from her lawyer and dispatched three different messengers to her home before the invitation (*Continued on page 131*)

SPIES INFEST

IDEAS, STORIES AND ACTORS ARE

By DENA REED . . . ILLUSTRATED BY JIM KELLY



HOLLYWOOD!

PREY FOR STUDIOS' HIRED THIEVES

YOU have read about Hollywood as the glamorous country where dreams come true, but do you know that besides having the glamor of a mythical kingdom, it has a far greater hot-bed of intrigue? Its spy system alone is an amazing thing to consider. Of course, like in all countries, there are the paid spies, but everyone connected with a studio from the doorman up becomes part of the great secret system, whether he wills it or not, and that is why even the prop boys go around with an air of importance and mystery.

The things that take place to protect studios' secrets would be almost unbelievable were it not for the fact that such large sums of money are involved in production and so must be protected. Ideas and plans for players and stories are guarded as if the mythical kingdom of Hollywood were at war. It is, really, like a civil war between the studios. Every studio tries to get a new idea or a new star on the market before its competitors. If it succeeds, it stands to make millions of dollars; if it fails in trying, as many millions are lost.

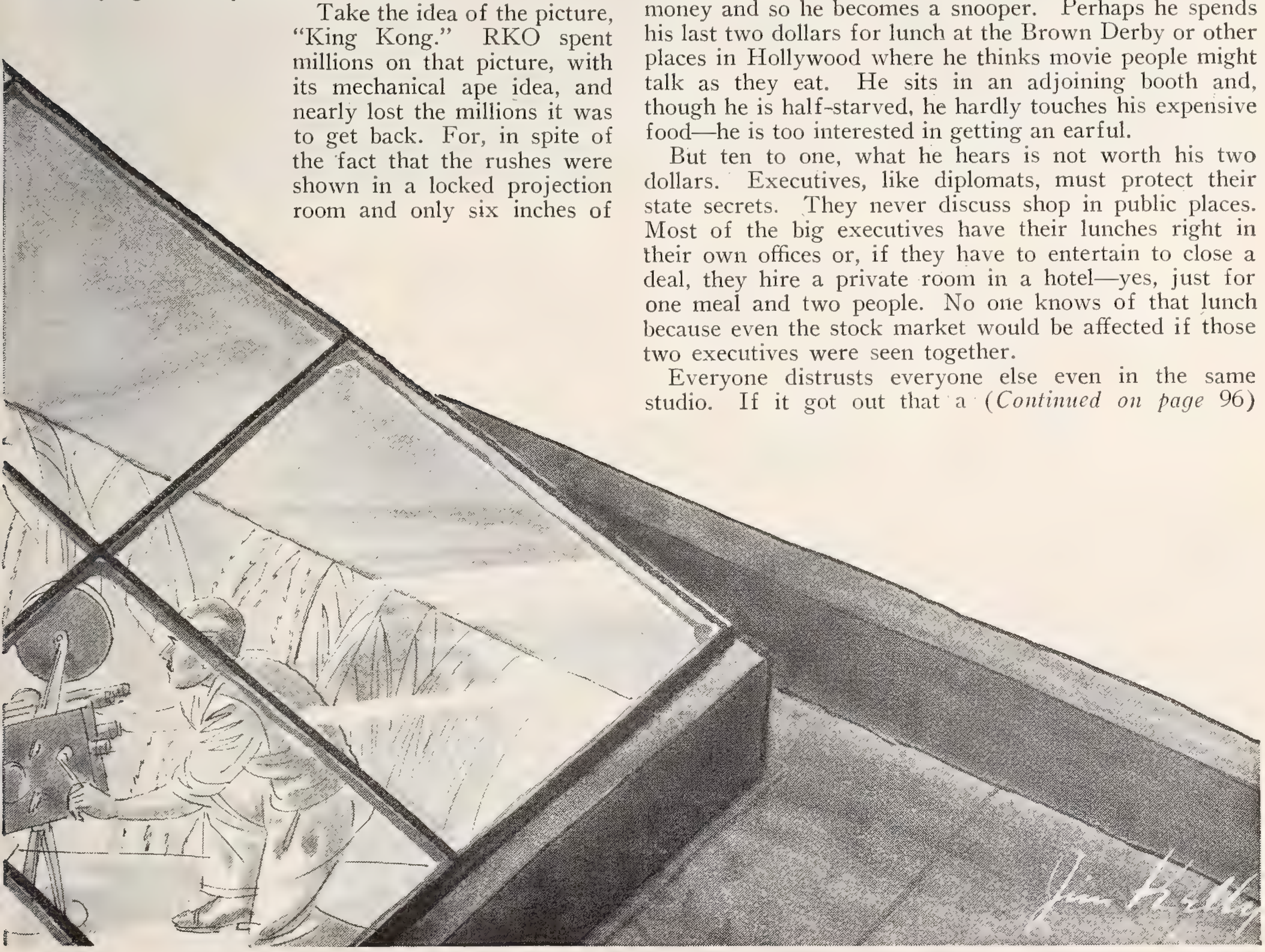
Take the idea of the picture, "King Kong." RKO spent millions on that picture, with its mechanical ape idea, and nearly lost the millions it was to get back. For, in spite of the fact that the rushes were shown in a locked projection room and only six inches of film would be run off at a time showing the movements of the ape, and even though the studio was heavily guarded against intruders while the picture was in production, a man was caught creeping under the barbed wire to the studio lot and promptly brought to the front office.

The big executive recognized him as a professional spy from an independent company, called up the company's head man and said in effect, "I'm wise to your game. If you try to put a cheap imitation of our idea out ahead of us, we'll sue you until you've not got a penny to make another picture." And he meant just what he said. The spy was thrown off the lot and the independent company abandoned all plans to put an imitation "Kong" into production and race Radio to the box office.

WHO are the professional spies? Well, most of them are people who came to Hollywood to get a job and didn't get it. Billy Brown is down to his last two dollars and desperate. He knows that if he can tell a studio what is going on in another studio's front office, it is worth money and so he becomes a snooper. Perhaps he spends his last two dollars for lunch at the Brown Derby or other places in Hollywood where he thinks movie people might talk as they eat. He sits in an adjoining booth and, though he is half-starved, he hardly touches his expensive food—he is too interested in getting an earful.

But ten to one, what he hears is not worth his two dollars. Executives, like diplomats, must protect their state secrets. They never discuss shop in public places. Most of the big executives have their lunches right in their own offices or, if they have to entertain to close a deal, they hire a private room in a hotel—yes, just for one meal and two people. No one knows of that lunch because even the stock market would be affected if those two executives were seen together.

Everyone distrusts everyone else even in the same studio. If it got out that a (*Continued on page* 96)



KAY HAS FOOLED US ALL!



Did she tire of McKenna first, and is she serious about Chevalier?
Do you know the answers? Well, here's why you don't . . .

by Dorothy Manners

THERE is a star in Hollywood who has achieved what many have tried for, and missed—an (almost) private life!

Garbo? The lonely Swede would like to live as a recluse, but as much as she tries to protect herself, she has no more real privacy than Irvin Cobb's famous gold fish. Her motor jaunts with Mamoulian, her household secrets, even her telephone number and street address have been publicized.

Dietrich? Hollywood's "other mystery woman" pretends a desire for seclusion she doesn't always practice, what with her late trouser sensationalism, her elaborate jewels and the luxurious mode of her life.

Katharine Hepburn hasn't talked seriously about her private life, but she gagged it so thoroughly that an irritated press has dug it all up for one and all to read.

But without resorting to such tricks as refusing to grant interviews, changing her telephone number daily, or proclaiming in violent indignation that "My private life is my own," Kay Francis has practically achieved the impossible and made her's so.

Have you ever stopped to think how little you really know about Kay Francis? Of course she's tall and dark and charming and so well groomed always, they've frequently tried to pin the title of "best dressed woman" on her, and she won't wear it. And let's see, she comes from somewhere in the middle west, doesn't she, and she made a fairish success in some stage play that quite slips your mind and she's been married three, or is it four times, to gentlemen who might as well be nameless they've been so completely unremembered. There was her first husband, who really is the forgotten man, and her second, William Gaston (now married to or being divorced by Rosamond Pinchot) and of course the (*Continued on page 120*)

WITH A SONG IN HIS *heart*



. . . Otto Kruger has gone through the years with an image of a girl who sang the melody that changed his career

by Gladys Hall

THE studio biography of Otto Kruger contains this paragraph: "He used to repair lines for the telephone company and intended to be a great engineer, but instead Otto Kruger became one of the outstanding actors of the American stage and, more recently, a luminary of the films."

Behind that paragraph there is a story, the story of a young man whose mind has, for years, carried the unblurred image of a girl and whose heart has held a song—her song. The song changed his career, for he is an actor today only because that song was sung.

Young Otto Kruger was born in Toledo, Ohio, the son of Bernard Alban Krueger and Elizabeth Winers Krueger. The family is an old Dutch one and Oom Paul Krueger of Boer War fame appears maritally on the family tree. Young Otto's mother died when he was very young and his father, a typical German master of the family, and Grossmutter Krueger, who baked strudels and read the German Bible and used the rod when and where it was needed, raised Otto and his two sisters.

He was a stolid, commonsensical young man, this Otto, a fitting descendent of a long line of burgomasters and tradesmen and accountants who had worked honestly and saved thriftily and had music in their souls.

Life was a simple and substantial equation for Bernard Krueger and his only son. He went to the public schools in Toledo. He entered the University of Michigan and studied engineering. He worked as a forest ranger and as a telephone lineman. He planned for the day when he would marry some rosy-cheeked Fräulein and settle down in a freshly painted house of his own with a piano and all his bilis paid. There would be *Kaffeeklatsches* and music of Hoffman and Bach—what else?

He had never been in love, this young Otto. He had certainly never thought of the stage. Grease-paint people belonged on one side of the footlights and folk like the Kruegers on the other side and the footlights themselves were a Great Divide. (*Continued on page 121*)

Reviews

– A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers and Pat O'Brien in "Twenty Million Sweethearts," a wow picture that's got everything—swell music and a good plot.

(Above) Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in "Riptide." (Below) Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn in "Stand Up and Cheer."





You're bound to lose out, if you choose your movie menu haphazardly. So make it a habit to read these reviews, and then decide what pictures you will see

A: BOTTOMS UP
(Fox)

Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Patterson, Herbert Mundin

YOU can bank on this one. It's swell! If you've been waiting for a picture that has a balance of music with acting, here you have it. Everyone in the cast is in a perfect spot to show his talents to the best advantage! Spencer Tracy as the fast-talker; John Boles with a chance to sing *and* act; newcomer Pat Patterson going over with a bang; and the rest of them all doing well. A jobless actor, plus a song writer, plus a forger, all band together to try to put over Pat Patterson (also jobless and hungry) on fat-headed Hollywood as a "foreign lady of titled birth." They do it and make her a star. During all this, John Boles sings a grand tune: "Waiting at the Gate for Katie" and Pat Patterson (remember this gal) sings the title song, "Bottoms Up," which is a honey.

Put this picture on your must see list. You'll rave.

A: RIPTIDE
(M-G-M)

Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery, Lil Tashman

BRILLIANT sophistication! "To the ladies" is the best way to characterize Norma Shearer's latest. The gals should get a tear or two out of this modern marriage yarn. But we have a purely masculine hunch that they will give Norma's fashions (so closely kept secret up till the release of the picture) a cold shoulder. They are bad, we think. But, as we said, that's a mere man's reaction. Herbert Marshall almost steals the picture in his rôle of the jealous husband who can't forget his wife's past. Bob Montgomery is as flip as usual in his easy rôle of the gent-about-town. It presents a modern marriage-and-divorce story in grand fashion.

The new pictures are bringing us some knockout tunes. Here are a few to listen for:

Bottoms Up
- Bottoms Up
- Waiting at the Gate for Katie

Melody in Spring
- Ending With a Kiss
- It's Psychological
- The Milking Song
- The Open Road

Twenty Million Sweethearts
- I'll String Along With You
- Out for No Good

Stand Up and Cheer
- Baby Take a Bow
- I'm Laughing
- She's Way Up Thar, I'm Way Down Yar

By WALTER RAMSEY

A: TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS
(Warners)

Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Allen Jenkins, Four Mills Brothers, Ted Fio Rito Band

STARRING "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Yes, you will hear your favorite humming material in this one and if all the hummers in the world go to see the picture, it should clean up. Also, those of you who are dead tired of chorus-girls-in-various-formations which have been the usual thing in these musical efforts will have relief—not a formation in a carload! Dick Powell, a singing waiter in a dive, is promoted by a fast-talking manager (Pat O'Brien) into a swell radio contract. Everything works fine until romance enters—and almost exits—in the form of Ginger Rogers. Instead of dancing girls, we find the picture well-studded with music by Ted Fio Rito and his band and some singing by the Four Mills Brothers. Hit tunes: "I'll String Along with You" and "Out for No Good"—aided by that man on the trapeze. Comedy: excellent! With Allen Jenkins and Joseph Cawthorn leading the parade. See it. (*Continued on page 126*)

An excellent story, fine direction and a superb cast make "The Crime Doctor" a "must" picture. Nils Asther and Karen Morley are more than adequate.

"Melody in Spring" marks the movie début of radio's favorite son, Lanny Ross. And he does a pretty good job. Ann Sothern is in line for praise, too.







Alice Brady and Dorothea Wieck just managed to get a bit of notice in "Miss Fane's Baby."

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE



Wherein Maurice Chevalier in "A Bedtime Story" and Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer" became "also rans."



THINGS I HATE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

by Baby LeRoy

My reputation. They bill me as Baby when I'm the greatest living Don Juan. Why, I've been in more stars' boudoirs than any man in Hollywood.

Walt Disney. He's all through with the Three Little Pigs, but he won't give them to me.

Motion Pictures. I'm always hearing about them, but I never get to see any.

Marlene Dietrich's pants. I can't tell whether it is a man or a woman coming. How can I tell whether to turn on my male or female coo?

A YEAR ago Paramount innocently advertised for a baby. They got Baby LeRoy. Seemingly, he was just a little, tender bud of humanity. Out of the numerous very acceptable babies who filled the requirements the casting directors were fated to choose such a bombshell of charm and personality that the greatest stars are afraid to compete with him in a picture. Which may be why he has only appeared in four films and has no immediate assignments.

Not only did Paramount unleash the menace of this particular infant upon an unsuspecting industry, but they never seriously considered any other applicant. Baby LeRoy was the first to be brought to them. He came in state with nurses from the Salvation Army Home where he was born. They had read the studio's requirements, and fetched little LeRoy from his grandparents' home, where he was only disrupting one household. He became Hollywood's child and found a wider field for his trouble-making habit of stealing hearts.

Stardom has never been so ruthlessly assaulted as by this young LeRoy. He is the most merciless rival that can threaten a star's peace of mind, for no one is able to fight back at a person so tiny. (*Continued on page 105*)

Have you wondered why there hasn't been a Baby LeRoy picture lately? He muscled in on the film racket and put the stars on the spot—and out of the spotlight. So now they just won't play

By GERTRUDE HILL



He can go up to see Mae West—any time. Marlene Dietrich lets him play with bottles of expensive perfume. Freddie March, Jack Oakie and George Raft become positive ninnies in his presence. But—er—if Paramount doesn't mind, they'd rather not have him in the cast.

NO Mothers TO GUIDE THEM

By RAMON ROMERO

IN the days of Hollywood's infancy, stage mothers flourished abundantly—an overflow from the Broadway tide. The most famous of the old-timers were the late Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary; the late Peg Talmadge, mother of Norma, Constance and Natalie; and Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, who basked gloriously, but unwisely, in the reflected limelight of Mary Miles Minter's sensational career.

This triumvirate's power amounted practically to dictatorship in Hollywood film affairs, for their daughters were at that time the outstanding box-office attractions of the industry. These three mothers were practical, shrewd business women who could drive a hard bargain. Instead of hampering their daughters, they became the powers behind the throne, sending them ever upward towards million dollar a year salaries. When Charlotte Pickford died, Mary's star began to set, and when Peg Talmadge went into a lingering illness that ended in her death, by the same slow process it brought death to Norma's career, too.

But all mothers of those early film days were not so clever. In that era in which intelligence played such a small part in front of the camera, or in the shaping of a screen career, most of the work was done from behind the front-line trenches. It is a period marked by much misguidance and many mistakes. Instead of leading their talented offspring up the ladder to the pot at the end of the rainbow, meddling mothers led them instead, through the backdoor of a studio lot to the barren pastures of forgotten star-dust.

There was a time in Hollywood when every mother was a potential manager, trying to emulate Mrs. Pickford and Mrs. Talmadge, without having the qualities of one or the virtues of the other. In the day before the reign of the high-powered agents, contracts that did not carry the mother's signature were as rare as pink elephants.

In the archives of Hollywood's past may be found the maternal ambitions of many a mother who sold her daughter on the auction block of fame. Beneath the rust of long forgotten years lie the carefully planned careers of white hopes,



Bronson—mother-ruled.



Philbin—too much parent.



Minter—Mama-managed



Page—family-bossed.



Hepburn—her own boss.



West—manages herself.



Bennett—gives the orders.



Garbo—employs male agent.

...Gone are the days when Mama signed the contracts and directed the director! Now, her famous daughter is supervised by a male manager—or jolly well handles her own affairs

never executed by the architects. But to bring them to light is like digging into the ruins of sinister intrigues, best left to decay in their worthless graves.

TOO much parental influence cut short the careers of Betty Bronson, Mary Philbin and Anita Page, to mention only a few. Guarded day and night, forbidden the facts of life, allowed no freedom in the development of their personalities, protected and sheltered to the point of stagnation, they escaped the hurts of experience—but the scars of their unfulfilled desires remain eternal taunts of childish cowardice. The fable of the stork stamped all their performances with the trademark of their innocent ignorance.

In this sophisticated age of Mae Wests, languid Garbos and glamorous Hepburns, one hardly visualizes the necessity of motherly advice. These new stars may have no mothers to guide them, but between instinct and male managers, they seem to be doing pretty well. They know that heaven will protect the working gal—and if heaven won't, the Will Hays office will!

Garbo's mother has never known her in grease paint, and will probably never in all her life see her daughter under the kleigs. In some faraway theatre in distant Sweden, she goes to see Greta's pictures and there her connection with Garbo's career ends.

In Hollywood Garbo's guiding hand is Harry Eddington, who for many years has been her personal manager and advisor. It is he who listens to her troubles and fights her battles. To him is accredited the "silence policy," which has given the silent Swede a sphinx-like distinction that has placed her among the living immortals. Mothers used to tell their little girls that children should be seen but not heard. Mr. Eddington certainly had the motherly instinct when he chose to guide Greta.

It's been a long, long time since Mae West last asked for mother's approval. Mother would hardly have okayed Mae's exploiting "Sex" from one end of Manhattan to the other, or spending the week-end on Welfare Island in custody of the police, for having produced what the New York censors considered an indecent show. But if Mother had had her say, then the screen would probably have lost one of its greatest and most outstanding personalities. There would have been no "She Done Him Wrong" to delight a depressed world, and (*Continued on page 111*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



FLORINE McKINNEY

Lovely Florine left Texas for Hollywood to enjoy some of that celebrated California climate. When she crooned a few notes at a tea, a song writer paused long enough between sips of Orange Pekoe to "discover" her. She's in "Operator 13."

FRANCHOT TONE

When you see Franchot in "Sadie McKee," he'll win Joan in the last reel, just as he has in real life, for this time he's the hero. The young man, by the way, has developed into a picture-stealer, coming off with the cinematic honors in most of his productions. Fox has borrowed him for a drama, "The World Moves On."



JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is by way of being an architectural magician these days. She is turning her Spanish house into Early American, which is indeed a man size job and requires all her away-from-the-studio hours. Miss Crawford is the heroine in "Sadie McKee."

MYRNA
LOY and
PAUL
KELLY



Having returned from a well-earned vacation in Honolulu, Myrna Loy has donned the grease paint and is hard at work with Clark Gable and William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama" for Metro. As for our friend Paul Kelly, when he isn't facing the mike and camera, he's out somewhere in the great open spaces hunting or fishing. Paul may be depended upon to give consistently clever characterizations and thus is always in demand. When Warner Bros. decided to film "A Woman in Her Thirties," they borrowed him from 20th.



THE MAN

This is not another story about the first lady of the cinema! It's an intimate yarn on Mamoulian—the man with whom the screen's greatest siren is enamoured. It's about his career and his home life—and the women who have loved him

By Cyril Vandour



Not so long ago, Mamoulian escorted Marlene Dietrich to Hollywood's most important social functions.



Mamoulian, you may remember, directed Freddie March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That's March in make-up.

Garbo LOVES

Ever since their famous fox-and-goose chase across the Great American Desert, the fervid romance between Garbo and Mamoulian has been the chief topic of cocktail gossip from Hollywood to New York.

For the past weeks Rouben has been fighting off swarms of journalistic sleuths hot on his trail, spying on his every move, anxious to know whether or not the glamorous Garbo has really become his wife.

In order to understand the mysterious Garbo, you must know more about this romantic Russian-Armenian from the far-off Caucasus—land of silver-mounted daggers, fiery wine and passionate women. This dark, silent young man with the owlish specs is the power behind her throne.

Rouben is grand when it comes to talking about Ideals and Art. But try to make him talk about his life, accomplishments or love affairs!

The truth is, that in all this world there are only three persons who know the fairy tale that has been the story of this young man's exciting career. Two of these persons are his parents, who won't tell you anything about him. It's orders, you understand. The third is the guy who is pounding out this article for MODERN SCREEN.

Rouben is devoted to his parents and lives with them in a beautiful Spanish house on one of the palmiest drives in Beverly Hills. When, a few months ago, he threw a party in the Ambassador Hotel, his parents were the reigning, beaming couple there. Of late, news hawks and Garbo-mad snoopers, unable to corner and buttonhole Rouben, have been quoting his parents in their journalistic scoops and Boulevard gossip. Now, this does a grave injustice to them. They are defenseless against such quotes. One of these bright boys has authored what he aptly calls a bombshell in a recent issue of a fan magazine. He quotes Rouben's papa as declaring to a group of friends that his son is going to marry Garbo.

"Why, I have never seen this fellow," Papa protested, when I dined with the Mamoulians recently. "Isn't there a press law in this country? What audacity to put into my mouth words I have never said to anyone!"

"Oh, never mind," I said. "This is America. Laugh it off."

THIS quiet Armenian, who is today one of the biggest directorial guns in Hollywood, was born on Oct. 8, 1899, in Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, and rightly called the Russian Paris before the Revolution. He is over six feet tall. Broad shouldered, brown eyed, with soft, wavy dark hair.

His enormous shell-rim specs hide his features. He is better looking than his newspaper photos show him, I assure you. He is a chap with a thoughtful, dreamy air and a sparkling child-like smile. He wears snap hats, loose, London-made suits, Chesterfield coats. At the studio he frequently sports a beret, (*Continued on page 100*)



He's better looking in real life than in his photo. Don't you like him without his spectacles?



His parents often visit the studio to watch Rouben at work. And the exclusive Garbo emotes for them, too.



Good fellows got together when Alpha Phi Omega, Rippon College chapter, met in 1922. Spencer is fifth from the left, center.

Spencer Tracy's youth included a forbidden friendship with "Mousie" and "Rattie," stage ambitions, and a meeting with Pat O'Brien. Later, came marriage to his leading lady

WHEN Spencer Tracy was three years old he picked up a little red fire engine and whacked his brother, Carroll, over the head with it. It was the first, but not the last, indication to his horrified family that "little Spencer" had a terrible temper. Carroll, aged seven, rolled back and forth on the floor in a near-epileptic fit of surprise and bashed brains and a pretty aunt stood by wringing her hands, while Mrs. Tracy and the family maid ministered first aid. Only little Spenc remained undisturbed. Like a fat buddha, he sat in his high chair, calmly surveying the excitement. In a little while he began to chant, "Poor Ca'l, poor Ca'l." Even at that tender age, Spenc's tantrums were short lived.

Of course Mrs. Tracy told Mr. Tracy about Spencer's temper. She conveyed the news in the same shocked voice with which she would have relayed the discovery of black measles or the seven-year itch. For, until the advent of Spencer and his temper, the Tracy home had been a monument of peace, well-being and orderly conduct.

The Tracys of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, were "well fixed," as they used to say in the early years of the twentieth century. When John Tracy of Irish descent married Carrie Brown, the pretty and proud "down easterner" whose great grandfather had founded Brown University, he rated as a "promising young man of a mechanical turn of mind." Before their first child, Carroll, was born, John Tracy was vitally interested in this new fangled thing they were trying to put on the market—"the horseless carriage." With the advent of Spencer, their second and last child, on the fifth day of April, 1900, Mr. Tracy was devoting himself to the study of the "fool things."

By the time Spencer was old enough to take in the situation, his father was General Sales Manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy and the two boys, the large comfortable, rambling house in the nicest part of Milwaukee frequently sheltered Mrs. Tracy's pretty sister, Mrs. Emma Brown of Freeport, Illinois.

MANY of Spenc's earliest impressions were of his aunt, whom he called "Moom." There was a subtle but very definite feud between them. For one things, she teased him unmercifully—and he couldn't take it. She predicted her brother and sister were going to have their hands full with "that one."

"He's a throw back," she would say

THE LIFE STORY OF A REAL Guy



Spencer Tracy and, left, with the lovely Pat Patterson in "Bottoms Up," his latest picture for Fox.



By WALTER RAMSEY

very impersonally, but with a mischievous gleam in her eye. "I dare say he is part Indian."

"I am not an Indian," the enraged Spencer would yell. "I'm all Irish."

As soon as he was old enough to realize, he was terribly proud of his father's nationality. The Irish were colorful and exciting people. Even the priests had to admit that "God loves the Irish," which meant to young Spenc that they were somehow singled out for particular favors even in heaven. On top of that, the Irish were fighters and physically strong, and they never took a dare. No sirree, nobody ever got tough with an Irishman if he didn't want his block knocked off. The seven-year-old Spencer was very pleased to be one of their number.

Spenc used to get even with "Moom" for calling him an Indian by leaving her out of his prayers, which he said orally every night to his

(*Continued on page 82*)

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT *Marlene Dietrich*



John, Marlene and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from "The Scarlet Empress." No, we don't like John's wig either, but it's authentic to the last hair.

DON'T take it to heart so. Mr. Von Sternberg always uses more takes than any other director. He does the same thing with me, you know."

I looked into Marlene Dietrich's smiling, understanding eyes, heard the warm sympathy in her voice and thought that I might be a motion picture actor after all. It was my first day on the set of "The Scarlet Empress." That day, when I said one line over and over again from morning to night, making innumerable takes had about swept my self-assurance away. And I had had a lot of it. After all, I had been a practicing lawyer in New York City and a New York lawyer doesn't get rattled at anything. I had played small roles in "The Woman Accused" and "Murders in the Zoo" and a larger one in "Little Women," but here was my big chance.

To work opposite Miss Dietrich under Mr. Von Sternberg's direction had seemed the thing that would definitely set me as an actor. But that afternoon, I felt myself slowly going to pieces, definitely doubting my ability. I thought to myself, "If you have to take a day to say one line, you must be a pretty bad actor."

It was then that Miss Dietrich came over and gave me the reassurance I needed, at the moment I needed it most. That doesn't sound like the "high hat Marlene," does it? But then I found that there is no high hat Marlene.

SHE is herself always and that self is a warm-hearted, understanding woman. I don't care what she's worn in the past, or what she wears in the future, she comes through as "mature femininity." That was my first



Her new leading man gives you a human, different slant on the glamorous Marlene

By JOHN LODGE

As told to DENA REED



He is enormously grateful for the tact and understanding of Marlene Dietrich.

impression of her and I think a man senses these things instinctively. When I say she is a mature woman, I mean she could never be a cutie. You could not confuse her with the numberless blondes with shapely bodies who overrun Hollywood. She's a wife, a mother, an artist. She has lived deeply and she gives out, to those who contact her, the richness of her living. She gives it out in a wise and quiet way that is typically her own.

As time went on, I not only got used to Mr. Von Sternberg's methods, I grew enthusiastic about them. I think they are the only ones by which a great picture can be made. He lives (*Continued on page 102*)

Social Stuff

All photos by Scott

HOLLYWOOD, ever ready for an excuse to don its best bib and tucker and go places and see things has had plenty of reason to step out lately. Here's Wally Beery, parked at the mike, asking us to bear with the President and Army on the airmail difficulties. To which plea, some smartie remarked, "I'm sending my rush mail East by hitch-hikers." 2. When Mrs. Frank Borzage transformed her tennis courts into a double Badminton square, she threw a dedication party and, among the celebraters were Virginia Valli, the John Mack Browns, the Borzages and Charlie Farrell. 3. Buster Keaton, of the "dead pan" and with the new wife, at the El Nido Benefit. 4. Ric Cortez and his attractive bride. 5. And the Cabots and the Weissmullers showed up, too. The "little women," as you know, are Adrienne Ames and Lupe Velez respectively. 6. And here are the "goingest together" couple in Hollywood these days. Yep, Dorothy Mackaill, but recently divorced, and Charles Lederer, Jr., a scenario writer and Marion Davies' nephew. Two pretty good breaks for one young man. 7. Gaze on the the happy pair—Lyle Talbot and Jayne Shattuck—and behold a civilized situation! They're pictured in the throes of a farewell date, for Jayne is soon to wed Jack Kirkland, introduced to her by Lyle, and Lyle who was formerly head man, is taking it like a little brave-ee. 8. Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson, now Mister and Missus, are enjoying a table d'hote at the Russian Eagle. 9. And now we're at the El Nido Benefit again. This time with Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Bill Goetz is with 'em, for Connie wouldn't have her picture took without a third party. Three makes it a crowd or legal or sumpin'. 10. The Robert Youngs won the lucky number and a doll at the Cocoanut Grove. 11. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres are still very much "that way." Here they are at the Brown Derby where, evidently, a telephone is served with your lunch. 12. Sally Eilers and hubby, Harry Joe Brown, at the Vendome, where they whispered to everybody the news that they expect the stork this summer.













3



5



6



8



9





12

WILL Gloria COME BACK AGAIN?

She had her second chance—and failed. Now, this third time, she will soar to glory or sink to oblivion. To be "fairly good" would be fatal! Will she succeed?

By Maude Lathem

EVER since M-G-M announced that it had signed Gloria Swanson on a long-term contract, people have been asking, "Will she be able to come back?" This same studio signed Colleen Moore on a year's contract and nothing sensational resulted. Will Gloria be defeated in the same manner? Should she even try again?

I have taken much time to question every type of person I could contact—elevator men, automobile mechanics, waitresses, bookkeepers, writers, actors, and dozens of others covering various scales of intelligence—and, without exception, they said, in substance, "Nothing can stop Gloria Swanson, if she is given good stories and proper direction."

The confidence the masses have in her, their assurance that she, personally, has never failed, their complete belief that she has now and always had just what the public wants, was an amazing thing to me. I tried to analyze it and could arrive at only one conclusion.

Gloria Swanson remains the most unusual woman who has ever appeared in pictures.

This is a wide-sweeping statement, but I make it without fear of contradiction. Here are some of the reasons, before we go further.

She is the only out-and-out American girl who, over a long period of years, has retained her glamor, her undisputed seductiveness. Barbara La Marr had an irresistible fascination for men and with it almost incomparable beauty. Gloria has it without beauty. Just as Garbo has it without beauty. Constance Bennett has glamor spasmodically. Jean Harlow has the type that Clara Bow had, but she has not yet proven the enduring quality of it.

Gloria is the only person, man or woman, who has fought her way alone and been both producer and star. Charlie Chaplin had his brother, Sidney; Mary Pickford had her capable mother; Douglas Fairbanks had his brother. Norma and Constance Talmadge had both Joe Schenck and their mother, Peg Talmadge. Harold Lloyd had his father and his uncle. Lillian Gish had D. W. Griffith. Of all the star-producers, only Gloria always fought alone.

The third reason is a result of the other two. Gloria is the only individual who combines, to so large a degree, both the masculine and the feminine characteristics. These give her a profound intuitive sense and at the same time a driving force that is absolutely irresistible. Her children would never miss a father's training, for she would impart to them every masculine quality worth retaining. And we have had no greater charmer than Gloria. Men have always been tremendously attracted by her feminine appeal and held by that and her fine mind.

IN the face of her years of struggle and heartbreaks, disappointments and losses, it is astounding to hear her say, "I have no regrets for anything I suffered or lost."

She has been too much before the public for any need of repetition of her losses. Her financial difficulties have been most prominently aired, as she has lost homes, cars and furniture. She has had her heart bruised many times and broken once. She has endured defeat, disappointment and humiliation. Even trusted friends have proven unworthy. Yet, there is no wish that she might have been spared any of it.

"That is easily explained," she went on. "First, because what is finest in life cannot be lost. Secondly, because suffering is a part of life and I want to live life to the fullest. I would not shirk one bit of it. I love this beautiful sunshine of California, but I could not endure it if I had it every minute of my life. A plant may grow beautifully under the nourishing rays of the sun, but that plant would wither and die *(Continued on page 114)*



Will Rogers

FATHER AND HUSBAND

By KATHERINE ALBERT



The jolly Rogers spend one of their famous quiet evenings on their equally famous ranch.
Will, Jr., Jim and Mary with Mother and Dad and a friend.

IT occurred to me the other day that I didn't know a darn thing about Will Rogers. Or at any rate I, like Will, know only what I read in the papers and that's sketchy enough.

No sir, I can tell you as long as you'll listen, about why Jean Harlow married Hal Rosson and how Norma Shearer feels about being an executive's wife and what sort of home life Mae West has. But I didn't know anything about Will Rogers.

And it seemed to me that this was a great oversight on my part, since I had just laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks when I heard him singing to that balky horse in "David Harum."

Oh, sure, I know some things about Will—that he is part Cherokee Indian, that he was born in Oklahoma, that his activities include not only motion picture making, but radio work, writing and lecturing as well, that he loves polo and lives on a huge ranch out of Hollywood. But the important things that make a man what he is—what sort of wife he has, what his relationship with his children is, how he makes his day expansive enough to accommodate all he does—these were as mysterious as Garbo.

. . . He allows his family to "lead their own lives." That's why they do things his way. For Will's as much an old smoothie at home as he is before the public



(Right) Pretty Mary with Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness," during part of her short-lived movie career. (Below) Here's young Jim trying out the intricacies of the rope while Will looks on, amused.



However, I've rectified that now. I know a lot about Will Rogers and Will's family, and I want you to hear all about it, too, because he's kinda swell and deserves being better known than he is.

Will won't tell you about himself. You have to go to people who know him to find out about his home life. And that's just what I did.

One of the things that interested me a lot was how he felt about his daughter's ambition to become an actress. There are three children—Will, Jr., nineteen; Jimmy, eighteen; and Mary, seventeen. Two or three years ago, when Mary was in short dresses, she persuaded her father to permit her to play an extra—a peasant girl in a café scene—in his picture, "Business and Pleasure." No one knew she was on the set. Will never told it. Neither did she and, therefore, everybody thought it was an entirely new idea to her when she appeared at a casting office, saying her name was Mary Howard and actually got a job in a Fox picture. She worked for three days before it was discovered that she was Will's daughter.

RIGHT now she is back at school in New York, but she has definitely set her heart on a picture career and she has enough determination, inherited from her father, to stick it out.

But while the papers were recounting the story of Will's daughter's anonymous break into the films, nobody knew how Will was feeling about it. Would he be the sort of stern parent who would put his foot down on her career? Would he want to help push her up the ladder? The answer to these questions will reveal Rogers pretty well.

He thinks that children should be allowed to choose their own professions and that (*Continued on page 98*)

What Clothes for

. . . Ann Dvorak and other stars, too, place the stamp of approval on pastels, with cotton as the favored fabric

by

Margery Wells



Good-bye,

This pale lime-yellow linen suit with crystal buttons is guaranteed to lend charm through the summer.

Rainbow-colored coin dots all over a seersucker organdy dance frock, with bright velvet bows on a square neckline.

(Left) Ann Dvorak in the briefest of royal blue swimming shorts, with a thick white cord around the waist, and a striped brassiere top.

Vacation Time?



Pencil-striped organdy, made after the shirtwaist style, which has all the quaintness of an old-time air.



For that summer suit, have something like Ann's with short jacket, wide tucked shoulders, graceful sleeves, and a belt that ties.



Ann Dvorak checks in for an afternoon at the beach in black and white linen. Plaid for the sun-backed bodice and the facing of the coat.

...silk! Hello, cotton!

THIS is the big season for thin, washable, traditional warm weather clothes and we've reason to thank the fashion goddess for the trek back to cotton. It's inexpensive, for one thing. It's clean to the point of utter freshness and will grant youth to those who need it and charm to those of you who already possess girlishness.

Instead of the inevitable printed silks this spring and summer, get yourself a couple of cottons—printed, plaid or striped, and a flannel or a cotton tweed coat to go with them in some color that harmonizes. See how much smarter you will look than your silk-bedecked sisters who are not cotton-wise.

The stunts they have done to cottons are truly amazing. Think of this: they don't muss or wrinkle any more. They are put through some sort of setting-up exercise so that they keep their pristine freshness through hot days and over warm bodies. No more of that drawn-through-a-wringer appearance for cotton frocks. And they wash and wash, keeping that same crisp look all through their long lives. Sounds too good to be



What Clothes for

. . . Ann Dvorak and other stars, too, place the stamp of approval on pastels, with cotton as the favored fabric

by

Margery Wells







Good-bye,

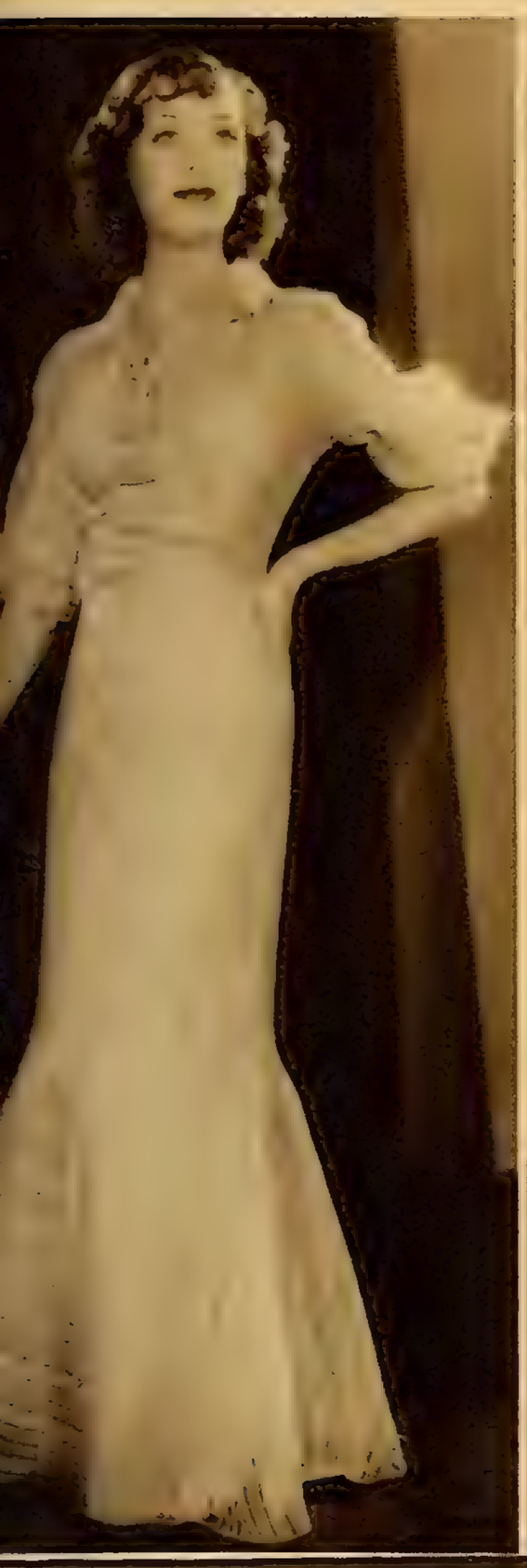


This pale lime-yellow linen suit with crystal buttons is guaranteed to lend charm through the summer.

Rainbow-colored coin dots all over a seersucker organdy dance frock, with bright velvet bows on a square neckline.

(Left) Ann Dvorak in the briefest of royal blue swimming shorts, with a thick white cord around the waist, and a striped brassiere top.

Vacation Time?



Pencil-striped organdy, made after the shirtwaist style, which has all the quaintness of an old-time air.



For that summer suit, have something like Ann's with short jacket, wide tucked shoulders, graceful sleeves, and a belt that ties.



Ann Dvorak checks in for an afternoon at the beach in black and white linen. Plaid for the sun-backed bodice and the facing of the coat.

ilk! Hello, cotton!

THIS is the big season for thin, washable, traditional warm weather clothes and we've reason to thank the fashion goddess for the trek back to cotton. It's inexpensive, for one thing. It's clean to the point of utter freshness and will grant youth to those who need it and charm to those of you who already possess girlishness.

Instead of the inevitable printed silks this spring and summer, get yourself a couple of cottons—printed, plaid or striped, and a flannel or a cotton tweed coat to go with them in some color that harmonizes. See how much smarter you will look than your silk-bedecked sisters who are not cotton-wise.

The stunts they have done to cottons are truly amazing. Think of this: they don't muss or wrinkle any more. They are put through some sort of setting-up exercise so that they keep their pristine freshness through hot days and over warm bodies. No more of that drawn-through-a-wringer appearance for cotton frocks. And they wash and wash, keeping that same crisp look all through their long lives. Sounds too good to be



Pastels are in!









(Above, left) String and cinnamon—does that mean anything? Well, it's smart when the suit is loosely woven, string-colored linen and the blouse is a deep tone of cinnamon handkerchief linen. The hat is in those same two shades. (Right) "Sailors beware" when a girl takes her cue from their uniforms for her clothes. It's a navy piqué with white braid trimmings. The navy and white hat is patterned after a sea-going vessel.

If you want an outfit that will be wrinkleless, then stick to the knitwear variety. Wear it for shopping, for sports, for workaday hours and you'll come home at night just as you left in the morning—with nary a crease. Lovely Ann Dvorak has selected a delicate turquoise blue with a white lacey knit blouse.

true, I know, but it's a fact. Watch them resist the fading process, too. Red stays red. They don't become a sad pink under sun and water treatment, and all the other colors have the same steadfastness of performance.

This being the case, there's a cotton fever through the fashion world. Yes, evening dresses, too. They are made of ginghams and percales in beautifully simple lines and are done in those sweet, appealing organdies that permit ruffles and flounces and flutings, surrounding a gal with an aura of fluff, which can never cease to be dear to her heart no matter how matter-of-fact she may be. Nothing can beat cottons for youthfulness.

Stripes and plaids too!









(Above, left) Over the simplest of blue crepe frocks, Ann is daring enough to wear a tricky little Eton jacket of barred and stitched red pique. With or without the jacket you're okay. (Above, right) Black organdy graduates from a windblown silhouette to a veritable typhoon which is the latest way to arrange the flounces for an evening frock. Flattering white lace forms the shoulder straps and bodice of this unusual gown.

Now, I want to tell you about some of the outstanding style features of the season, so that you can follow them to the letter. As a rule, they are not difficult to make or to wear, if you are fortunate enough to be able to indulge in the ready-to-wear variety of apparel.

Don't blame me, if I seem to be too much of a rooter for clothes made at home, for with fabrics playing such an important role, those frocks you make with your own fair hands can carry the distinction which is often missing in the common or garden variety of store clothes.

Let's begin at the neckline. (*Continued on page 118*)

More rustles and frills. The rustle of taffeta is part of this season's frou-frou. A taffeta foundation suggests the swish of an old-fashioned petticoat and over its elegance is posed white net in billows, with pleated ruffles set in tiers on the flounces of the skirt. The butterfly fichu cape is banded with pleated frills.

MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*



2717

2714

2713

2717—We know that you'll be happy as a sandboy in these white linen crash slacks and regulation middy-blouse which Adalyn Doyle wears. Navy blue buttons lend contrast to the slacks. The blouse, too, has navy blue trimming. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38, 40 inch bust.

2714—Wynne Gibson wears this delightful gay red and white georgette dance frock. The neckline of ruffles is very flattering and youthful. And the graduated flounces from knee to hem-line are just the thing for gals who are a bit too thin. In sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38, 40 inch bust.

2713—For tennis, the beach, knockabout and hiking, Ginger Rogers wears this neat rig of shirt-and-shorts. It's made of striped seersucker. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38 and 40 inch bust.

Instructions for ordering patterns on page 88.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Check up on those jangled nerves today

Yes, a simple little nervous habit such as wringing out your handkerchief is really a sign of jangled nerves.

And jangled nerves may mean lines in your face—They mean that in time you may look years older than you are.

So if you find yourself with any of those little nervous habits, check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle the nerves.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

TEST YOUR NERVES.. FREE!

Write for illustrated book of 20 nerve tests. See if you have healthy nerves. Have loads of fun testing friends for "jangled nerves." Mail order-blank below with the fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.



CLIP THIS COUPON

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 119-A, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

*Name*_____
(Print Name)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

STRANGE COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN—

REVOLUTIONIZE FACE POWDERS



Miss Charlotte Young says, "Pond's Rose Cream is wonderful for blondes or fair-skinned brunettes."

NEW DEVICE FINDS

Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN

Startling Green IN BRUNETTE

ACTUAL RECORD TAKEN BY DELICATE OPTICAL MACHINE PRODUCES *NEW* POWDER SHADES THAT CORRECT COMPLEXION FAULTS



Actually a $3.00 Powder

ONLY 55¢

10¢



Mrs. Edward Burns—a typical brunette —uses Pond's Rose Brunette. "No other powder has ever seemed so grand for my skin."

BLONDES and Brunettes need no longer *guess* about the face powder they should use.

A new era in powder blending has come about.

Here's the amazing truth . . . In every human skin, there are colors you cannot distinguish with the human eye.

Now, a delicate optical machine has finally been found to detect those colors. By means of this machine, Pond's actually recorded to the smallest degree the bright blue in blonde skin—the startling green in brunette.

Many skins analyzed

Many blonde and brunette skins were analyzed to find exactly *what amount* of blue makes the most beautiful blonde skin, what *green* goes into the loveliest brunette skin.

Then Pond's used these actual records to blend their new powder shades.

Now any girl can be sure that these scientifically analyzed powders will bring back to her just the colors missing in her own skin.

Pond's powder is finer in texture than expensive French powders. And Pond's has the same fragrance as a certain very costly imported powder. A lovely glass jar for only 55¢ contains as much as most $1.00 boxes. And, in the five-and-ten and variety stores—ten and twenty-five cent sizes. Six colors! Natural, Light Cream, Rose Cream, Brunette, Rose Brunette, Dark Brunette.

★ ***Two Special Boxes for 5¢. Send Coupon.*** Send for two special boxes of Pond's powder—two new light shades or two new dark shades—as you prefer. Try them! See what life—beauty—these new colors bring to your skin.

Pond's Extract Company
Dept. F, 94 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for TWO Special Boxes of Pond's New Powder as checked.
I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

ON *Dress* PARADE





Charming contrast—1860 vs. 1934. Carole Lombard wears this delectable pink tulle costume in "Twentieth Century" and Karen Morley dons a velvet hostess gown in "Crime Doctor."

by Margery Wells

WELL, after spending days looking at new pictures—I mean the ones you'll be seeing next month—I've got just loads of style hints to whisper in your ear. With the exception of a few costume pictures, most of the gowns are practical and copyable.

For instance, if you're an Irene Dunne type—that is, a normal and more or less modest personality—many a good idea will be gleaned by studying the clothes she wears in "This Man Is Mine." Irene is clever enough to know that fluffy ruffles or ultra-sophisticated gowns do not become her. For that reason, simplicity is the keynote of her wardrobe. On that white evening gown, for example (which, incidentally, hugs her figure so beautifully), only one touch of "decoration" is used: a jewelled clip on the left shoulder. Even her negligee is minus frills. Instead, it depends upon its alluring lines and intricately shirred sleeves for its interest.

Then, consider Vivian Tobin, who also is in the picture. Quite another type! Ruffles and flounces and all sorts of do-dads become her. Notice what a contrast her evening frock, with flounces and hundreds of fluted cartwheels and all that, is to Irene's. But when the Tobin gal goes golfing, what a picture! No doubt you'll want an outfit trimmed with baby gazelle, too, with matching fingerless gloves. And be sure to notice the braided belt of the same skin. That would look good on any outfit.

Constance Cummings goes blithely through the picture, vamping husbands and upsetting households, garbed in ravishing gowns of shimmering velvets and sassy polka dots and flattering wide-brimmed straw hats—not to mention suits with huge ermine sleeves and swanky net blouses with tantalizing bows.

(*Continued on page 86*)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED



FOR THE
HIGHEST DEGREE OF
THROAT COMFORT

Students of smoking pleasure are graduating by the thousands to this mildly mentholated cigarette. In the first place, it's refreshing. Then, the smoke actually *is* cooler—your throat never gets dry. And KOOLS are so mildly mentholated nothing interferes with the full enjoyment of the fine tobacco flavor. Last—not least—you get a FREE coupon per pack. Save them for gilt-edged initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other nationally-advertised premiums, too. (Offer good in U. S. A. only).

Send for illustrated premium list



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

THE INFORMATION DESK

If you want to know the age, hair coloring, picture plans or anything else about the stars, this department will tell you

LOTTIE KOTLARZ, Syracuse, N. Y.—Franchot Tone's birthday is February 27. Cary Grant's is January 18, and he married Virginia Cherrill so recently that they may still be classified as newlyweds.

E. W. GAYLORD, MRS. E. J. MARSHAL, GEO. N. ULLOM, Pittsburgh, Pa., and ELIZA HEINT, Smithfield, Pa.—George Brent played the lead in Warner Brothers' 1933 production of "From Headquarters," and Monte Blue in their 1929 version of the same picture, in case you're interested.

F. B. B., Wallingford, Conn.—Yes, Ida Lupino is new in movies in this country, but she made her debut in England at the age of 15. She is English, born in London, has blonde hair, large violet eyes, an oval face and a short, slightly retroussé nose. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs all of 110 pounds. "Come On Marines" with Richard Arlen will be her next picture, followed by "She Loves Me Not" with Bing Crosby. You can write her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

J. T. G., Detroit, Mich.—Lew Ayres was born December 8, 1908, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Tom Brown, born January 6, 1913, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

SOL NASO, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mae West is 5 feet 2 inches tall in her stocking feet. Will that meet your requirements?

ADA JOHNSON and VIRGINIA CARTER, Lexington, Mass.—Now, really! Does Mae West have false teeth? I do hope the dear lady will be lenient should she read this. No, my doubting damsels, those ivories are Mae's very own, and I don't mean she bought them.

K. O. T., Washington, D. C.—Lucille Browne played the part of the younger sister in "Double Harness." Helen Hayes is due back in Hollywood the first part of June to make "What Every Woman Knows."

VIVIAN ROBECK, Annapolis, Md.—No, you can't get Ralph Bellamy's home address or any other star's, for that matter, in this column. G. P. Huntley, Jr., was Donald Darbyshire in "As Husbands Go" and a neat performance he gave too. What? There may be some few stars who, in weak moments, like to autograph books and things, but the number is very few and their weak moments even rarer.

ANTHONY SANTINELLI, Newark, N. J.—Richard Talmadge has appeared in the following pictures as leading man: 1927—"Prince of Pep," "Broadway Gallant," "Night Patrol," "Blue Streak" and "Better Man"; 1928—"Cavalier"; 1931—"Scareheads" and in 1932 "Get That Girl" and "Speed Madness."

H. L., Babylon, N. Y.—Where have you been, H. L.? Marion Nixon has far from disappeared. She appeared in five pictures in 1933 and is scheduled to appear in "Strictly Dynamite" with Jimmy Durante, "The Line Up" with William Gargan and "The Humbug" with Nils Asther. I guess that ought to keep you busy.

N. W. TORRANCE, Anyox, B. C., Canada—Yes, Fay Wray herself was the beauty in the hands of the beast, King Kong, when he had her on the cliff, and she admits she is scared to death of a poor little measly mouse.

KATHRYN HARTNETT, Toledo, Ohio—Yes, Miss Hartnett, "Show Boat" was released May 5, 1929, by Universal. The leading parts were taken by Laura La Plante, Otis Harlan and Joseph Schildkraut.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Pat Ellis of the blue eyes and blonde hair was born May 20, 1916—a mere babe! And so is Mary Kornman, the blonde who "Yoo-hooed" so quaintly at Bing Crosby in "Just An Echo." By the way, she will be Mrs. Leo Tover by the time you read this, and here's hoping she "I do-ed" better than she "Yoo-hoo-ed."

JEANIE CLARK, Coalgate, Okla.—Yes, Jeanie, I think Richard Cromwell is even better looking off the screen than he is on, if that's possible. But I suppose you'd rather see for yourself.

DOROTHY MILLER, Berwick, Pa.—The lad who was in love with Ruth Hall in Eddie Cantor's "Kid from Spain" was none other than that up-and-coming-fast Robert Young. 'Member now?

POLLY, A Novarro Fan—Our hero, Ramon "Troubadour" Novarro, having finished his personal appearances in Chicago, will hie himself back to Hollywood for retakes on his latest, "Laughing Boy." Thence to South America, possibly via New York, to make a three months' concert tour. He's writing a play in between times. Call it a vacation if you want.

HAROLD W. JAMES, Hazleton, Pa.—Virginia Cherrill, Cary Grant's bride, played the part of the blind girl in Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights." "City Streets" was released the same year with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in the leads.

MISS M. E. SCHMADINGHOFF, Kansas City, Mo.—No, Clara Bow and Rex Bell are neither divorced nor separated. They recently spent a few days in Palm Springs together.

In writing to this department, avoid questions which are controversial and which are not dictated by good taste. We cannot give you home addresses of the stars and we dislike printing answers which take up a great deal of space. Otherwise, we're ready to oblige. All questions will be answered in this magazine, so save your stamps.

Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FLORENCE SEELIG, New York City—Clark Gable was born February 1, 1901; James Cagney, July 17, 1904; Franchot Tone February 27 and Randolph Scott January 23. The two latter fail to give the year. Katharine Hepburn is 26 years old and her next picture after "Spitfire" will be "Tudor Wench." Clark Gable is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He is an expert golfer and swimmer. Franchot Tone is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes, you will see more of Barbara Stanwyck. Her next picture is "Gambling Lady."

MRS. J. D. ALLEN, Trinity, Tex.—No, Mrs. Allen, Helen Vinson was not the girl in the advertisement you mention, although the resemblance is striking.

A. F., Pa.—Gene Raymond is twenty-five.

CHARLES A. BAKER, Jr., Bound Brook, N. J.—Miriam Hopkins has never been known by any other name that I know of. She was loaned to M-G-M by Paramount to make "Stranger's Return." She has been on the screen since 1930, when she did "Fast and Loose" for Paramount. Her first important vehicle was "Smiling Lieutenant," in 1931, with Maurice Chevalier.

A DAVID MANNERS FAN from Lakewood, Ohio—David Manners has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is scheduled to appear in "The Black Cat" with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.

JANICE MORGAN, Sioux City, Iowa—Cute little Armida has been making personal appearances in New York. It is doubtful whether or not she will come back to the movies. Jean Parker is French, Polish and English. No wonder she is such a versatile young one.

ELLA LOWELL, Rockville, Conn.—Gloria Foy was Franchot Tone's companion in the first scenes of "Dancing Lady." Most of the stars have secretaries to take care of their fan mail, but a great many of the younger and newer players take pleasure in reading and answering their letters personally.

MARIE HAMILTON, Mansfield, Ohio—Gloria Swanson recently signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and she can be reached at their studios in Culver City, Calif.

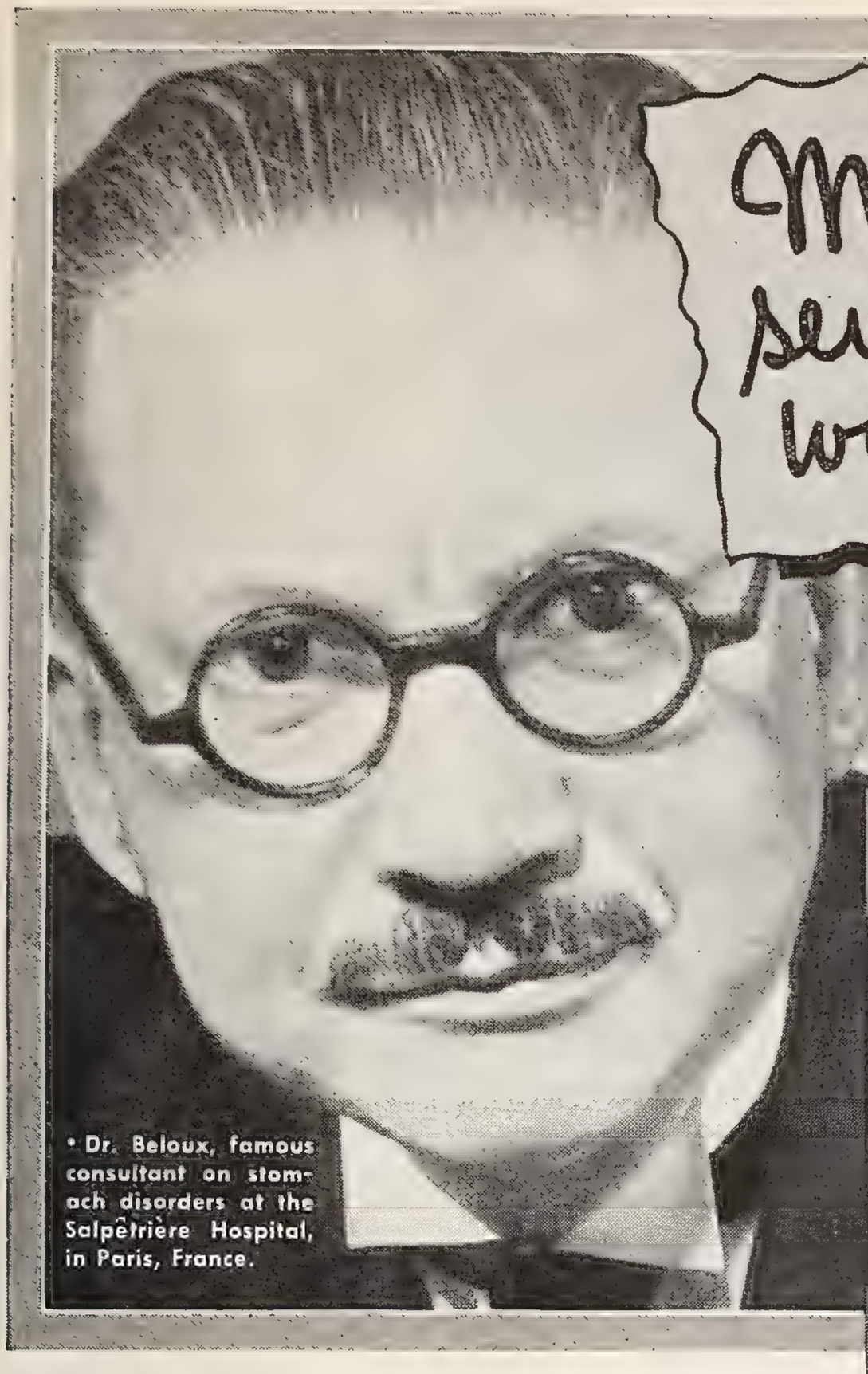
ANNE E. RIEDERER, New Rochelle, N. Y.—Joe Savers took the part of Tex in "College Humor." Alas, Randolph Scott is not going to be in "Thirty Day Princess." Cary Grant and Sylvia Sidney will have the leads. Randy, however, will be in "Often a Bridegroom." Claudette Colbert's next picture will be "Cleopatra," with Warren William, Henry Wilcoxson and Ian Keith. Frances Dee will have the lead in "Finishing School."

MARGARET, Athens, Ga.—Yes, Margaret, William Janney played in "King of the Wild Horses" along with Rex.

A. L. S., Grafton, W. Va.—Edwin Maxwell played the part of the maniac in "The Night of Terror." Dwight Frye is not scheduled to make any more pictures for the moment.

C. J. G., Toledo, Ohio.—Ann Sothern is all of 21 years old, is unmarried, and can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. The only drawback seems to be the several hundred miles between Toledo and Hollywood. Too bad!

ELEANOR R., Tarrytown, N. Y.—Here is some good news for you. Brian Aherne is starring in an English picture, "The Constant Nymph," with Victoria Hopper. Report has it that this is a picture well worth seeing and that Mr. Aherne has done himself proud, and is ever so much better than he was in "Song of Songs."



Miss L— had severe indigestion— was run-down

DR. JULES BELOUX,

of Paris, reports this "Case History"

• Dr. Beloux, famous consultant on stomach disorders at the Salpêtrière Hospital, in Paris, France.



"Was always constipated"

"Miss L— felt distress in the abdomen. She had frequent headaches, was always constipated, run-down, had no 'pep.'

"Condition called for yeast"

"A sample of the stomach content revealed trouble. The stomach was toneless, the intestines clogged. I recommended yeast..."

"Like a different person"

"After eating yeast, her system was in perfect order in 30 days! She hasn't suffered from indigestion or constipation since."

If your stomach troubles you . . . if you get tired out easily . . . are constipated, have broken-out skin, Dr. Beloux's comments on this case are important to you!

CONSIDER THE CASE which the famous Dr. Beloux describes. Then consider your own case. Haven't *you* many of the troubles Miss L— had?

Perhaps your digestion is far from what it should be . . . easily upset . . . your stomach feels "heavy" . . . you feel actually distressed at times.

Maybe you're run-down . . . have "jumpy" nerves . . . get all fagged out easily . . . are constipated . . . have headaches . . . don't look clear-skinned, healthy, *attractive!*

Then yeast should help *you*, too. For, as Dr. Beloux says:

"Yeast promotes the flow of gastric juice . . . purifies the blood . . . softens the hard waste matter and promotes regular evacuation. It is gentle—not habit-forming."

Wouldn't it be good common sense to try Fleischmann's Yeast? Of course it would! Then eat 3 cakes a day for at least 30 days. Besides its corrective powers, each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system. Then see how your digestion stops being so "finicky" . . . see how much better you work, and play, and sleep!

Don't delay another day. Fleischmann's Yeast is so easy to buy. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains!



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

"My Appetite Picked Up Amazingly"

"Nothing I ate agreed with me," *writes* Mrs. Wm. A. Rhodes, *of Seattle, Wash.* (at left). "After meals I wanted to sleep off my dull, logy feeling.

"I had read where great doctors recommended yeast for cases like mine. I decided to try it. After eating Fleischmann's Yeast for a few weeks, I could eat without worrying about the after-effects. It cleared out my system. I felt so much better. My appetite picked up amazingly."



Just spread on ZiP Depilatory Cream, and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream, and by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Get your tube and you will marvel at this white, perfumed cream. Twice the size . . . . half the price.

TO DESTROY HAIR PERMANENTLY

ZIP IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT EPILATOR

The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for *face,* as well as arms, legs and body. Special *ZIP* Kit now $1.00.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (46th ST.)

ZiP *Cream Deodorant*



At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Especially large container 10c

THE REPORT CARD

Our rating of current pictures will aid you in choosing your film entertainment: A means excellent; B means good; C means fair; D means poor

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
Excellent picturization of the Sinclair Lewis novel with Irene Dunne and Walter Huston.

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
Fascinating plot. Superbly enacted by Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
Good music and good acting in a tale about movie-crashing in Hollywood. Spencer Tracy, John Boles and Pat Patterson.

BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
Winchell's behind-the-Broadway-columns yarn with Paul Kelly, Russ Columbo, Constance Cummings.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor as a Southern belle.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE (M-G-M).
Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro have an opportunity to sing.

CONVENTION CITY (First National).
With Atlantic City as America's typical "Convention City," this is a real laugh riot. Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and Guy Kibbee are in it.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
Topnotch entertainment with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels and Doris Kenyon.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
If you're looking for something different, see this one. With Fredric March and Evelyn Venable.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in Noel Coward's stage success.

DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
Ann Harding and William Powell.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Marvelous photography.

FASHION FROLICS OF 1934 (Warners).
Beautiful girls and beautiful clothes. We've never seen anything like those "feather sets."

HI, NELLIE (Warners).
One of the better "lovelorn column" yarns. Muni is excellent as usual.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
An outstanding production that will live in your memory. George Arliss and a splendid cast.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
Excellently done drawing-room stuff. With Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Warner Baxter.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
The very best of the "transcontinental bus" pictures. Gable and Colbert are perfect.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
Randy Scott in a swell Western.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
Don't miss it.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
A couple of telephone repair men in the persons of Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie will give you a good time. Connie Cummings and Arline Judge here, too.

A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
All about the depression. Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young do some fine work.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
The kidnapping racket brought to the screen. With Dorothea Wieck and Baby LeRoy.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Connie Bennett at her best.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
You must see Anna Sten.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan in her first picture.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Let Jimmy Durante shoo those blues away. You'll die laughing.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
Excellent characterization by Spencer Tracy. And it marks Colleen Moore's comeback.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
Charles Laughton is superb.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Garbo.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Verra sophisticated. Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Eddie Cantor's latest.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
Alice Brady.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
Picturing America on the road to Prosperity. An all-star cast and some good singing by John Boles.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers behind-the-scenes-of-radioland. Swell.

VOLTAIRE (Warners).
George Arliss and a splendid cast.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
Al Jolson and an all-star cast in the grandest musical yet.

THE WORLD CHANGES (First National).
Splendid entertainment. Paul Muni and a fine cast.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
Lee Tracy is fine in a not-so-good yarn.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
Fair enough.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Helen Mack and George Raft.

ARIANE (Pathé-Cinema).
From Claude Anet's famous book. Elizabeth Bergner stands out in a badly directed picture.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Fine work by Lionel Atwill and Henry B. Walthall.

BELOVED (Universal).
Nice music. The story's a bit sad.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
Actress, Jean Harlow, and her efficient manager, Lee Tracy, in a fast-moving yarn.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
Judith Anderson's movie début.

BOLERO (Paramount).
Carole Lombard and George Raft introduce a new dance.

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Jackie Cooper, Frank Morgan and Tad Alexander.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Very clever. Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
We have a hunch you'll like Elizabeth Bergner. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., over-acts.

THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
Good comedy. See it if you are an Ed Wynn fan

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
If you're not tired of this pair.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
About the girls and boys in their 'teens. Gene Raymond and Frances Dee.

CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
A trifle slow-moving. Dorothea Wieck and Evelyn Venable are excellent.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
Otto Kruger and Karen Morley in a mystery that is different. See it.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
Crawford, Tone and Gable.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The Four Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumont.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
Joe E. Brown.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Don't miss Fred Astaire's dancing. Not to mention the "Carioca."

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
Ann Harding gets a good story for a change. Otto Kruger, Clive Brook, Tullio Carminati.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Lavish sets and grand music. With Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye and Jimmy Durante.

GLAMOUR (Universal).
Constance Cummings as a chorus girl who doesn't run true to type.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
Those two comediennes, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, give us swell entertainment.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
A desert locale. With Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak and Lyle Talbot.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
Another ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
With Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
Once more, the gambling theme. With Kay Francis, this time.

I LOVED A WOMAN (First National).
Good drama. Eddie Robinson, the ruthless meat-baron, Genevieve Tobin, his wife, and Kay Francis, his opera-singing mistress.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
If you're West-minded.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Good gags, swift action and fine performances by Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
With Claire Trevor playing opposite Jimmy Dunn.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney turns in his usual snappy performance. Aided by Bette Davis and Alice White.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
Bill Powell goes "mystery" again.

(*Continued on page 123*)

To avoid Wrinkles... to Fight Dryness



CHERISH BOTH YOUR SKINS

In UNDER SKIN (right) ward off dreaded wrinkles with deep, penetrating oil-rich cream.

In OUTER SKIN (in center) stop mortifying dryness . . . roughness, with moistening cream.



THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins are both firm and smooth.

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken.

3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

FEW WOMEN know they must take proper care of both their skins to present a clear, fresh complexion to the world. Their *outer* skin and their *under* skin. That's not only sound sense—that's accepted scientific knowledge!

The outer skin is wafer-thin. It protects the under skin from weather, climate, exposure. The under skin is many times thicker—and is full of nerves, blood vessels, tiny glands, that supply it with oil.

WRINKLES . . . Long before you're aware of them, insidious wrinkles start way down in your half-starved under skin. Natural beauty oils there keep it young, firm. After "20" these oil glands often fail to function precisely. Pond's Cold Cream penetrates deeply—carries to your under skin the oils it lacks. It keeps mortifying wrinkles at bay. And Pond's Cold Cream has been famous for years as a skin cleanser!

THE ANSWER TO DRYNESS . . . Your extremely delicate outer skin should always be kept moist. Weather, wind, steam heat, dust . . . all sap natural moisture from your thirsty outer skin. Even young women suffer from skin roughening. Don't use a grease cream for this. You need the wonderful moisture-restoring substance in Pond's Vanishing Cream! It is wonderful for softening chapped, dried-out skins quickly. Smooth it on hands, neck, arms and face.

This is how the arrestingly beautiful Mrs. John Davis Lodge describes her Pond's Two-Skin Treatment.

1. *"My nighttime cleansing* . . . Pond's Cold Cream patted in well . . . removed with Pond's Tissues. Then a second cleansing, for final toning and firming. Again . . . Pond's soft Tissues.

Mrs. John Davis Lodge

(née Francesca Braggiotti) keeps both her Under and Outer skins young . . . fresh . . . with Pond's Two-Skin Treatment. "I really believe these Two Creams are all any woman needs."

2. *"Finally,* Pond's Vanishing Cream, which I leave on overnight. It softens and smooths my skin beautifully.

3. *"Mornings,* and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Then Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder and rouge go on so evenly."

Try the Pond's Two Creams yourself! Send for samples! In no time at all you will see how velvety soft and fresh your skin will be.



● For your *Under Skin*—Pond's Cold Cream. Oily. Or Pond's Liquefying Cream. Melts instantly.

● For your *Outer Skin*—use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless!

SEND FOR SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. F
50 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and two different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐
I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Any camera plus Verichrome Film is the best combination yet for day-in and day-out picture-making ...Verichrome works where ordinary films fail.



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

The Life Story of a Real Guy

(*Continued from page 59*)

parents before retiring. For a small boy, they were very long and ardent prayers. The Tracys were pleased that he was so devout at heart, even if he did have a perfect gift for raising Old Ned most of the day. They would have been considerably less pleased to know that his long prayers were inspired more by a desire to delay going to bed than from heartfelt contriteness for his daily misdeeds. After all, you couldn't jerk a guy off his knees when he was saying his prayers and put him to bed. So the longer a fellow prayed, the longer he got to stay up.

"God bless mother and father and Miss Wiggs, the first grade teacher, and Mrs. Smoot down at the candy store and Tad the blind newsboy and Mr. and Mrs. Parker, our next-door neighbors and—" On and on it would go. Every name Spenc could think of, he brought up for Divine consideration. Only "Moom" was left out. Very cuttingly left out. He never told anybody about it for he didn't want to appear weak and un-Irish, but after he had finally been tucked in and the light in his room turned out, he would whisper under his breath, "and 'Moom,' too!"

BY the time he was seven and old enough to be entered in public school, he was a sturdy, sandy-haired, freckled-faced little kid who walked with a strut and liked to act tough. His charming mother used to throw up her hands and declare she didn't know where he got those ways. But Spenc did. He had very carefully cultivated them after two boisterous young models on the South Side of town. Their names were "Mousie" and "Rattie," aged nine and eleven respectively, and they were the sons of the fightingest saloonkeeper in town.

"Mousie" and "Rattie" were young Tracy's boon companions and secret idols. Life was not worth living until he learned to spit out of the corner of his mouth with the same artistry as "Mousie" and "Rattie." He could hardly wait to be as old as they. He even fibbed to them about his age and managed to get away with several years because he was big. If "Mousie" and "Rattie" had known he was only seven, they wouldn't have wasted their time with such a "baby." They were in the first grade along with the younger children because there was some talk about having to burn down the school house to get them out of it. They were incorrigible truants and Spencer was not long in joining them in avoiding the schoolroom.

He hated school and he hated a cop named Officer Fischer, whom he dubbed "the baby catcher," because he was forever chasing the truants, throwing his club at them and booting them back to school.

Next to "Mousie" and "Rattie," Spenc's greatest weakness was the then-flickering movies. When he could wheedle the price of admission from anyone, he would enter the local Nickelodeon at the first show and not come out until the last. Once, when visiting "Moom" in Freeport, Ill., he was refused money to go to see a Jesse James picture.

"You've got enough wild ideas without going to see those things," she told him. Spenc thought hard a minute.

"There's a picture of the 'Life of Christ' right across the street," he casually remarked. "You wouldn't want to keep me from seeing that, would you?" "Moom" parted with the nickel, though she had little doubt where it was going to be spent.

Spenc was an indifferent student and how he learned to read and write by the time he was ready for the fourth grade was a mystery to everyone, including his school teachers. They would have fainted had they known that his desire to master reading came from curiosity to know what the writing meant on the subtitles of movies. In other subjects, such as arithmetic, he was so unpardonably bad that his father and mother eventually came to the conclusion the public school system was at fault and entered him in a parochial school, St. John's Cathedral. This, strictly, was the end of his constant palship with "Mousie" and "Rattie" and the other pleasant young roughnecks of his younger days, though he was far from a reformed character. His temper made him so unmanageable at times that the good Fathers frequently complained to Mrs. Tracy.

I OUGHT to run away from this house," Spenc would threaten. "I ought to run away for good."

He frequently did in the daytime, only to return when dark and hunger overtook him. Once, in company with the son of Mr. Shultz, the postmaster, he ran away as far as the city limits. The vagabonds had armed themselves with fifteen cents in "money," a bottle of beer, a pound of cheese and a box of crackers. By noon they had consumed all the food. By dinner time they were tossing the coins as to whether or not they should "go on" or "turn back." Every time they flipped the coin it meant "go on." They were a half hour getting the coin to "go back," which was exactly what the exhausted adventurers wanted to do.

When Spencer was ten, his robust "Irish constitution" failed him and from his tenth to his thirteenth year he was far from being a well youngster. He was subject to severe colds, which greatly weakened him, and he had no appetite for anything except sweets. He began to lose weight at an alarming rate. For the first time in his wild young life he did not feel like raising thunder. Thus his movie-colored mind turned to play acting.

He was continually staging, directing

(*Continued on page 84*)



★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it——

Picture it——*with snapshots*



The Brides of five generations ago . . . like



today's Brides . . . prized fine needlework,



stitched with smooth, even, elastic threads,



Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. The spool-



end that says Coats or Clark's is your guide to good thread that does not fray or tangle.

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY . . . AS TODAY



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

(Continued from page 82)

and acting in "murder mysteries" in his own backyard. The thrill of his first audience ran through him one day when a neighbor, leaning over the back fence, exclaimed, "Well, I declare, Spencer Tracy, you're a real good little actor. You really scared me!" He knew his parents wanted him to enter medical college. But from that moment, Spenc Tracy made up his mind he would be an actor.

From parochial school, he entered West Side High School. Though far from a brilliant student, he managed to get by. His health had improved considerably after three summers spent on his uncle's wheat farm in South Dakota and, with the coming of high school athletics, such as football, basketball and baseball, he was soon again "the fighting Irishman" he fancied himself. During a brief time, when his family moved temporarily to Kansas City, Mo., he attended St. Mary's and later Rockhurst. But the Tracys did not remain long in their new location and most of Spenc's high school memories center around West Side and Marquette High Schools in Milwaukee.

THE life-long friendship of Spenc and Pat O'Brien (now in Hollywood, as you know), started at Marquette. Every morning the "two Irishmen" would meet at the corner drugstore where their pal, the soda jerker, would set them up to a couple of chocolates. Result: always late for classes. They didn't particularly care. After all, they were working men with afternoon jobs in a lumber company. They worked together until the boss caught them sitting around telling stories. Then Spenc was delegated to delivering kindling, while Pat remained on at the "yard." The lumber company furnished him with an old horse and an even older wagon for delivery purposes, and for this pleasant job he found himself richer by $2.50 every seven hours he worked. In the evenings Pat and Spenc would pool their earnings and go stepping.

He had reached the point, sixteen, when he thought it well to assume an interest in girls, even if he did not feel it. Privately he considered them a sex of nuisances and silly romantic ninnies. But if his pal, Pat, had an "eye out for the ladies," then Spenc could do no less. As he did not care for any of them, it was not difficult for him to stir up the reputation of a guy with a different girl every two weeks. It had a nice, reckless, devilish sound. He used to talk big to Pat, and frequently to his mother, of being "engaged," but no one took it less seriously than the young Lothario himself.

There was one girl, though, named Helen. He almost squandered some real emotion on her. She was beautiful and quite cagey. She told Spenc she would marry him if he could supply a home and $5,000 in cash. That evening he asked his mother if she would give them the home they were living in. When she said, "No," he didn't try to rake up the $5,000. Helen was lost to him forever. It was as close to heartbreak as he had ever come, which wasn't too close at that.

When he was eighteen years old he enlisted in the Navy. Why, or what for, no one has yet discovered—and that includes Spenc. "I remember I came home white-faced and scared to death and told my mother I had done it," he relates. "To this day I don't know why. I suppose I must have been attracted by the posters of 'Join the Navy and See the World.' I joined all right, but I didn't see any part of the world. I didn't even see the ocean. They sent me down to Norfolk, Va., where I was 'in service' for a year and later on I trained at Great Neck.

"Just about the time I was getting used to the tight pants, they called off the war and I was returned to finish my education in Milwaukee on a $30 pension offered to service men who cared to continue their studies. I think joining the Navy was the wildest move of my wild career and it had a sobering effect on me for years after."

HE did not have enough credits to enter college following his fling in the Navy, so there was nothing to do but enroll in Northwestern Military Academy. He loathed it just as he had loathed any form of routine and compulsion all his life. It was not until he left Northwestern Military and went to Rippon that he began to take any interest at all in scholastic achievements.

The studies at Rippon awakened his long slumbering ambition to become an actor. Besides, he had received several letters from Pat O'Brien, who was studying at the American Academy of Dramatics in New York. Spenc begged his father to let him go on and join his friend immediately, but the elder Tracy was furious at the idea of his son becoming an actor and refused any financial help.

Spenc did the next best thing. He settled down to really apply himself to the dramatic classes and the debating teams at Rippon. The kid was so sincere that he gradually enlisted his mother's aid to his cause. At the end of two years, she loaned her headstrong young son the money to get to New York, but after that he was "on his own." All he had was the thirty dollars he got monthly from the government, and as Pat O'Brien was down to his last nickle by the time his cronie reached New York, it was all they both had to live on.

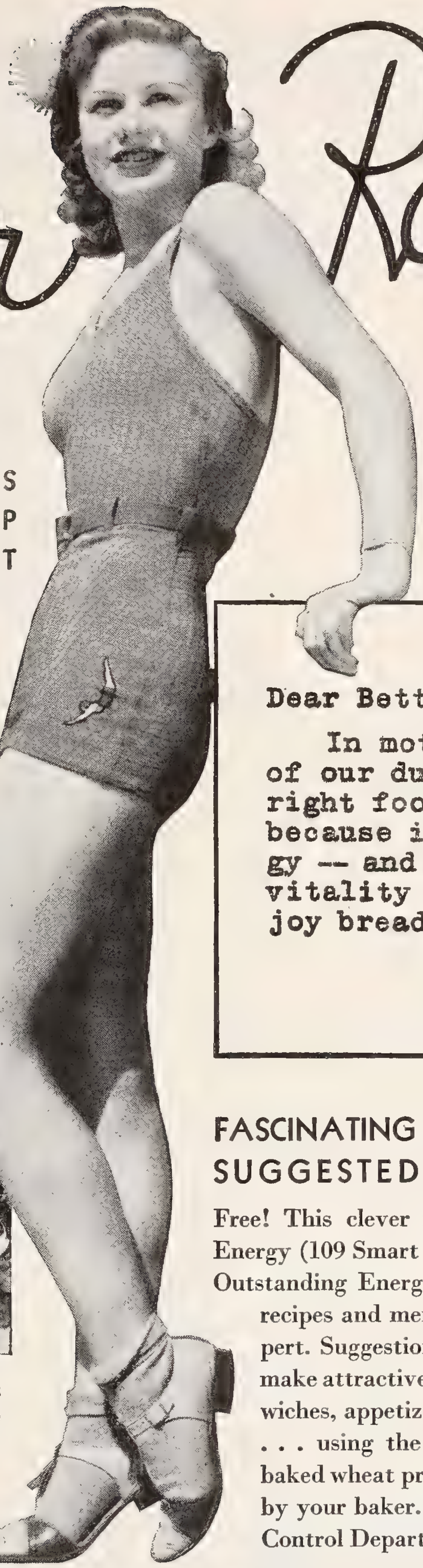
Those were grand and terrifying days. The excitement of being so close to the stage, of actually being able to walk down Broadway under the shadows of the marquees of fame, was a tremendous thrill to the stage-struck boys. But they never had enough to eat. Rice pudding was the most popular dish because it was most filling. There was never any money for plays or even picture shows after they had deducted money for rent, laundry and clothes repair. For they had to look "nice." Only very successful actors could afford to slouch around. One evening on a park bench, when they were particu-

(Continued on page 86)

SPARKLING

Ginger Rogers

TELLS HOW SHE KEEPS HER VITALITY UP AND HER WEIGHT DOWN!



With her fresh vivid beauty and lively talents, Ginger Rogers is singing, dancing, and romping her way to new fame in the recently released RKO Radio Picture "Finishing School."

Slim, buoyant, and carefree . . . with radiant health and as pretty a figure as you'll see in many a day! It's proper food and proper exercise that does it, says Ginger Rogers. And proper food includes *bread*, every day, according to this charming young star. Read her letter to Betty Crocker, menu expert.

Dear Betty Crocker,

In motion picture work, one of our duties is to eat the right food. Bread is important because it gives so much energy -- and we know beauty and vitality require energy. I enjoy bread at every meal.

Ginger Rogers



SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

1 *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance the diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the new free book on bread, "*Vitality* Demands Energy."

FASCINATING NEW USES FOR BREAD SUGGESTED BY BETTY CROCKER



Free! This clever new book, "*Vitality* Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)" . . . a host of tempting new recipes and menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking expert. Suggestions for combining bread with other foods to make attractive, correctly balanced meals. Ideas for sandwiches, appetizers, soup and salad accompaniments, etc. . . . using the delicious, wholesome breads and other baked wheat products supplied you in appetizing variety by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

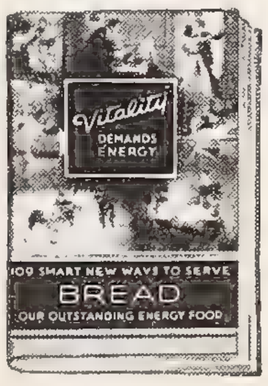
Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "*Vitality* Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name.....

Street or R.F.D. No......

City..... *State*.....

Offer good only within continental limits of U.S.A. Copr. 1934, General Mills, Inc. Mod. Sc. 6.34



Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!

Agfa Test for Hollywood

OFFICIAL RULES

See Advertisement on Opposite Page

1. Contest begins May 1 and ends September 15, 1934. Mail all snapshots to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, on time for their receipt not later than midnight September 15, 1934.
2. Enter as many snapshots as you wish of the same person. Suggested poses: full-face; three-quarter view; profile; full-length.
3. On back of each snapshot, print full name and address of person photographed (the entrant); also name and address of dealer from whom films are purchased.
4. Include with each entry: Two Agfa roll film cartons or one Agfa 16mm. carton or approximate hand-drawn facsimiles. An entry consists of one or more snapshots of the same person sent in at the same time.
5. No entries will be returned. All pictures are mailed at owner's risk. Do not send negatives.
6. Semi-final selection of twenty-five entrants for regional screen tests will be made by Agfa Casting Director, who will notify each by telegram.
7. Committee of Hollywood Directors and Stars will select five from the regional winners. These five will be given a free round-trip to Hollywood for final sound and screen tests.
8. From these five the Judges will select the winner who will receive guaranteed movie contract.
9. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras will be awarded for snapshots of outstanding photographic excellence—all subjects.
10. Decisions of Judges are final.
11. Winners agree to give Agfa Ansco Corporation permission for the use of their pictures for publication purposes, if so requested.
12. Any resident of the United States or Canada is eligible, except individuals in the employ of the Agfa Ansco Corporation, or members of their families.

© Agfa Ansco Corporation, 1934

FOOLING THE CENSORS!

The scenes you never see; the lines you never hear; the censored parts of movies—we're going to let you read about 'em.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

(Continued from page 84)

larly hungry, Spenc made up his mind he had "studied" dramatic art long enough.

"I'm going out and get a job," he announced, which was easier to remark than to accomplish.

IT was exactly two months later that he rated his first "professional engagement" in *R U R* at the Theatre Guild with Kathleen McDonald. Spenc was one of the robots. His salary was $15 weekly.

A real, honest-to-god actor, who was paid for it, at last!

When *R U R* finally went on the road, Spenc was promoted to a two-line speaking part and his salary increased to $40 weekly. It was the first time his name had ever been mentioned on a program and he spent hours underlining the proof of his success, and mailing copies to all his friends back home.

But even a successful show cannot run forever and Spenc once more knew those long days of walking from theatrical office to theatrical office looking for a job. Finally an agent told him that if he wanted to investigate, there was a little stock company up at White Plains, New York, that could use an "all around" actor; that is, one who can play the juvenile one week and the grandfather the next. Though there was nothing at all sure about the job (he didn't even know whether they would take him), he set out for White Plains. It was night when he arrived and almost curtain time when he located the theatre. He was so hungry and so tired he decided to bluff his way.

"I'm Spencer Tracy," he said importantly. "Sent up from the K—— Agency. When do I start?"

Either the bluff worked, or the manager wasn't any too particular. "Salary's fifty a week," he said. Spenc pretended to be considering it. Just then a beautiful girl in an evening gown came out of a nearby dressing-room and stood in the wings waiting for her cue of "curtain." For a moment her eyes met those of the "new man." She smiled at him, and his heart did a flip flop. He thought she was the prettiest, most attractive woman he had ever seen. "That's Louise Treadwell, our leading lady," the manager explained.

Spenc knew then that he was in love with her. What he did not know was that together they were going to share years of joy and tragedy, heartbreak and laughs, and the glittering success of Hollywood movie fame, before their long love story would eventually end in separation.

The conclusion of this interesting life story will appear in the July issue.

On Dress Parade

(Continued from page 77)

No wonder men fell and households floundered!

Much more conservative are the clothes worn in "Finishing School." They reflect chic and good taste—even down to the trig little school uniforms with their nobby Eton jackets and white piqué collars and cuffs. Frances Dee, playing the lead, looks particularly trim in her street frock with the plaid trimming. Notice the huge pointed revers and deep cuffs. Smart! Billie Burke, as the frivolous society mother, has a chance to wear frills and furs, and looks quite enchanting in her mousseline evening gown that ripples so gayly into generous fullness at the bottom.

After looking at some of the feminine and utterly charming costumes worn by Marion Davies in "Operator 13," it's a cinch that there'll soon be a demand for these lovely Civil War clothes—in a more modern version, of course. The lacey jabots—the soft full lingerie cuffs—the dashing hats. What gal wouldn't look pretty in 'em!

LOOK at Carole Lombard, for instance, in her 1860 costume in "Twentieth Century" which, so we hear tell, set Columbia Studios back exactly $750.00! Of all her gorgeous clothes (and she does wear some swell ones) this is the most flattering. Pink tulle sprinkled with tiny paillettes . . . cartwheels and satin gardenias . . . tight satin bodice with extreme décolletté, all make Carole emerge as "a dream walking," no less.

And that grey crepe dinner gown, which she wears to rehearsal when the director tells her she must pretend she is a poor little girl dressed in rags, is a bit too luxurious, considering the state of her finances. The cape, so lavishly banded in grey fox, is the outstanding feature of the ensemble. The absurd little hat, with a veil so sheer as to be almost an illusion, was an eye-catcher.

And her negligees—literally a parade of 'em! There's a black velvet one with massed gold embroidery and another lined with glaring white crepe. Still another in dark tones with a swathed effect around the throat. Perfectly stunning!

Genevieve Tobin walks off with all the fashion honors in "Success At Any Price." The most youthful model perhaps is the afternoon frock of dark mousseline (a very popular material this season) trimmed with pleatings of snowy white organdy at the shoulders and waist. In the evening, she goes daringly chic in a clinging gown that swoops to the floor in graceful lines, with an interesting neck-piece of beads. Notice those carefully.

Colleen Moore, the leading lady of the film, doesn't have an opportunity

(Continued on page 88)



Here is your chance to get into the movies. Hollywood Directors want new Stars. Studio "scouts" are hunting new faces, new types. Snapshots of men, women, boys, girls, children are wanted. Directors will study them for movie possibilities! YOUR picture is wanted! If you are "different," if you are "unusual," if you are "REAL," Hollywood is anxious to study your type.

Guaranteed Job in Movies

Winner of "Agfa Test for Hollywood" will receive *guaranteed* movie contract in feature picture with famous stars in Monogram Pictures. Win publicity, fame and a chance for Stardom. Other amazing awards: Hollywood Tours—Regional Screen Tests—Movie Cameras—Personal Casting Reports!

Clear prints are wanted. Use Agfa Film for your snapshots. Accurate light and shade are necessary. Agfa Film "catches personality." Insure good pictures with Agfa Plenachrome, the high-speed, "all-weather" film. Agfa, America's finest film, is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Send in your snapshots immediately. Everyone wins casting report.

6 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

1. **A GUARANTEED contract in the movies.**
2. **Five Hollywood tours; all expenses paid; screen tests; meet Directors and famous stars.**
3. **Twenty-five expense-paid regional screen tests for Hollywood.**
4. **Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras for photo excellence—all subjects.**
5. **Your snapshot made available to Hollywood Directors looking for new talent.**
6. **Personal Casting Report for every entrant in Agfa Test.**

Do this . . .

Go to your film dealer today. Get free copy of official rules or see opposite page of this issue. For better pictures use Agfa Film —Comes in all popular sizes. Have snapshots taken and mail them at once to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

FURTHER INFORMATION—SEE YOUR AGFA DEALER
FREE CONTEST BULLETIN

Ask for *Agfa Film*

Guaranteed:—"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free"



Guarantee packed with every roll

Made in America. © 1934 Agfa Ansco Corporation, Binghamton, New York

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.



WINX

For Lovely Eyes

Cake or Liquid

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 243 W. 17th St., N.Y. City
M-6

Name.....

Street .....

City..... *State*.....

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

(*Continued from page 86*)

to wear quite such an array of gowns. However, her coat suit with the full sleeves of galyak and her small diadem hat, that perches on the back of her head, is just right and the kind any of us would be tickled to have hanging in our wardrobe.

STUDYING the clothes in "The Crime Doctor," it seems to me that Karen Morley has more than a little to say as far as dressing is concerned. Her first appearance in lovely cloth-of-gold attire gives many hints for the use of other materials—cottons, handkerchief linens, printed silks. The tiny ruffles over the shoulders are new and the down-in-the-back line does wonders for a dress that is otherwise so simple it looks like a daytime frock.

Everybody is going mad over the new hostess gowns—those gracious flowing robes which make you look as though you just love to entertain. Well, Karen Morley's hostess effect in black velvet with ruffled and full horsehair sleeves is the acme of all that should and can be done in this particular type of gown. The shoulders are bare and the arms show through—all too alluring for words.

For a really smart sport outfit—one you're sure to want to copy—study the suspender frock Claire Trevor wears in a scene with John Boles in "Wild Gold." Developed in black and white, with suspenders of the same plaid as the accompanying coat, topped by a smart white balibuntal hat—Claire looks such a perfect picture of tantalizing youth that it's small wonder Mr. Boles saw fit to do a little love-making!

Bathing suit notes: Pert Kelton wears one in "Sing and Like It" that reminds one of the saying, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." Tight short trunks with cut-outs over each hip and a brassiere suspended precariously from a chromium neckband composes the sum and substance of this little beach costume.

Almost as obscure is the one worn by one of the students in "Finishing School," except that, besides the abbreviated trunks and backless top, it boasts a belt, a bow, a pocket and a pair of cuffs.

But for something really smart in beach-wear . . . tricky little hats . . . odd but extremely clever neck-pieces . . . evening gowns that will take your breath away . . . and all sorts of gadgets of interest, you must read next month's MODERN SCREEN, when we will tell you all about Norma Shearer's wardrobe in "Riptide." And you know Norma Shearer when it comes to wearing clothes!



2713—Ginger Rogers' seersucker shorts, striped in stick-candy colors.

2717—Adalyn Doyle's white slacks with regulation middy-blouse.

2714—Wynne Gibson's frilly red and white georgette frock.

TO ORDER PATTERNS AND PATTERN BOOK

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.

Risking All

(*Continued from page 31*)

"I paid very little attention to these until, the other day, a bulky missive arrived and, upon opening it, I found a perfect mane of gorgeous red hair. The girl in question had sacrificed her entire head of hair, her crowning beauty, perhaps her only beauty, in order to attract my attention. She has succeeded. She wants a part in 'Red Heads on Parade.' I have sent for her and will give her a test.

"Another instance I recall is that of a girl who wrote me a personal letter addressed to my home every day for over a year." Mr. Lasky laughed, as husbands, slightly embarrassed, laugh, and said, "I couldn't have those letters arriving at my home indefinitely. I was, besides, amused at such persistence. I finally sent for the girl, gave her a test and was able to use her in bit parts for a time.

ONE clever attention-getter goes on all the time. Mr. Mayer, Mr. Goldwyn and I all have houses at the beach. Any passerby can tell which one of us is at home by the bevy of girls who congregate on the beach in front of one or the other of our houses. If I am at home, instantly, like birds gathering, the girls will appear on the beach in front of my house. If Mr. Goldwyn is the one at home, Mr. Mayer's beach front and mine are deserted and Mr. Goldwyn's is gay with girls. They do all sorts of stunts, splits, dance routines, acrobatics and, occasionally, we have noticed a really beautiful girl and have cast her for a bit in a musical picture of some sort.

"There was the small boy, not more than twelve, who wrote me daily that he was hitch-hiking out here from some small town in Vermont. From each city he passed through he would mail me a letter. I had the boy apprehended, found out that he was a minor badly in want of food and shoes and care, and we sent him enough money to get back home—and *got* him back home.

"Every social occasion is a chance for showing off on the parts of movie aspirants. When I go to a dinner or to a dance with my wife, I am a perpetual audience for the exhibitionism of some would-be star.

"The great pity of these extremes is that they are unnecessary. Never before in the history of pictures has there been such a demand for new talent, new faces as there is today. We have scouts in every city in this country and abroad. Scouts who do nothing but fine-comb theatres, stock companies, amateur theatricals, high school and college plays, beauty contests, every conceivable form of public entertainment. I should say that it is almost impossible for any individual who can give a good account of himself in any school play, contest or amateur production to escape the movies."

2 lovable frocks whose future is rosy if washed with pure IVORY FLAKES!



In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed 6 times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the 6th washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience . . . the collar buttons high or unbuttons low . . . Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons . . . the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!



Lord & Taylor the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with

IVORY FLAKES"

99 44/100% PURE



IT'S simply marvelous the way color STAYS IN when you use Rit—so clear, so sparkling, so *professional*—it never looks "dyed," never stiffens the material.

And the new Rit is easier to use than ever before—very different from the Rit of a few years ago—different from *any* other product you have ever used. Just break off part of the tablet—watch it dissolve like lump sugar—notice that Rit doesn't dust out of the package like powder dyes—doesn't leave specks of undissolved dye around the bowl. That's why you never have streaks and spots. And notice how the fabric itself *soaks in* the color—because of one patented element in Rit that no other tint or dye possesses. Be *sure* you get Rit.



33 Rit Colors—a complete color range to meet every need. Easy to use—lovely in every shade—and so LASTING—Rit will help you to dress attractively, brighten your home and economize *sensibly!*

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies	Hooked Rugs	Slip Covers	Bed Spreads
Lingerie	Bridge Sets	Table Cloths	Children's
Sweaters	Men's Shirts	Stockings	Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"
WITH RIT



NEW!
No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.

IF they will only heed this wise and optimistic advice, the desperate nine thousand, if they would, if they *will*, such tales of terror and pity might never be told again. Such a tale as I heard only yesterday. A friend of mine owned a house in one of the outlying districts of Hollywood. He was anxious to sell the house, but didn't have the time to stay about and show it. One day two extra girls came along and made him a proposition. If he would allow them to sleep in the house they would show it to prospective buyers on the days—how many!—when they were not working. He agreed.

Some weeks went by and the other day he decided to run out to the house and see if there had been any developments. He entered and found it empty save for an old mattress on the floor, a rickety card table and a half empty box of very cheap crackers, also a pint bottle of milk, empty. He didn't like the feel of the thing and called on the nearest neighbor. He was told that, two hours before, an ambulance had arrived. One of the girls was taken to the morgue, the other to the nearest receiving hospital. She died that night. They had had jobs offered them, as mothers' helpers. They had refused. Starvation had tried to clasp hands with stardom and the morgue was the cutting-room floor.

In lighter vein is a case Warner Baxter told me about. A well-to-do girl from the Middle West arrived out here and tried all of the routine ways of breaking into pictures. And all had failed. She registered, finally, at an employment agency for domestic help. She got the job of cook for a well-known director. She remained there for five days, wrestling with pots and pans and beefsteaks and soufflés. At the end of the five days she lost her job because, of course, she could not cook. When she admitted all to the director she also lost her hoped-for job in the movies. He felt that she would have put on a better act with the frying pan if she had been a show-woman at heart.

"There have been half a dozen youths in the past six years," Phil Friedman told me, "who have come to me claiming to have had spirit messages from the late Valentino. These spirit messages purported to pass on the secret of the great Valentino appeal. All the applicants needed, they claimed, was a chance before the camera and another Valentino, a vessel upon which had been bestowed the Valentino charm, would appear before the world. Sounds funny, but the tragic fact is that so obsessed were these boys by this fanatic notion that two of the six are in pathological wards today and may never come out of them again.

"One day a gruesome article was borne into the lot here. A coffin. It was opened and there lay a young man, emaciated from want of food and only barely alive, thanks to the fact that the coffin lid was perforated. He had travelled in this macabre fashion from South Carolina to Hollywood. Dead or alive he didn't have the qualifications.

"There was the girl who fainted in the lobby of the Administration Building here at Fox Movietone City. She was not exaggerating when she told us that she had hitch-hiked from Alabama to Hollywood. She got work in one of Mr. Lasky's productions. And she was finally removed from the cast because of her efforts to—well, to sleep her way to stardom. She had been reading a book, or something. She had figured out that the way to make progress was the way of all flesh. Her advances to the leading players and to the directors were of such a nature that—well. . . .

"There was also the man who had himself buried for twenty-seven days. For nearly one month he lived with the dead and at the end of that time he was exhumed and on the same day his manager rushed about trying to exhume a picture contract for him. Unfortunately, twenty-seven days underground had not improved his appearance and most decidedly did not place him among the stars."

BEN PIAZZA, genial casting director at M-G-M, told me of many strange cases. He even told one on himself. Two and a half years ago when he was in New York on a scouting expedition, a tall, thin girl came to call on him, hoping. Her name was Katharine Hepburn and—he didn't even ask her to sit down. How could he know, then, that this same girl was to rise to amazing stardom and that with her rise the whole tide of movie "types" was to change.

"With the advent of Katharine Hepburn," Mr. Piazza said, "the old-time movie beauty is no more. Pictorial value is secondary. We are coming into the heritage of the theatre, where the great actresses were seldom, if ever, the luscious and golden and dimpled beauties."

It was Ben Piazza who told of the girl who had spent days hanging around the studio, figuring out the layout, making certain that the executive offices were at the front of the building and that any casualty in the street would be likely to be taken to those offices. She waited, one day, for traffic to slow up a bit and then deliberately flung herself in front of a passing car. She was picked up and, as she calculated, carried into the office of one of the producers. What she had not figured on was being carried right out again, with a broken arm and other minor injuries. She was sent to the studio hospital and given treatment.

"The treatment apparently set more right than the broken arm," Mr. Piazza said, "for we have never seen her again. But it goes to show to what ends these youngsters will go. Even death and mortal injuries can't stop them."

The extremity of this case made me think of the girl who came to Hollywood a few months ago, the winner of some sort of a fan magazine contest. One of the editors of this magazine was delegated to show the girl the sights. This done, the girl was escorted to the train for the East and goodbys were said. Just before the train reached Pasadena the young lady pulled the

emergency cord, got off the train and *walked* from Pasadena to the home of Louis B. Mayer in Santa Monica. The next time she was escorted to the train, the conductor was given sealed orders.

Irving Thalberg rather recently was the recipient of a frantic letter from a distraught mother who told him that her little, movie-struck boy had run away from home and was walking to Hollywood. She had been pacing the floor for hours, she wrote. He had gone without money, without the proper clothes. She knew that he would try to see Mr. Thalberg since his was the only name he knew and they often talked about him. As Mr. Thalberg had a son of his own, perhaps he could enter into her feelings; perhaps he would be kind enough to keep an eye out for her boy and let her know. She was writing him as a last resort. Orders were given at the studio to watch for the arrival of the boy.

Shortly thereafter a second letter arrived from the distraught mother, in which she set forth a list of her son's qualifications for pictures. He had had elocution lessons, piano, French and ukulele. His dancing was such as to compare more than favorably with the dancing of Fred Astaire. Photographs of the youth accompanied this letter. So that was it! When the chap arrived, as he did in the course of time, he was greeted by a No Casting sign and sent firmly home again. Mothers, then, will exploit their maternal sentiments and advertise their spurious heartbreak in order to enable their children to crash the movies.

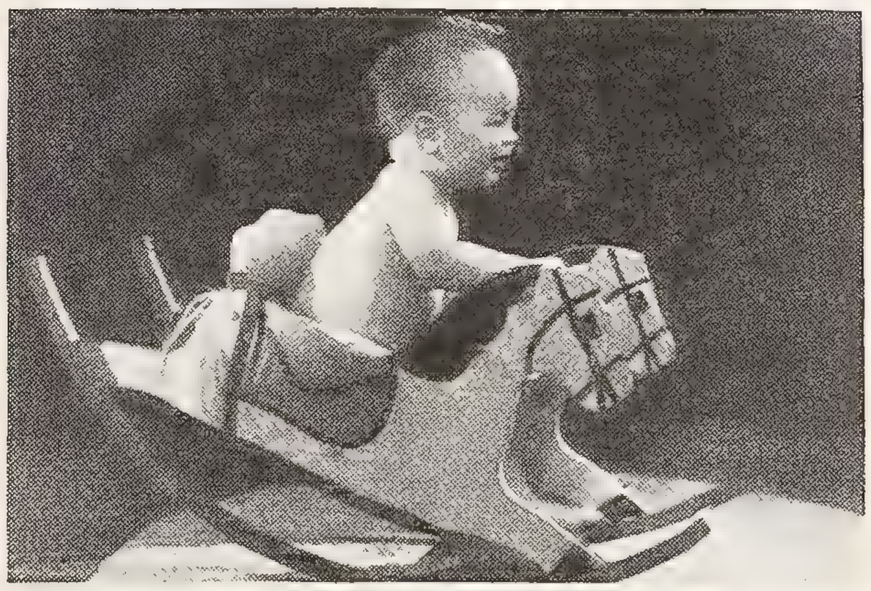
THERE was the Russian Countess who came to Hollywood a couple of years ago armed with seemingly unassailable credentials. She appeared to be the authentic thing. She took a suite at one of the best hotels. She had a maid and a secretary. She wore and did and said the correct things. She was taken up, socially and professionally. Tests were made of her, the studios vying with each other in order to make them. And then—she couldn't pay her bills.

The "Russian Countess" was a little typist from the Middle West who had saved up her small salary, pitifully, week after week and month after month, had gone without food or proper housing or any of the necessities in order to make this grand-stand play for the screen.

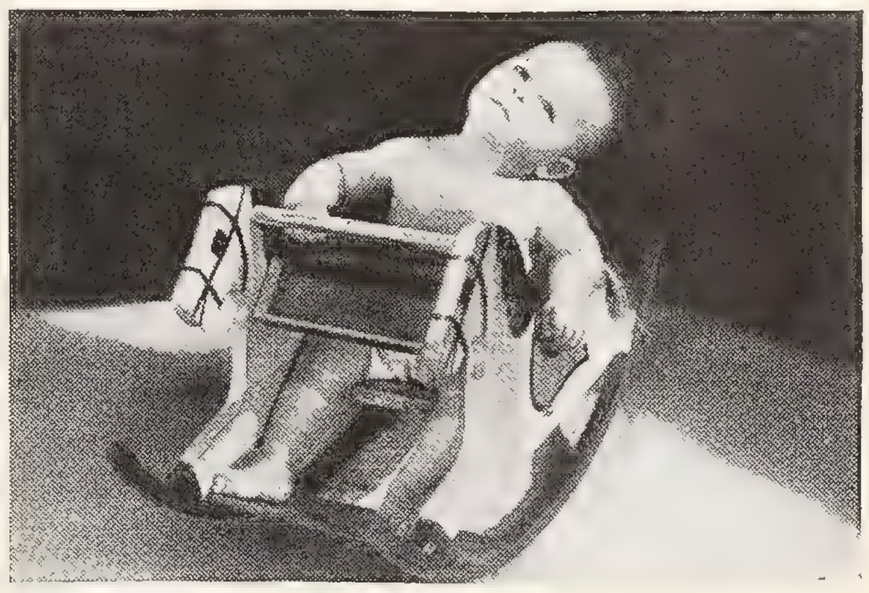
Sometimes worse things happen, worse than hunger for bread. A very pretty girl came to Hollywood a while ago. She began to be seen quite a bit in the company of a certain minor actor of little ability and a great deal of reputation of the wrong kind. Friends interested in the girl warned her that this association could mean no good to her. She appeared to be deaf to all advice. It worked out as her friends had predicted. The man was married. The wife became suspicious and had them followed. The result was an unpleasant mess that might have made the front pages of every tabloid in the country if the parties involved had been of sufficient importance and if it had



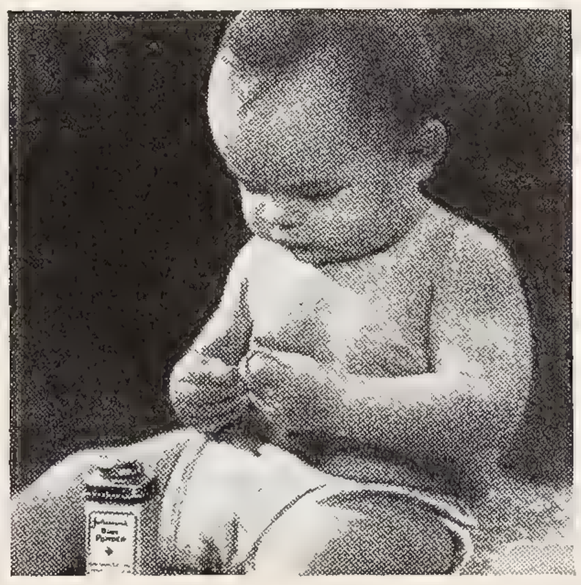
● *"Ooops, Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's Baby Powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"*



● *"We're off in a cloud of dust—He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!—Run, Dobbin, old boy!—I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!—I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"*



● *"Whoa, Dobbin—good boy! Enough's enough—and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!—Hoohoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub!—But first, listen—all you baby athletes—"*



● *"Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty—but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either!"*

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept. 133, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

The UNKISSED WIFE



Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly . . .

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes *part* of your lips, not a coating.

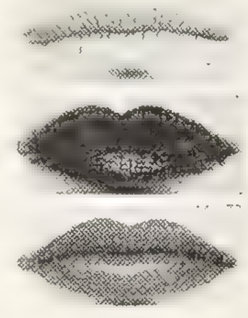
LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.





Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM64
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
Please Print

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

not been for the interposition of the girl's friends.

When she was told that she had been saved from horrid tabloid notoriety by the very skin of her teeth, she burst into tears and said, "But that was what I wanted, that was what I did it for, tabloid publicity! I didn't love him. I didn't even like him. I am in love with a boy back home. He was just a means to an end to me and that meant more to me than anything on earth, I thought. Now it is all spoiled."

That girl went home—to what? She had lost her good name and, I should think, her own self-respect. These things for a mess of pottage with not a picture bid in the whole sorry mess.

Ben Piazza also told me of the husky Joe Herrick, a boxer, who had tried for years to break into pictures. On one of these innumerable occasions, the director of the picture he was then trying for thought he would scare him off by telling him of the dare-devil, dangerous stunts he would be called upon to do. In order to prove his courage and immunity to any fear or pain, Joe took up a heavy glass bottle and crashed it against his skull, splitting his head to ribbons as the blood ran down his face. He was ready, he said, to break his body to ribbons if the ribbons would get him where he wanted to go.

BEN'S assistant told me of a girl who appeared at the door of the casting office every morning just as he arrived. On each of three successive mornings she fainted, literally, at his very feet. And for those three mornings he took the time and trouble to revive her and to buy her some breakfast. No sooner would the breakfast be consumed than she would begin to plug him with tales of her qualifications for picture work. He perceived, then, that the whole thing was a gag, a racket.

The fourth morning the same thing happened. This time he carried the girl into the Emergency Hospital on the lot, expecting her to come to immediately. She knew where she was going, so she didn't revive. To his amazement the doctors verified the fact that the girl had actually fainted. All the respiratory and circulatory symptoms were there. After further examining and questioning, it was decided that by some process of psychological self-hypnosis the girl was able to induce the state of coma in herself—at will—for the sake of her passionate purpose.

A mother and a tiny child of four appeared every night at a certain expensive café where Gus Edwards, when out here, always ate his dinners. The child pirouetted up and down the place, attracting the attention of Gus Edwards, speaking shyly to him, even sitting on his lap and talking baby talk. Gus discovered that the mother and the baby had less than fifty cents a day to live on. They went without food of any kind the whole day long in order to be able to buy two bowls of soup at the expensive eatery where they would see Gus.

Ben also told me of three men, adult men, who have sat outside the casting office on the M-G-M lot for three years, day in and day out. At times they have looked gaunt and thin to the point of absolute emaciation. Asked how they lived and why they didn't try for jobs in some other field of endeavor, they told him that, as he knew, there were occasional emergency calls for extras and when such calls came through they were liable to get a day's work now and then. On such rare occasions they were able to eat. But whether they got calls or not, whether they starved or whether they ate, whether they were hot or cold, whether they lived or whether they died, they would rather take the chance of getting into pictures than the certainty of any other kind of work no matter how stable and secure. They meant it. *They are still there.*

"There are any number of boys and girls who wait until nightfall, wait until some production is shooting night scenes on the lot and then, using these lights to guide them, will try to scale the studio walls and get in that way. This, despite the fact that they know the guards are apt to take pot shots at them if they are caught. Each one of the casting directors and several directors of productions tell me that this is a common and continual condition.

ONE lad and only one, to my knowledge, did actually make the picture grade via fence climbing. He is Frank Melton, now under contract to Fox. Frank flunked out of West Point after two years—made up his credits because his family insisted that he do so, and then refused to go back because to go to Hollywood was what he had flunked out for. He came to Hollywood. He became a fence expert. He climbed the fence, finding the points of vantage, of every lot in Hollywood save Paramount.

"I could never," he told me, "manage to conquer that one." He finally climbed the Fox fence and accosted Director Henry King and asked for the rôle of Janet Gaynor's farm sweetheart in "State Fair." It took three fence climbings and three waylayings of Director King before he got a test. It took more weeks and more waiting before he got the part. Henry says to tell the nine thousand odd that the secret is to know what pictures are being cast and what parts are open and then, perfected in fence scaling, to vault the fence and get the part that fits you. He did.

There is the stalwart gentleman, Adolph Dorr, red-bearded and wearing long red hair and a Tyrolian costume, who patrols up and down in front of the Paramount Studio every day from seven in the morning to seven at night. He's been patrolling, daily, for three years and in that three years' time has got three days extra work in Director Von Sternberg's film, "Scarlet Empress," starring Marlene Dietrich. How he lives, or has lived, what or where or by what means he eats, is one of the mysteries.

These are a few of the nine thousand odd. Out of the rabid ranks there does rise, occasionally, the One. There was

Janet Gaynor. Her last twenty-five dollars was her bid for movie fame. She had earned exactly that amount working extra and wearing a bathing suit, virtually her only wardrobe at the time. She followed the advice of her stepfather and bought space in a trade journal. While she waited for that space to bear fruit, she managed to exist without the necessities. The ad included a one-column cut of Janet. The cut was seen by the director casting for "The Johnstown Flood." Janet was tested. Winfield Sheehan saw the test and the pathetic appeal of the little girl went over with him. We know what followed.

Miriam Jordan won a beauty contest in England and, hopeful of more profitable fame, permitted the display of herself in a glass vase at ten cents per admission. The admissions paid—Miriam.

These are the exceptions. The other nine thousand and ninety-nine ride into the valleys of death and despair and desperation—no road too perilous, no suffering too bitter if, perchance, it may lead them to the Milky (Movie) Way.

Stop Gossiping About Me

(*Continued from page 27*)

you are in such a stew about," I said. "It isn't the latest rumor about you at all. In fact, there have been a couple of good ones since then. I'd say it was slightly outdated by now, and for heaven's sake, go a little slower, will you? I haven't been around much and there are a couple of little things I want to do before I get killed in a traffic accident because of Max Baer."

SHE did slow down a little, but not for the purpose of protecting my life and limb. There was a suspicion of a traffic cop right square in the middle of the rear-view mirror. It was then she made that little speech about "I'm through taking it." It was the first time I had dared take my eyes from the road and look at her. The prospects for a safer journey were getting better. She was on the verge of recapturing her ever-present sense of humor at any minute, although not immediately, to be sure.

"You are behaving just like the wife who was the last to hear about her husband cheating, after everybody in town had heard it," I remarked.

She giggled. "I'm not kidding about it, though. It really makes me mad. It's so stupid!

"When Max Baer was in Hollywood I met him twice. Once, in the studio commissary when a press agent introduced us. Mr. Baer said, 'Hello,' and I said, 'How are you?' and passed on to my table. In a little while he came back and asked if I wouldn't drop over on his set later that afternoon. They were doing the prize fight scenes and

MAYBELLINE eye make-up lends glamor to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up adds charm to "sweet 16"



MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"

Maybelline

EYE MAKE-UP

beautifies

EVERY TYPE

BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on *genuine* Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.

MAYBELLINE eye make-up beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"

Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE 4847



The Approved Mascara

Black or Brown

ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES HAVE 10¢ SIZES OF ALL MAYBELLINE PRODUCTS



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



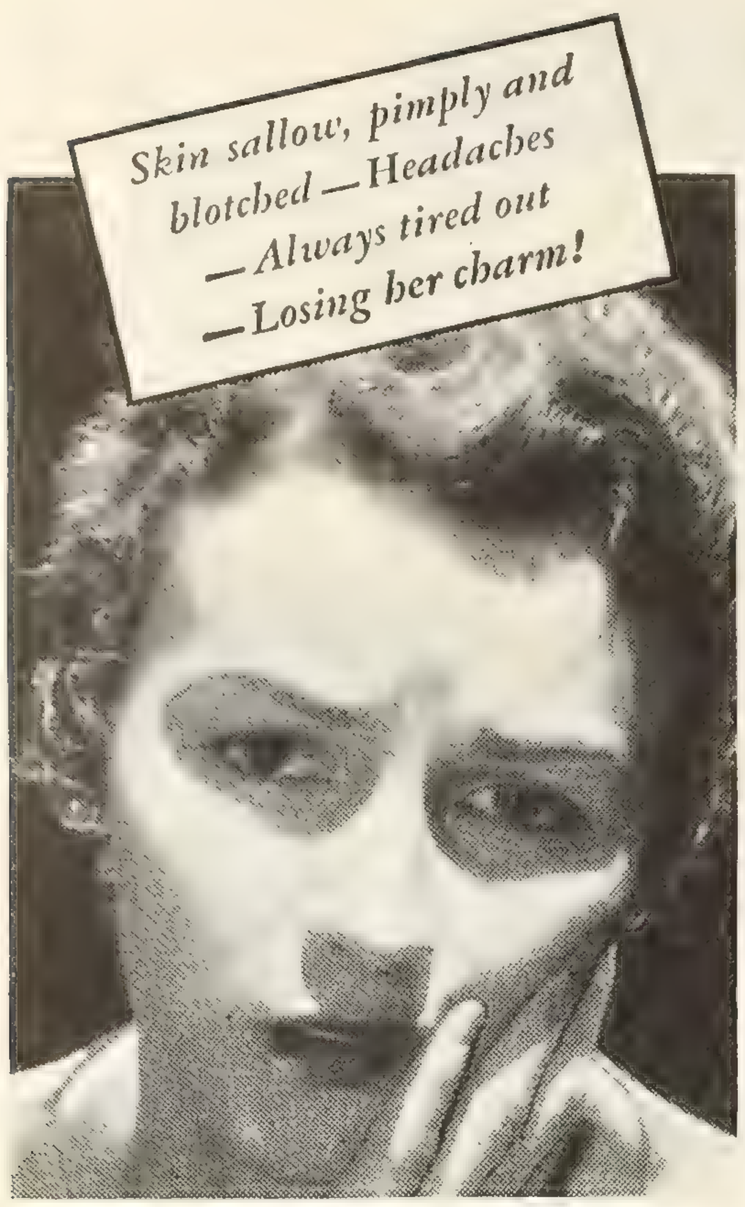
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.



New Health and Beauty

This Very Simple Way

WHY let the poisons of constipation drag you down, rob you of health and happiness? Why be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you?

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." Another enthusiastic user says: "I always had trouble with constipation until last winter when I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Now my elimination troubles are completely corrected."

Yeast Foam Tablets contain rich stores of the vitamins B and G — the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas. They keep fresh for months. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today!

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *MM6*

he thought I might enjoy watching.

"When I got over there, there must have been about a thousand people on the set—sports writers, magazine writers, photographers, all the old-guard fighters and hundreds of extras. Yet, in the papers the next day, a columnist wrote: 'Jean Harlow was a very interested spectator on Max Baer's set yesterday.' I thought, 'Jean Harlow and a thousand other people'—though he had very carefully forgotten to mention them.

"The second time I saw Mr. Baer was at a party given by Van Dyke, the director. There were about fifty guests. I stayed at the party an hour or so, when Hal called for me and we went to the Colony Club for dinner. Several nights later, Hal and I eloped to Yuma and were married. Now, I ask you! Twice in my life I have been in the same group with many other people with Max Baer, and how anything so casual could be the basis of that malicious story, I will never know.

"I think the whole trouble is that I have been too complacent about rumor stories, too shoulder-shrugging in giving intelligent people the benefit of not believing them.

FOR instance, that crazy story that I was demanding a salary of $10,000 from M-G-M, 'a sum greater than Garbo receives,' as the writer put it. To me, this was so absurd I couldn't see how anyone could believe it. I was really asking for barely a quarter of that amount. I would have to be the most conceited person in the world to imagine for one moment I was worth such an absurd salary. Yet, the story was printed, not as a rumor, but as a fact. I didn't bother to deny it because I gave everyone in his, or her, right mind, credit for not believing it, anyway. However, I have found out that there are people, even picture-wise people in Hollywood, who do believe it and who probably think me a perfect fool for ever making such a demand.

"This whispered feud between Joan Crawford and myself, in which we are made out rude and insulting to one another, is another thing. I can't speak for Miss Crawford, of course. But I can speak for myself.

"I do not dislike Joan Crawford because it would be impossible for me to, knowing her so slightly. I do not know her at all. Several years ago, when I was working on 'Hell's Angels' with Ben Lyon, I met her casually one Sunday afternoon at Bebe Daniels' beach house. We said, 'How do you do?' like two civilized people, and that was that. Certainly nothing unpleasant happened. From that time to this, we have had no other social encounters.

"Even at the studio we seldom run into one another. Miss Crawford lunches in her dressing-room. So do I. I park my car on the lot right under my dressing-room and when I am finished for the day, usually after dark, it is a short walk downstairs to my car. Frequently, I do not see anyone on the lot except the members of my own company for days and days. I can understand how people who have been close friends might quarrel and be unfriendly. But the rumor of a feud between two strangers is quite beyond me. I don't see how it can be taken very seriously, and I can assure you, I don't!

"These gossip stories, I have ignored and dismissed heretofore. But there has been one that has really hurt me, and that is the insinuation that I quarrel with my family from time to time and move away from my home during these arguments. You know how I feel about my family. I would be utterly lost without them. It makes me furious that they should be dragged into these needless, absurd rumors about me.

MY mother has never been the typical stage or movie mother. She has remained in the background of my career because she wanted to. Of course, with my stepfather, it is different. He is my business manager. But both of them have always left important decisions to me. They have never interfered with, nor even counselled me, unless I have asked their aid. I do not know anyone who lives more quietly in Hollywood than they do. I only wish Hollywood would return the compliment and let them alone. The only time I left my mother's home for a short time was when I was on my honeymoon. I have never moved out in anger because I was being 'bossed!'

"As for those incessant rumors of divorce between Hal and myself, I can only say what I have said several times before. I am not going to stand up and wave my hands and proclaim to high heaven that Hal and I will never be divorced. We are just like any other couple starting out on married life—we want to stay married, we hope to stay married. But what the future holds, neither of us knows.

"At present we are very happy.

"There isn't a bit of truth in the insinuations that Hal is living in bachelor quarters away from me. If he is, he must be twins, because someone who looks suspiciously like him is around every night. We even sleep in an old-fashioned double bed and Hal has a tendency to kick the covers off. So I know he's there!

"Of course I am seen now and then in public without him. We are only *married* to each other. We are not a couple of jailers. If I want to go out a little while in the evening, and Hal happens to be working, or if he doesn't want to go, I feel at liberty to go along with a party of friends. He wants me to. If Hollywood is determined to make the worst of this, they will have to keep it up, because Hal and I do not intend to change this grand sense of freedom of thought and action we have brought into our marriage. And *that*," she philosophized, as we swung around the hill into view of her imposing Colonial home, "is *that!*" The car shot into a shrieking "second." We veered, we careened, we miraculously came to some sort of a chiropractic stop.

The next time Jean Harlow goes to war on Hollywood gossip, I hope I'm home, safely tucked in bed!

"Thank You, My Friends"

(*Continued from page 33*)

fast-talk as I do on the screen, seems to be terribly important right now, and thoroughly indicative of how I have changed. But anyone who knows me well realizes that this is just exactly the way I lived and acted before this ever happened. I have never been a hey-hey boy or a hoodlum off the screen. I do not think even my most hectic critics have ever accused me of being drunk *all* the time.

"It's true I got drunk in a night club in Mexico City in celebrating my completed role in 'Viva Villa.' It was the night before the day I was supposed to leave for home. But I can't believe I am the only man who ever got drunk in a night club. I'm not going over all those details of what happened on that famous balcony—which *wasn't!* I think my side of it has been explained pretty thoroughly. But believe me when I tell you I did nothing that would have called for anything worse than a police court fine of $10 for being rowdy, if the same thing had happened in Los Angeles or Chicago or even Podunk.

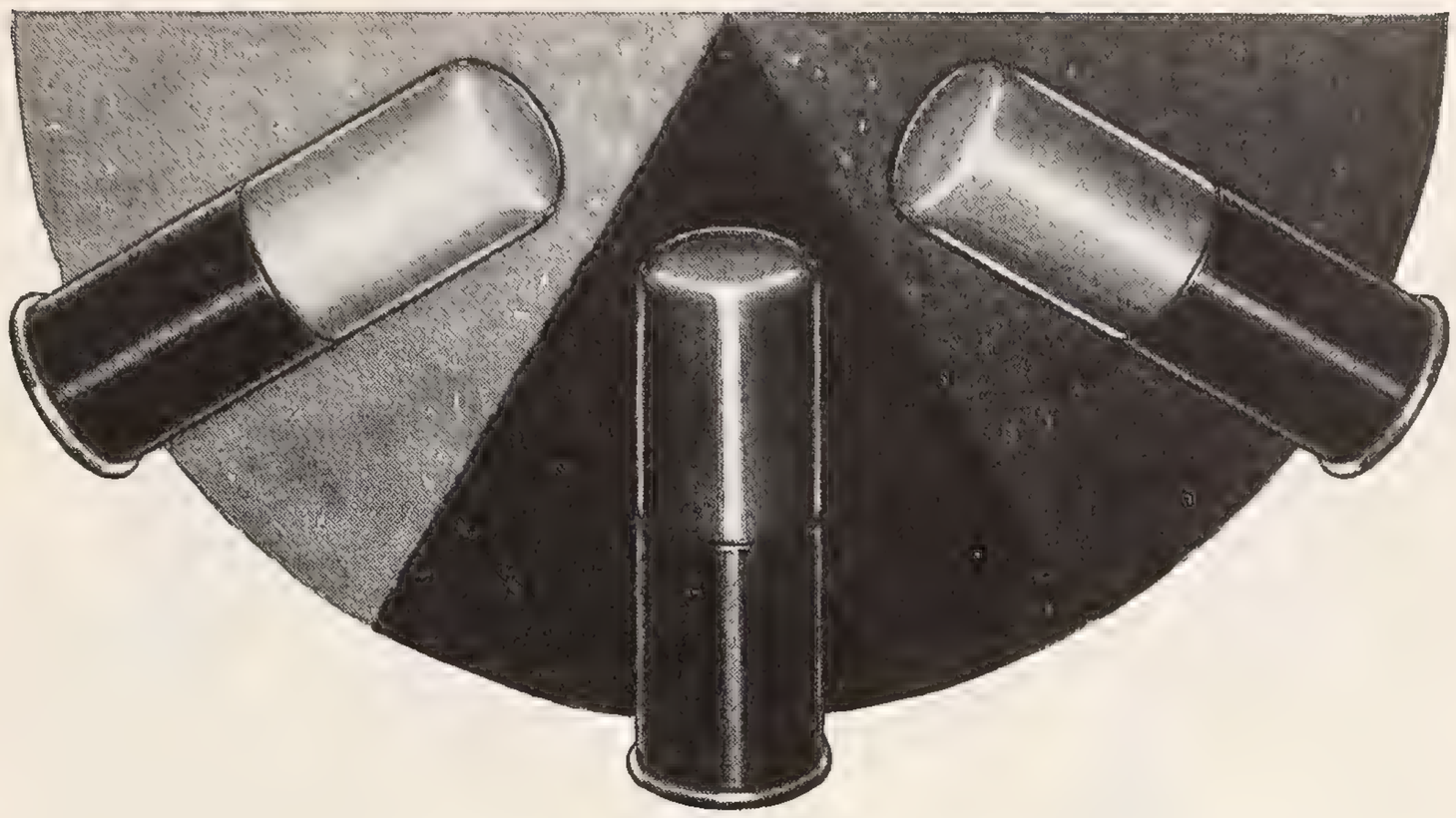
"I refuse to admit that what happened after that has cowed or beaten me. I do believe, however, it has given me a different viewpoint on many things.

"It's during a time like that when you come to know who your true friends are. All the back-slappers who have been fawning on your success disappear as if by magic. They're scared lest they, too, fall under the displeasure of important Hollywood men who have taken a stand against you. But those others, those guys to whom a friend is a friend and t'hell with anything else—the knowledge of them is worth almost everything else you go through. It's surprising just who they turn out to be, too. Some you had counted on, you lose. Others you hadn't suspected of such loyalty almost tear your heart out with their sincerity and devotion.

"Take those letters written to me by perfect strangers, some of them mothers of kids who liked me in the movies. Well, like a lot of actors, I'd always taken fan mail with a shrug. It was just one of those things that cost money to keep up. But I'm telling you, not a day went by I didn't wait for those letters, and read them and love every one of them for holding out their hope and understanding when things were so black for me. Until my dying day I'm going to keep them. They'll be an inspiration to me always.

"I haven't any words to explain just what Isabel Jewell meant to me during that time. I'm not going to try to explain. It's too personal, too close. I think it has embarrassed Isabel a great deal that her devotion has been interpreted as an engagement between us. No one would be prouder than I if this were true. But at the present we do not know our plans.

"I have accepted three pictures to



Spend 10¢ and receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value

to acquaint you with the marvelous

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

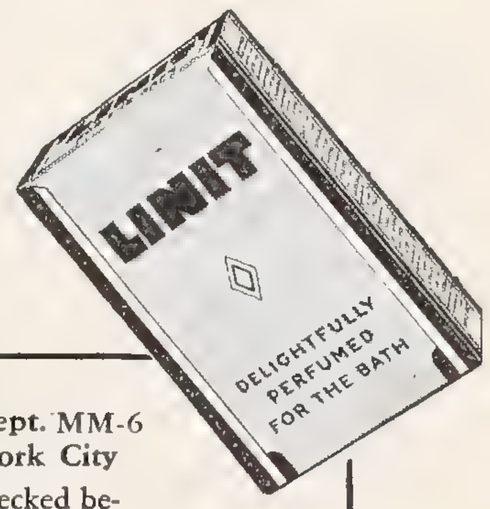
This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.



LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. MM-6
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station. New York City

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

be made in Hollywood before the year is out, at RKO, Paramount and Columbia, but there is no set date for them. I have agreed to make at least one picture in England. I may leave for there shortly, while Isabel remains in Hollywood to complete her M-G-M contract. That isn't our idea of starting out on married life. But if I do not go to England or do a Broadway show, then, who knows? If Isabel still wants me, I'd be the happiest man in the world."

"I have come to realize what a treacherous thing fate can be. Such little, trivial, unimportant things strung together at the wrong time can tear down what you have carefully built up over a period of years. I've thought of this often during the past few months, such little things as this: If it had not been a holiday, if there had not been a parade (and there had not been one in months), if all the important police officials had not been out of town with only their trying-to-be-important subordinates left in charge, this big thing could not have happened.

"My first reaction was of suffering a great injustice. I could not believe my contract had been cancelled and my entire career threatened before I had a chance to at least explain my side of the story. It is the same feeling a man would have if he were tried, convicted and sentenced without ever having the opportunity to testify in his own defense. I felt I must do something to straighten out this fantastic *accident*. And yet who was there to appeal to?

"Public opinion is a funny thing. You never know which course it will take. I wanted to shout my story from the housetops, and yet I realized it wouldn't do any good if the trick had already been turned against me. Right here is where I want to thank the boys and girls of the movie magazines for the swell, square break they gave me. They took the trouble to investigate the facts and print them as they found them. The fan magazines were my attorneys at court.

"My second reaction was one of stubbornness. I was going to stay right here in Hollywood and fight this thing out on the original battleground. I was offered $60,000 for an eight weeks tour in vaudeville. That's big money. But I refused to accept the offer because it might be interpreted as running away. I figured if I went out on 'the stump' it would look like I was guilty and pleading for forgiveness and another chance. Never did I have a sense of feeling I should be forgiven. I did not want sympathy or favors. What I did was foolhardy and undignified, but it was not maliciously immoral.

"I had hurt no one but myself, unless it was my mother who has never permitted the word alcohol to be mentioned in her house. If there had been any way in the world to have spared her my own admission that I was drunk, I would have done it. But I felt I owed it to the people who have liked me and gone to see my pictures on the screen, to tell the truth and to stand or fall by their judgment. I tell you I hardly breathed until I received a letter from my mother telling me she had received my telegrams and letters and that she had understood."

Lee has been severely criticized for signing a contract with Paramount, despite the fact that Universal was the first to open out their arms to him after the fracas. Carl Laemmle is plenty mad. However, Lee thinks that his decision was justified.

Well, here's hoping Fate works it out for his happiness and success.

Spies Infest Hollywood

(*Continued from page 41*)

studio was considering a certain player or a certain story, the agent for that player or story would boost prices or begin strong bidding from different companies. Many a deal has fallen through because a "leak" has happened somewhere and the player's regular salary has suddenly boomed.

As for a story idea—if there is a leak about it a studio will drop it like a hot-cake rather than have a rival come out with something similar. The paradox of this is, of course, the "trends" in gangster stories, prize-fight stories, racket stories and bus stories. In these cases, every studio is trying to get to the box office first with a better story and put a crimp in the rival's film. But Hollywood is trying to get away from trends. It's the new ideas that make the money and the new ideas that are guarded like crown jewels.

Just to show you what precautions are taken against leaks, here is what happens in the studios. If one executive writes an inter-office memo to another, it is put in a sealed envelope by his private secretary and has to be signed for when received by the second executive's private secretary. Every executive has a private secretary who has one or two girls working under her, but all the private business must pass through her hands and she is responsible. Naturally, the secretaries are girls whom the executives have known and trusted for years. They are afraid to trust the under secretaries and so the private secretary must work far into the night and Sundays—any time the executive wants to work, for no one can take the private secretary's place.

WHEN a "leak" occurs all secretaries are grilled by almost third degree methods. There is no rough house, but there are questions about the last person to get the memo, who opened it, whether the executive read it immediately or let it lie on his desk, et cetera. The files are always locked and only the secretary and her boss know that these locks are changed every two or three months. There are



Too Late...
She Learned How To End That
"NERVOUS POWDERING"

I WAS furious when Fred said it looked cheap, for a girl to be powdering her nose every few minutes. Yet—I knew he was right. For no really well-bred woman indulges in that constant powdering. It looks as if she wasn't sure of her appearance—as though her skin was naturally coarse, greasy and not well kept.

Right then I decided to test a new powder I had just read about. It was triple-fine. But it had two other amazing qualities, which made it stay smooth and fresh hours longer. It actually repelled moisture—refused to mix. Instead of getting down into pores and clogging them up, it contained a refining and skin-toning ingredient.

Make This Test Yourself!

I decided to get a box of this Golden Peacock Face Powder. The very first time I wore it—what a surprise! It was so fine—so smooth, and so even that I really didn't look powdered. Instead, my skin had a natural "peach-bloom" look. What was most wonderful, that lovely bloom and freedom from shine lasted for hours—kept right on looking perfectly fresh.

Just test Golden Peacock Powder yourself. Particular women everywhere use nothing else. Get it from any good toilet-goods counter, only 50c a box; or try the purse size at any 10-cent store. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct and we will send a generous trial box, free. Specify shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. H-202, Paris, Tenn.

Tested and Approved 4820 Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine



Golden Peacock
Face Powder

private telephone wires connecting the studios with the New York office and the calls come into a booth in which the executive talks. It is no ordinary booth. It is lined with beaver board and hung with heavy velvet drapes and is usually in a spot of the executive office that no one can come near.

The night wires from the east to the west are now sent by teletype or if not they are signed for in the "wire book." Although the studios have private lines, if a leak occurs by wire the telephone company and Western Union people are brought in and grilled just as the secretaries are. Every so often all the wires are tested for tapping.

One copy of the bulletin that covers the stories and plays that come from the east is filed under lock and key and, after a certain length of time, the rest of the copies are usually burned. Executives of a certain studio used to be allowed to take a story bulletin home, but since one was found in a community barber shop they no longer can be taken from the studio.

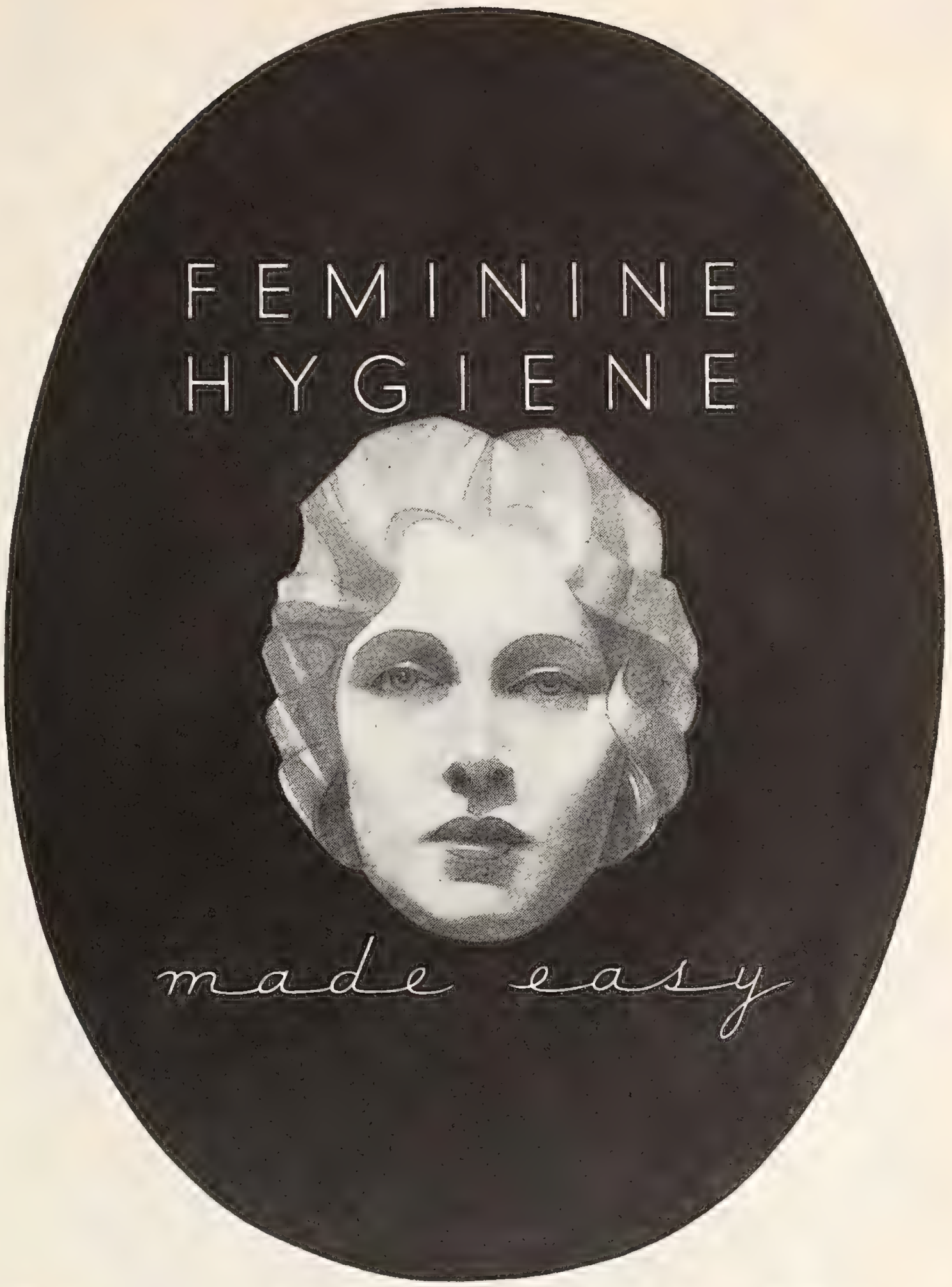
You can see what this does to the people in the studio and the people outside of it. Every newspaper tries to have some spy in a studio to get hot news. The private secretaries don't dare accept even a box of candy from a friend connected with the movies for fear it is meant to be a bribe. The under secretaries are offered money and luxurious gifts at Christmas time, and even a simple date to go dancing must be looked upon with suspicion and may cost a girl her job. Secretaries at studios earn their large salaries, for they have to give up all social life and usually end flat on their backs with nervous breakdowns.

EXECUTIVES who leave the studios for any length of time, as for a honeymoon or a trip to New York, usually when they return, go around their offices on hands and knees personally examining their telephone wires to see if there has been any tapping done or any changes made in their absence.

The spy system extends far beyond the executive offices. The stars' dressing-rooms are usually attended by a day and night matron, a maid of all work and a make-up woman. The men's dressing-rooms have someone in charge, too, and it is a well known fact that very often one of these people will be a spy who reports to the executives.

What sort of things are reported? Well, if it is known that a certain star, for instance, is prone to take a drink too many upon occasion, the executive realizes that it may cost him money in waiting time if that star is drunk at the studio. Therefore, a careful check is made to see that not too much liquor is served between scenes in the dressing-rooms. That's the job of the spy. Evidence of too much drink is reported and very often a star is amazed when called to task for this by the executive who couldn't know of what goes on in the dressing-room unless he had his spy.

It has been known that dressing-



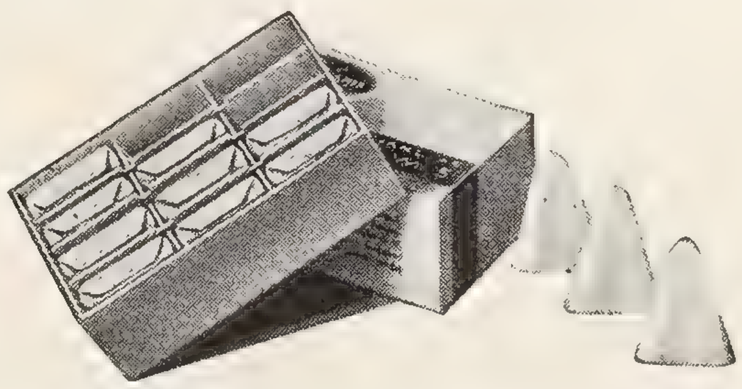
NORFORMS

MODERN....CONVENIENT....SAFE

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain *Parahydrecin*—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet "The New Way," by Dr. M. W. Stofer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.



The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 116, Norwich, New York.

Please send me Dr. Stofer's Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way" to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name_____

Address



WHY *is my hair always* STRAGGLY AND MUSSY



while other girls' hair *is* NEAT AND TRIM

THE answer is . . . you don't use HOLD-BOBS. HOLD-BOBS *help* your coiffure.

Now, HOLD-BOBS match your hair exactly. The full range of harmonizing colors make them absolutely inconspicuous in your hair.

Remember, HOLD-BOBS are different. You just slide them in and they stay put. They have small, round, invisible heads; non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped AND—don't forget the newest feature . . . harmonizing colors.

HERE'S YOUR FREE SAMPLE!

Don't delay—clip the coupon—check your shade and get your free gift card now!

Made only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. R-64, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada



The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept.E-64, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair *exactly*. Please send me a *free* sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

rooms have been searched when the star was not present by one of the spies. Often these men and women protect themselves by having their own locks put on their doors, but even so, wax impressions can be taken from which keys can be made.

The stars are in honor bound not to take secrets out of the studio. It is pretty hard on married people, for lovers naturally want to tell each other what they are doing. But if the loved one is employed at a rival studio, he does not dare. To whom must a star be loyal—to his studio or to his wife? A nice little problem!

Mythical kingdoms aren't always the glamorous places we read about in books or see in the movies. How much more so does this hold true of Hollywood, where the gross reality of intrigue rears its head even in the face of so important a thing as love and marriage. Dreams of ambition are fulfilled. it is true—but at what a price!

Don't envy the stars. Don't envy the big executive or the big executive's secretary. Don't even envy the prop boy or the doorman who can see the stars every day. He dare not call his life his own.

There isn't a person in the City of the Cinema who remains free and untouched by the spy system. The mythical kingdom of Hollywood is indeed surrounded by walls of secrecy and those who scale them do so at the risk of their personal happiness.

Will Rogers—Father and Husband

(*Continued from page 67*)

applies to his boys as well as to his daughter. He does insist upon one thing—that they wait until they are old enough to know what they want to do and that they be fitted to do it, whatever it is. When he found that Mary was determined to be an actress and that the directors had been impressed by what little work she had done, he begged her to go to dramatic school and make further preparations. And that's just what she is doing.

"Young folks today are traveling a little faster than they did in my time," he told a friend. "But they're also a little smarter than children were twenty-five years ago. Of course, it's all right if Mary wants to be an actress. I just hope she is a good one. But I'm kinda old-fashioned and I'd been hearin' a lot about this 'back to the home' movement of business women and I'd sorta hoped she'd get in that procession. It would have pleased me mightily if she'd been just like her mother."

But in spite of all that, he is perfectly willing to trust the children to find themselves. And it seems likely that even the boys will turn actor, too, when it is time for them to choose.

When he said it would delight him if Mary had been just like her mother, he was speaking from the heart. His marriage to Betty Blake at Rogers, Arkansas, in 1908, has been one of those perfect unions. She is the perfect wife for Will and, although his family have never known him to be cross at any time in his life, he can be trying.

If Betty didn't snatch up his shirt when he takes it off at night and hurry it into the laundry bag, he'd wear it until it dropped off his back. He never buys a suit until she has reminded him ten or twelve times that he needs one badly, and then he suggests that she order him one, which she does. It is she who takes care of his important papers, for he is always forgetting where he puts them. He doesn't know how to pack a grip and would never be on time to catch a train—or rather an airplane, since he always travels by air—unless she saw to it that he left the ranch in time. Nervous, fidgety, absent-minded Will. I'm sure he would not be the success he is today had it not been for Betty's ever-calm, but ever-watchful care of him. And yet she never interferes with his studio activities.

THEY never attend large social functions, though they often go to the theatre. And she rarely comes to the studio, although she frequently accompanies him on location trips. If she didn't, how would he ever find his glasses? Fourteen films he has made for Fox and Betty Rogers has been actually on the set to watch him work, but once. That was when they had guests who wanted to see Will doing his stuff. She had to go along.

And yet he tries out all his gags, both those he writes and those he uses in pictures, on her. "You see," she modestly explains, "I'm just the average audience. If I get the jokes and think they're funny, then they're sure to appeal to a large group of average people like me."

Theirs is a curious sort of home life. You might expect such a homespun fellow as Rogers to live simply, yet the ranch is a place of luxury and, although Mary Pickford and Marion Davies get the credit for having had more coroneted luggage parked in their guest rooms than anybody, Rogers has actually entertained more celebrities than any host or hostess in Hollywood. However, he doesn't allow anything said about it.

When he first built his ranch, anybody could visit it. But eventually, not only his friends, but all the tourists in California drove through and he was forced to fence it and put up a gate. His real friends are always welcome, and Sunday—his official "at home" day—often dozens of guests may arrive. Betty Rogers never knows how many are coming, but she is not disturbed by any number.

He's so crazy about his friends that he actually builds special apartments for them. Fred Stone and his family

have two rooms and bath built over the garage. This is always there for them whenever they're in California. Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia, are constant visitors at the ranch, for Ziegfeld was one of Will's best friends and his house boasts a beautiful window which the famous glorifier put in it.

EACH member of the family has a room and bath and no two rooms are decorated alike. Will's is typically masculine and, somehow, typical of him. It is full of gifts, sent to him by notables as well as by humbler friends, but his most prized possession is a huge map upon which Post and Gatty marked, with a broad black line, the route which they took on their flight around the world.

And now what of his days? What of his activities?

He wins all medals for being Hollywood's earliest riser. Four people have given me their oath that he actually gets up at five o'clock in the morning, for he takes regular morning exercise of either roping calves, riding horses, inspecting his fences, his mules and his polo ponies. He rides after working hours, too. In fact, he frequently wears out a couple of horses in the late afternoon before he calls it a day. When friends are visiting him, they ride with him—to chat; that is, if they can stay on a horse as long as he does.

Insisting upon seven hours sleep as he does, he has to get to bed early to be up at five. Occasionally, if he is forced to stay up late, he will remain in bed until the shockingly late hour of six a.m.! But he keeps fit with exercise, has never had a massage or rubdown, and only once in his life has ever had need of a doctor.

Besides working in films he must, as you know, write his newspaper paragraphs and prepare his radio speeches. Just to give you an idea at what high tension he works, I'll tell you about that newspaper copy. The stuff has to be "filed" with the telegraph service at half past one. It is actually true that he never even begins to write it until one o'clock. He taps it out on a decrepit typewriter with two fingers. It is single spaced, which is against all the rules of newspaper writing.

He has two secretaries—a man and a woman—who take care of his correspondence and all of the business attendent upon his activities outside of pictures. They never come near the studio and pay no attention to what he does in films. At the studio, the publicity department handles his affairs.

Wealthy as he is, huge as is his estate, varied as are his interests, he still manages to be the same sort of fellow that he has always been. Not long ago I met a retired railroad engineer from Rogers' home town. He told me that, as a young man, Will came daily to the depot to "swap jokes" with the train crews and he always had a new joke to tell them every trip. Even then he could take one of their jokes and have four new stories made out of it by the time they made their return trip.

You see, he hasn't changed.

SAVAGE

excitement for lovely lips

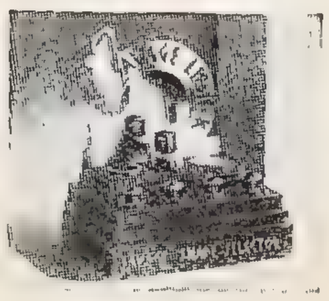


TANGERINE FLAME NATURAL BLUSH

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

LARGE SIZE SAVAGE in exquisite silver case, may be obtained at the more exclusive toilet goods counters.

$2



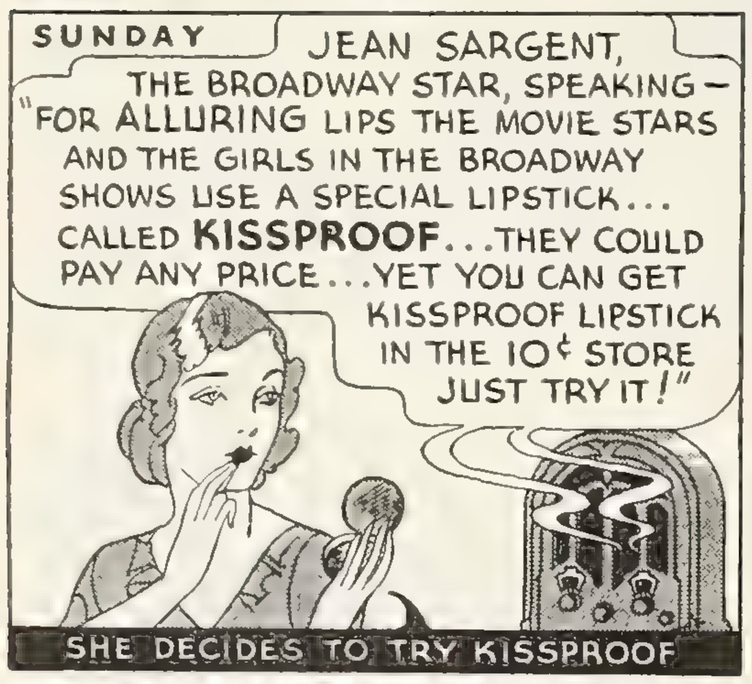
Select Your Color by Test

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold. Savage, Chicago.

20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED







Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new *KISSPROOF* Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color!* This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive *KISSPROOF* gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for *you.*

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color,* at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible **LIPSTICK**

The Man Garbo Loves

(*Continued from page 57*)

and on cold days and nights dons a turtle neck sweater à la Hollywood. He speaks with a London accent and smokes his inseparable pipe like a bored Englishman.

His hobbies are swimming, riding horse back, and for the past few months bumming around incognito in secluded, moonlit spots with Garbo. His study is lined with solid tomes in English, French and Russian. It's a poet's den, with enough ash trays for Garbo's cigarettes. In front of his heavily-carved desk, which Garbo helped him buy in a downtown department store, there is a somber bust of Dante. He, Mamoulian, is a poet, you know. He has filled two yellowed volumes of Russian lyrics, written during his student days.

What is the secret of his fatal charm for women? Garbo isn't the first who has fallen under his spell.

I have seen both the intellectual Elissa Landi and that shapely lady in pantaloons whom he directed in the "Song of Songs," Marlene Dietrich, consort with him in frank, honeyed admiration. He was the talented Elissa's cavalier before the imperious Garbo popped up from her seclusion and grabbed him.

You should have seen the motherly and "baby-me" looks Marlene gave him when he was directing her in the "Song of Songs." I was on the set, whirling around with a beauteous fräulein in my arms, and can bear testimony to the fact that she used to hold his hands and swing back like a playful schoolgirl. I have eaten the delicious German cakes she used to bake and take to his parents. She gave him a gold watch when he completed the "Song of Songs" and then, upon her return from a trip to Europe, presented him with a jewelled cigarette case.

Rouben is no Valentino or John Barrymore in looks and dash, I grant you, but he has the aforementioned smile with the child-like sparkling eyes. It does the work, along with sundry attributes women appreciate. He has poise, for instance, and looks as if he were always surveying the world from above. He has moved in smart society since his childhood and known poverty, too—hence, has a well-balanced character. He is chivalrous and keeps secrets. And, of course, he knows love! Watch his love scenes in the pictures he directs. They are intensely tender, poetic.

THE Garbo-Mamoulian romance began in a cheap café not far from the Paramount studio.

Shortly after her return to Hollywood after a year-long absence, the phantom Swedish star called Rouben over the telephone and told him with much embarrassment what a wonderful director he was and asked if he would be kind enough to show her the "Song of Songs" he had just finished.

Rouben arranged a private showing for her at the studio. At the appointed hour Garbo's car plunged into the Paramount yard. News of her arrival had somehow leaked out and crowds strained to catch a glimpse of the elusive hermit.

Garbo was taken through guarded passages to Rouben's office. You can imagine her timidity at meeting a man she had never seen before. Rouben showed her the "Song of Songs." She watched intensely every gesture, every feminine trick of the German lady who had risen to rival her supremacy on the silver screen. And she decided right then and there that Rouben was her director—and her man.

It was noon. They were hungry. Dining at the studio commissary was out of the question. The people would have mobbed her. And she could not have avoided detection if he had taken her to any of the restaurants he frequented. So they drove to a modest eating place, and here, while talking things over, they became pals. It was love at first sight.

Garbo forced her earnest wish to have Rouben direct her in "Queen Christina" over the Metro moguls. They had a whole corps of directors of their own and it was only after they had gone through several huddles that they made up their minds to kowtow before the director of a rival company. His terms were too severe for them. He pursued a policy of hands off! They had to capitulate, for Garbo looked very menacing and threatened them with an "I tank I go home" that meant business.

Who was to be Garbo's leading man? Who was to take the part of the dashing Spanish ambassador for whose passionate love the Queen of Sweden renounced her throne?

The mantle of this romantic envoy finally fell upon the shoulders of John Gilbert. It is said that he wept with joy when he was informed of the appointment that promised such a glorious comeback for him to the screen.

The high-strung, impetuous Jack was so excited that for the first few days Rouben could do nothing with him. Gradually, however, he quieted down and worked with an earnestness and humility that was touching.

HOLLYWOOD buzzed with rumors of the Garbo-Mamoulian romance and learned that she visited him at his home, that they went shopping and to the theatres together. Although I dined at the Mamoulian home once a week, I never saw her there. The Mamoulians managed to keep their friends out on the nights she came.

Published reports that night after night Garbo sat beside Rouben at his home and watched the rehearsals of a play—Ostrovsky's "Sinless Sinners," which his mother, a noted actress (for-

mer president of the Armenian Theatre in Tiflis and a founder of the People's Theatre in the same city), was to give for local charity, are not true. I was in the cast and ought to know. Rouben was working very hard at that time. He came home dead tired, greeted us with a hello and retired to his room. We expected Garbo to be present when we gave the play at the Figueroa Playhouse, but she dared not face the ordeal of being gazed at by a thousand people. Rouben came with a group of Russian actors.

I saw Garbo first on the "Queen Christina" set when I reported for work as a Spanish officer in John Gilbert's suite. I was wigged, beplumed, and caparisoned in all the regal and martial glory of seventeenth century Spain. Headed by Jack, we were practicing bowing low and flourishing our plumed hats before Garbo's double, when the real Garbo, accompanied by her colored maid, came to occupy her throne. She bowed, smiling, and mumbled inaudibly a "Good morning" to us.

"So this is Garbo in the flesh," I said to myself. She was not the cynical, gaunt Garbo I had imagined. Here was an unspoiled, utterly feminine, natural lass, a farmer's or laborer's daughter. Her flaming, spiritual beauty is such stuff as dark poet's dreams are made of—and remember, Rouben is a poet. The long, side glances she gave him! They spoke the cryptic language of love. I felt awfully sorry for Jack.

Garbo, as you know, has been quite a trial to her former directors. But with Rouben she was as humble and obedient as only a loving woman can be. She always knew her lines perfectly—which Jack didn't—and spoke them in her low, throaty voice with her wonderful eyes fixed on Rouben, like a school girl reciting a lesson before her teacher.

The Garbo-Mamoulian-Gilbert triangle was very interesting to watch. Jack fared badly in it.

I must end this article by answering the questions that are uppermost in your mind.

Are Garbo and Mamoulian really married?

No! To quote Rouben, "Why should I hide it if I were married? I see no reason."

Will they ever marry?

It is probable that they will and I know whereof I speak. So don't be surprised if news of the Garbo-Mamoulian wedding is trumpeted across the continent one of these days very soon.

On the other hand, don't be surprised if they never take out a marriage license. It isn't necessary. They love each other and that's what counts with them. They have mutual interests and a fine European background in common.

It is my personal opinion that their love better remain out of wedlock. They are too romantic and sensitive to bear the trials and tribulations that must come up inevitably in every marriage. As things are now, they are like two children taken up with each other.



She could have saved it

WITH *Kleinert's*

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DRESS SHIELDS



AS LOW AS 25¢ A PAIR

Don't let this happen to *you!* Protect your dresses with genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields—then you *know* they're safe from friction, perspiration or chemicals. Ask for Kleinert's at the Notion Counter of the store where you bought this magazine—you can have Kleinert's guaranteed protection for as little as 25c a pair.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

This is the MODERN WAY to prevent odor



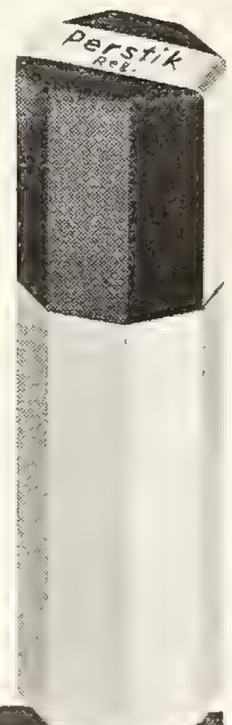
HERE is the new easy-to-use deodorant. *Instantly* it gives protection for the day! Never before has the problem of perspiration odor been so neatly and effectively solved.

Just hold Perstik like a lipstick—and apply. Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself. No wonder the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women hail Perstik as the *perfect way to underarm freshness.*

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

The wives of thousands of American physicians prefer Perstik because it cannot irritate the skin, even after shaving. Nor can it injure fabrics. Use it the first thing in the morning, and slip right into your dress.

Say goodbye forever to the fear of abhorrent body odor. The daily use of Perstik keeps you sure of yourself at all times.



In buying Perstik, be certain to get *real* Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast. Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Perstik
THE EASY-TO-USE DEODORANT

Let Me Tell You About Marlene Dietrich

(*Continued from page 61*)

and breathes the production he is making. He thinks in terms of spectacles, but concentrates on his human beings. He oversees every detail, no matter how small.

An instance of this is the wig I wore. The hair was five inches long and he insisted that it must follow my own hair-line. In spite of wig-makers and costumers, he himself looked at the wig to see that his instructions were carried out. To prove how right he was, everyone kept asking me whether I had let my hair grow. It would have taken two years for it to grow to that length, but people didn't think of that—they only knew that it seemed like my own hair.

Contrary to public belief, Mr. Von Sternberg does not make puppets of his players. He chooses his people for an inner quality they possess that will make them express the characters he has to work with. So what he really did with us was to make us express our own selves more clearly through the characters we played. Miss Dietrich, used to working with him and having an enormous power of concentration, did this excellently in "The Scarlet Empress," I believe. In fact, she gave so much of herself to her role that when the picture was finished she was absolutely lost for a few days. She played the violin for relaxation. I understand she always does this after a picture.

HER child, Maria, is a born actress, and so it seemed most fitting for her to portray her mother in childhood. And even this little girl got the intensity and concentration of acting that is Miss Dietrich's, because her mother coached the child in every movement.

But don't imagine from this that Marlene Dietrich is an intense automaton with no thought but work. You should see her romping with Maria. That child has been pitied because she has bars on her window and a bodyguard hovering about her, but she also has a mother who adores her and Marlene still had the greatest fun cooking for Maria on the days when she did not have to work at the studio.

You should have seen her playing with my little girl, too. Lily is four years old now and, although Maria is about twice her age, Miss Dietrich knew exactly what to do to keep them both happy.

On Mr. Von Sternberg's sets, behind locked doors, the actors say each line many times. Each time a particular word is emphasized until the right "take" is found. So, you see, if Marlene Dietrich is a Trilby to Von Sternberg's Svengali, as is generally thought, all I can say is, we are all Trilbys, for Mr. Von Sternberg works the same with everyone while doing dialogue. He is striving for perfection and he gets it.

Strange as it may sound, in view of the deep dramatic roles she has been playing, I believe Miss Dietrich is really a fine comedienne and that comedy is her forte. Her humor is quiet. It consists mostly of pantomime. Her eyes, her mouth, even her eyebrows, express everything. She didn't ever have to say, "I don't like this," for one to know she didn't. A fleeting tilt of her head, the merest fraction of an upturned nose, a curve of her lips would suffice. Mr. Von Sternberg, in comparison, is voluble, yet his terseness always wanted to make me roar. Once when he was having trouble up on the sound boom, he looked down at me and said seriously, "I hope all my enemies become directors!" At the time, it seemed the most delightful curse in the world.

I have spoken of Miss Dietrich's womanly sympathy and I think I ought to tell you how she meets an emergency. I had an accident on the set, which everyone outside seemed to think was a publicity yarn, for the press department gave out that I had fallen off a horse. I resented this because I am a fairly skillful horseman. This is what happened.

During the picture, I rode three Arabian five-gait horses, two stallions and one mare. It was with the last that I had my accident. I was supposed to ride through three huge gates to the castle, with about eighty horsemen behind me. Because I had my back to the camera in this shot, and because five-gait horses, like the mare, are not used to picture work where they have to break suddenly into a gallop, Mr. Von Sternberg wanted me to use a double.

However, I had gotten his own idea about the perfection of detail and so I wouldn't hear of it. I knew the cowpuncher who would have doubled for me may have ridden better than I, but he would ride loosely and not erectly as a soldier would ride. In other words, I wanted to maintain my character all through the picture. Well, in making this scene, I started the mare through the gates, but because she wasn't used to going into a gallop immediately, her hind legs got twisted and she went down, bringing me with her and pinning me beneath her so I couldn't get free. Behind me dashed the other horses and I tell you that it is a miracle I am here. Some of the horses jumped over my horse and me, and others were reined off to the side before they could be stopped. Only my leg was injured.

MARLENE DIETRICH did nothing to cause any excitement. She didn't grow hysterical or rush about as many another woman would have done. When she made her way slowly to my side, I noticed how white she looked. She was biting her lip, too, but otherwise she seemed perfectly collected as she inquired about me. Her solicitude

showed only in her voice and her pallor. When I thought I had convinced Mr. Von Sternberg that no bones were broken, he nevertheless insisted that I have my leg X-rayed. Although I was merely bruised, he wouldn't let me ride again when it wasn't necessary.

Upon seeing the rushes with the cowpuncher in my place, I insisted he wasn't riding "in character" and Miss Dietrich, with her little smile and her expressive eyebrows, used to tease me about this. "You don't take your work seriously, do you?" she'd say.

The experience of working with Marlene Dietrich has not only given me a new insight into picture-making, but an insight into a woman about whom so much is conjured. I can't think of two women as different as Dietrich and Garbo, or Dietrich and Hepburn. Greta Garbo seems to lack the warm human quality and to have the almost sexless appeal of a beautiful statue, while Miss Hepburn's personality seems a cold electric one, no matter how dynamic it may be.

I may be wrong about Miss Garbo and Miss Hepburn, but after "The Scarlet Empress," I feel I do know Marlene Dietrich and I believe she is the most natural woman on the screen today. There was never any awe between us. She never tried to make me feel I was playing opposite a goddess, but on the contrary, opposite a very real, fun-loving, flesh-and-blood woman who was quite content to be just that.

Bing Means to Quit

(*Continued from page 29*)

all I make. My attorney gets approximately another five per cent. That makes ten of the gross gone before I get a nickel. I have another manager who handles only radio and personal appearances in theatres. Out of whatever I make from those two sources, he gets five per cent. The government steps in and takes between fifty and sixty per cent in income tax. That leaves me somewhere between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent for myself. I have to keep two secretaries—one here and one in New York. Their salaries run between two fifty and three hundred a month. My fan mail costs me, conservatively, five hundred a month more. Between my radio work in New York and my picture work out here, I'm getting around five hundred letters a day. Everyone of them is answered. Everyone who writes in and asks for one, gets a picture. It's expensive, but I figure it's worth it and the fans are entitled to that much. Then, there's office rent to pay for those secretaries.

"Figure in my insurance, the running expenses of the house, take out of what I've saved, the cost of building the house and you'll soon see there isn't so much left."

"But," I protested, "even say you'll have a hundred and fifty laid away by

Equals $1 to $3 Brands in Quality



yet FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS COST ONLY 10¢

Every smart woman knows that it's the purity of the cosmetics she uses and *not* the price she pays that protects her complexion and enhances her beauty! So when a famous firm of analytical chemists certified that . . .

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3"...

the loveliest women in America promptly became Faoen-wise! Try Faoen Beauty Aids! They are *exquisite* as *well* as *economical.*

● CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10¢ each at the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

How Joan got her "Movie Eyes"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of *allure* ...get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter ... *irresistible.* Try it *tonight.* It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, *DELICA-BROW.* At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.





3 Perfumes

(*Exquisite new odors*)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

A single drop lasts a week!

Send only **30¢**

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
232 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

the end of next year, can you keep this place going on the interest?"

"Yes," Bing answered.

"NO!" Dixie screamed in vague alarm. "All my life I've wanted to be rich enough to be able to sweep into a store and say, 'I'll take this and this and this' and sweep out without ever having to bother about asking the price. I can't do that on the income from a hundred and fifty thousand."

Bing grinned. "There, there, my little chickadee," he said soothingly, "don't get so upset. In the first place. you could never 'sweep,' as you call it. You're not the type."

"You dog," Dixie laughed.

Bing turned to me once more. "I don't say I'm never going to sing another note—never going to make another movie."

"Ah," I scoffed. "I knew there'd be a catch in it."

"No catch at all," Bing affirmed.

"The deuce there isn't," Dixie put in. "I'm the catch. When you proposed to me, all you asked was the privilege of working for me. Well, you bought yourself something. You'll work—and like it."

"I'm afraid," Bing remarked with a pained expression, "I'm neither understood nor appreciated around my home. Instead of rejoicing that I'll be able to retire and enjoy the fruits of my labor and be with the little woman so much more of the time, she resents it. Drop around to the studio for lunch tomorrow and we'll go into this further."

The next noon found me licking my chops in Bing's dressing-room and devoutly praying he hadn't forgotten. Presently he showed up in blue dungarees, navy blue sweater, pea jacket and the white yachting cap he wears in "We're Not Dressing."

"Come on," he said briefly.

Perched on a stool at the lunch counter, as he had foretold, he ordered and then continued his discussion of the previous evening.

OF course, when I retire we'll have to scale down our mode of living. We won't be able to throw money away, hand over fist—but it'll be worth it. I figure I can probably get a picture a year to do—or maybe six weeks' radio work." (Mm-hmm, I thought.) "But I'll never sign a contract again, either for pictures or for a longer period of radio work than that. If I have the income from my hundred and fifty thousand and supplement it with what I make that way, we'll be able to live very comfortably.

"The trouble with most of these big shots is that the more they make, the more they scale themselves to a grandiose manner of living. It takes so much to keep their establishments going, they're never able to lay much by. They can't scale their living down because they've become so accustomed to luxury, they can't do without it and so they have to keep their noses to the grindstone long after they would liked to have—and should have—retired."

"But you're different," I mocked.

"You're jolly well right. We live comparatively simply to begin with. We don't go in for society on a large scale, we don't have a yacht, we don't go bouncing off to Europe every time we have a few days off, or anything of that sort. If I'm retired, my fan mail will drop off. I'll be able to cut out the secretaries, save the office rent, the cost of those pictures and my managers' salaries. Most of the money I spend foolishly now is done from boredom and I don't get any real pleasure from it. I don't care anything about clothes. I don't need many. Instead of having two large cars, we'll probably have one large one and a Ford.

"The things I get pleasure from are fishing, golfing, sporting events. If I'm not tied down with a contract, I can attend golf meets all over the country. If there's a championship fight in New York, or even Philadelphia, or Florida, that I want to see, I'll be able to do it then.

"I've always wanted to go to Mexico and South America. I'll be able to do that, too. If I can get a good buy on a small boat that doesn't cost too much to keep up, I'll manage that, too, somehow."

"Bing," I said earnestly, "fun's fun, but you're not really serious, are you?"

"My boy," he retorted, "you'll never know how serious I am. Did you never hear that very appropriate little verse:

"'It is worth
All a man can scrape and squander,
Just to idle—just to wander
Forth from trade—away from duty,
Reveling in all the beauty
And the glamor of the May.'"

"What about the little woman?" I demanded.

OH, she was mostly kidding last night. She *was* a little upset, but the more she thinks about it the better she likes the idea. "Hey!" to the waitress, "how'z about a little dessert?"

"Whatcha want, hon?" asked the blonde.

"Piece of chocolate cake."

"A la mode?" she asked wistfully.

"Yeah," said Bing. "We might as well travel first class."

"Couple of a la modes," dearie screamed at the soda clerk over in the corner.

"No," Bing went on to me, "I don't care if I never see the inside of another night club or cabaret. If I know I haven't a lot of dough to pitch out, I can get just as much fun out of playing golf for two bits a hole or even a round, as I can from losing five or six hundred on a tournament. Hey!" to the waitress, "how'z about that ice cream?"

"Well, I can't go over there and get it myself, can I?" she demanded indignantly.

Bing turned in the direction of the soda fountain. "Hey! Spook! How about those a la modes?"

Everyone in the place turned to grin at Bing. Bing wasn't bothered. He's the most unselfconscious fellow I've

ever met. The ice cream in front of him, he grinned at me with vanilla all over his lips:

"Hasten, Time, thy onward drive,
Welcome, Nineteen Thirty-five!

"The end of '35, I mean," he amended. "And when nineteen thirty-six dawns, just you watch little Bingsie's smoke. *That's* when I'll start living!"

You probably will, Bing, and I think all your fans will wish you happiness, but you're sure going to leave an awfully empty place in radio and the flickers. But that's life—here today, retired tomorrow!

Public Enemy No. 1

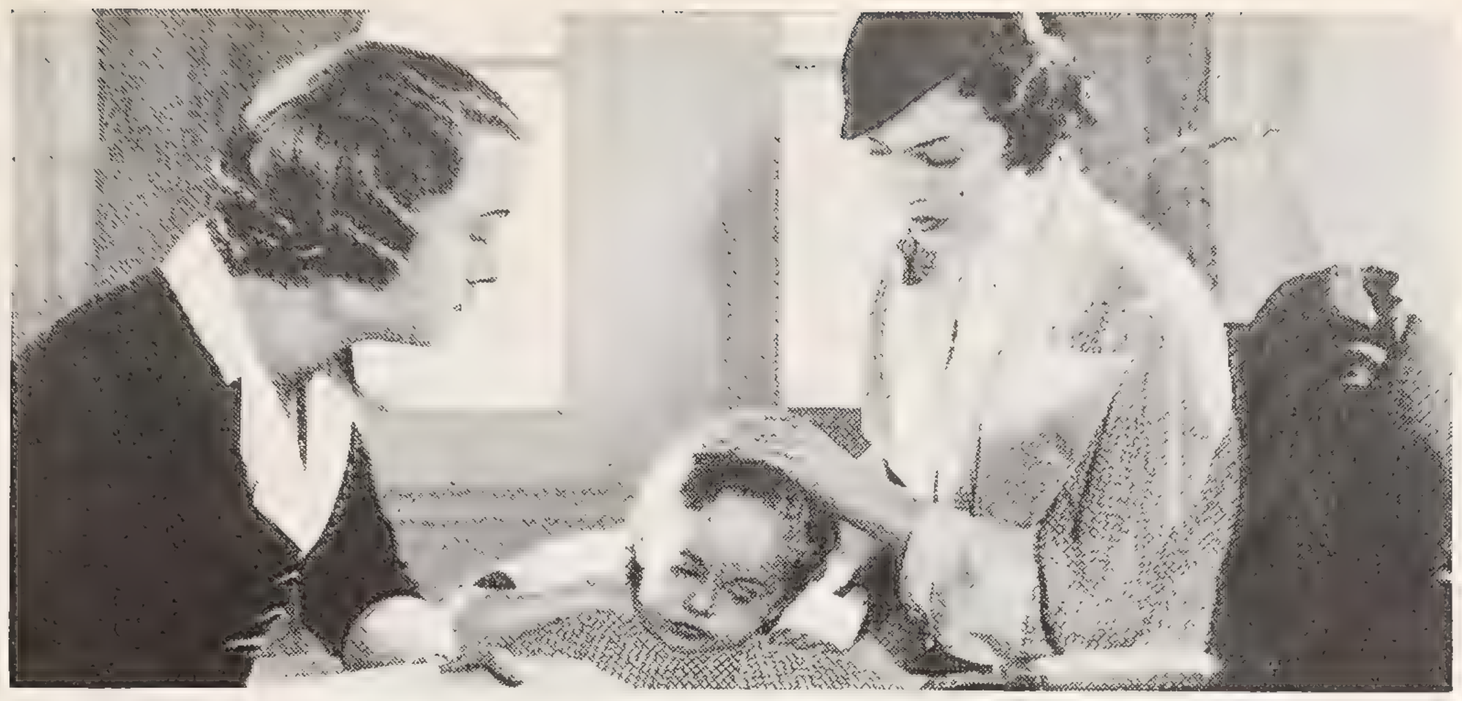
(*Continued from page 47*)

Baby, as he is known, presents one of the greatest paradoxes in a paradoxical profession. Loved as he is by everyone, nobody wants to play with him, unless it can be done privately, confidentially, and in the seclusion of a dressing-room or nursery.

MAE WEST is reputed to be the only star who can regard the thought of Baby with calmness and that secure feeling which comes from writing your own contract. But in spite of her proven intimacy with him, and her obvious liking and admiration for him as a baby and an actor, there seems to be no room in any of the doughty Mae's pictures for her little friend and playmate. Mae is a smart woman. Even she has to repeat the historic "Come up and see me some time" to get results. LeRoy merely smiles and the audience is his for the rest of the evening. If the two were pitted together in a film, who would steal the honors, the girl who always gets her man, or the tiny tot who gets the entire population? Mae is taking no chances.

However, Baby paid her a very nice compliment the other day. He heard that Dick Arlen's little son was lunching in Gary Cooper's dressing-room, seated on that gentleman's knee. According to rumor—and there is always someone Winchelling through keyholes, even when they are Master LeRoy's keyholes—Baby developed a temperament. Cries reëchoed in the head office that he would quit right now if he couldn't have lunch on a star's lap the same as that upstart Arlen did. The lap had to belong to Mae West, or Paramount could consider their old contract torn up.

There is no doubt about it. LeRoy is a ladies' child. George Raft, Bill Powell, Freddie March—all men like him and make utter fools of themselves trying to gurgle his infant language. The fair-haired laddie affectionately gurgles right back at them, occasionally blowing bubbles to show he is a good sport, but let a pretty girl pass by, and everyone else pales into insignificance, especially if the lady is red-headed.



"Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"



"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Sue, Fletcher's Castoria is really the ideal laxative for children—it's made especially for them. You see, many laxatives made for grown-ups are too harsh for the delicate system of a child—and often do more harm than good. Fletcher's Castoria acts gently yet thoroughly. And I'm sure Junior loved the taste of it—all children do. Yes, that's the kind—it has the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, from babyhood on—there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART



ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1324-G, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SKIN OUTBREAKS

Quickly Controlled by "Colloidal" Substance . . . Boils, pimples, eczema, and such skin irritations as poison ivy yield with amazing speed to a new "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) treatment, which many doctors have been studying recently. Amazing how quickly it allays itching and pain and promotes fast, clean healing.

This "CAC" treatment is now available at your druggist's under the name HYDROSAL, in both liquid and ointment forms. Get it at once; you will find it extraordinary in skin ailments and also in treating cuts, burns, wounds and other cases which call for antiseptic treatment. Or, just mail coupon below and test generous sample of HYDROSAL Ointment, free.

Hydrosal

The HYDROSAL Co., Dept. H-80
333 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.
In accordance with offer, send at once a generous trial tube of HYDROSAL Ointment.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

That a twenty-months-old youngster can discriminate in beauty like a seasoned connoisseur is odd, but true.

He is not, however, particularly considerate of even the prettiest. Who else would keep Dorothea Wieck restlessly pacing up and down a set or disconsolately sitting in her dressing-room hour, after hour, just waiting for him to wake up?

THAT isn't the worst the little pirate did to Dorothea. He completely and joyously stole "Miss Fane's Baby." When the picture was reviewed, Fraülein Wieck received consistent credit from the critics. They all acknowledged her presence in the film with a line at the end of the review, saying that, while she gave a good performance, she was, at best, miscast. The paragraphs preceding this acknowledgment were gems of praise for Baby. Will Dorothea want to play with our little friend again? Well, what do you think?

They can't miscast LeRoy. He is more than an actor; he is a symbol. He *is* Babyhood. Truthfully speaking, he doesn't act a part. He plays it in the sense that the whole thing is a game, and all these adoring stars and delightful directors are grown-up playmates making the day interesting for him.

It is not so much fun for the stars and directors, however. Baby works only four hours a day, which is all the California law and Miss Rachel Smith, the welfare worker assigned to him by the Board of Education, will allow him. He leaves his five-acre poultry ranch and comes to work at about ten in the morning. He has a lovely time play-acting until twelve, when he eats. That is the only thing the Blue Eyed Wonder is firm about. He eats at twelve, or else. After lunch comes a nap in the studio nursery, which he occupies in lonely splendor. Then he is bathed and dressed. By now it is three and Racketeer LeRoy is ready to resume his career of picture stealing. He does this conscientiously until five, when he is through for the day.

This program is just grand for Hollywood's own public enemy, but for the rest of the cast it is not so good. Baby cannot be bothered with rehearsals, so these must take place either early in the morning before he arrives, or late in the evening. A lot of time is lost by the company while the tiny tyrant is dreaming of cotton rabbits and playing with his toes in the sun. This time must be regained, so everyone else works far into the night to keep the production up to schedule.

All that would not be so bad, but what is the inevitable result? Baby LeRoy gets all the credit, all the fan mail, which he cannot even read, and all the public's "Oh's" and "Ah's." The other players, stars in their own right, get honorable mention from the critics and a headache. Can you blame them for being wary of Baby?

Look what happened to Chevalier. Not a rival in his own field. A certain box-office attraction from almost any angle. He set out to make a picture, an appealing epic in which he would befriend a homeless little waif. Everyone would love that picture, and love Chevalier for his tenderness. Did they? He had every right to expect it, but—did they? They did not. They were with Maurice until the advent of the pirate, disguised as an angelic mite, and then they wholeheartedly devoted the rest of the evening to watching and cheering for Baby. "A Bedtime Story" starred Chevalier, with Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Ruggles, and is remembered only because it was the début of the world's youngest hold-up man. Do you think that any one of those four stars honestly looks forward to playing with that friendless little lad again?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT came through "Torch Singer" with Baby like a regular trouper. She realized what she was up against, but she valiantly struggled ahead. There was the added handicap of having to carry LeRoy about a great deal. It cannot be marked down on the black list of Baby's offenses against stardom, but he is husky and heavy, and Claudette found his weight very tiring. It is the height of indignity to have to tote your rival from his bath, to your lap, to his bed. But Claudette did it gallantly. Never once did she avail herself of the opportunity to drop him, thus ridding Hollywood of the dearest menace it has ever known.

With due respect for her performance in "Torch Singer," Claudette made out much better opposite Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night." At least Clark was a gentleman about the whole thing, and didn't coo the picture away from her.

Hollywood's wonder child has been an unknowing enemy to every player with whom he has appeared. Yet he is the only star who has no enemies. They may hate to see him on the same set with them, but the grown-up stars are just as anxious to play with that prize baby as you or I would be. He is the most pampered little mortal that ever had his name in lights. Still, he is so adorably babyish that even those whom he has deeply wronged find their hearts becoming curiously tender at a glance from his gentian blue eyes or a touch of his warm little hand.

Chevalier succumbed head over heels to the baby thief who was robbing him of every scene. He gave LeRoy a luxurious carriage and a fine radio. The youngster is peculiarly sensitive to music. He listens with lips parted. His eyes become fixed in that dreamy stare with which babies look at nothing on earth. His baby mind wanders in far away wonderlands where everything is bright with half-remembered visions of the place from which the souls of babies come. If music could keep alive those memories of a Never-Never Land, thought Maurice, then this baby shall have music. Hence the radio.

AS a punishment for running away with "Torch Singer," Baby received a chic white polo coat from Claudette Colbert. Just to emphasize what Hollywood thinks of picture snatchers, Fredric March presented the picture snatcher par excellence with a

fluffy teddy bear, and Jack Oakie registered the same thought with a highly desirable woolly dog. Baby was delighted with the gifts.

Marlene Dietrich breaks down the Von Sternberg influence for LeRoy alone. Under her director's tutelage she developed a Garboesque exclusiveness which admitted only Von Sternberg to her dressing-room. But that tradition was smashed to bits by Iconoclast LeRoy. Marlene even goes so far as to let him play with her perfume bottles and other glittering doodads. But there is one step her affection has not driven her to take. She has not sought to immortalize their love for each other by appearing in a picture with Baby. According to all indications, she won't. Dietrich by herself is Dietrich triumphant, but Dietrich with LeRoy might be quite another story. You see, there isn't a star who feels safe with this little racketeer.

W. C. Fields has very neatly summed up Hollywood's attitude toward the world's luckiest and most dangerous infant. Fields had ample time to study LeRoy's methods in the picture they made together a short time ago, "Tillie and Gus."

Hiding the sentimentality with which he regards Baby as a friend and fellow countryman, Fields the business man, Fields the hard-working comedian trying to get along, Fields the practical, speaks thus: "We regular actors work hard. We spend years trying to get ahead. We worry about things. And what happens? They put us in a picture with a baby. Everybody goes nuts over the baby, and nobody even knows we are in the film. Just atmosphere, that's all we are. What does the baby do to deserve all the breaks? Nothing. He just acts natural. It's unfair competition, that's what it is, and I want to know why the tyke doesn't pick on someone his own size?"

Poor Baby LeRoy! Nobody wants him.



Scott

Norma Shearer and husband, Irving Thalberg, do a little magazine shopping in the Ambassador drugstore. Norma's next picture is "The Barretts of Winpole Street," with Fredric March.



Swing into style with

GRIFFIN ALLWITE for All white shoes

It cleans as it whitens . . . and gives a "new shoe" finish. That's the difference, that's the delight of GRIFFIN ALLWITE.

It won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery, or give a chalky artificial look to your shoes. And just think, you can use it on all your white shoes, leather or fabric, including the new Mandrucca.

GRIFFIN ALLWITE is now available for as little as 10c . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.



GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
410 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



"BLONDE HAIR MADE LIGHTER AND LOVELIER"

Says Mrs. J. W. T.

"I WAS so discouraged by my muddy-looking hair. It added years to my appearance. Then a friend told me about BLONDEX. The very first time I shampooed with Blondex my hair actually showed new life and color, looked shades lighter and brighter!" Use BLONDEX is good advice for blondes whose hair is darkening, losing its golden charm. Blondex, the fine rich-lathering powder shampoo (not a dye), helps bring back the youthful gleam of radiant gold, alluring softness and sheen to dull, faded, stringy light hair. Try it today. BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical $1.00 and inexpensive 25c package. At any good drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair—only 35c.*

NERVOUS? WORRIED? UNHAPPY?

ARE YOU

What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of **Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating** and **Sleeplessness** keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Are you Bashful? Despondent? ***There's Help for You!*** Medicines, tonics or Drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "*Watch Your Nerves*", explains a new method that will help you regain lost vitality and healthy nerves. Send 25c for this amazing book. **ROBERT HOLMES, 156 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.**



Stockingless yet Comfortable

SINCE I DISCOVERED peds

It is distasteful to wear shoes next to bare feet when going stockingless. PEDS—give sanitary protection for the entire foot; invisible when worn. Or, if wearing stockings use PEDS—under or over them! Stops wear and mending. All sizes: MER. LISLE, 20c and 25c a pair; PURE SILK, 40c; "WOOLIES," 50c. Buy PEDS at hosiery and notion counters of 5-and-10c Stores and Department Stores. Or send correct stocking size with coins or stamps to RICHARD PAUL, Inc.

COOPER BLDG., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Dept. M1

peds

Styled in Hollywood



Wear PEDS for
- the beach
- sportswear
- street wear
- around the home

What's the Matter with Mary?

(*Continued from page 69*)

she was going to invite her own escort. Then she could arrive when she liked and leave when she wanted to, without having to wait for a stranger to see her home if he got around to it. She'd ask a different lad each time. And that was how the yarns of her overwhelming popularity and numerous engagements began. Of course, she soon became very much sought after, but as to the latter, as we said, there were only two.

"They were both non-professionals," says Mary, "so there is no use of embarrassing anyone by identifying them. Their names are unfamiliar to movie fans anyway. In both instances—they were far between—marriage would have proved impracticable. I can see that now. There was always something—a difference in religion or temperament or lack of mutual tastes, or all these reasons combined, to prevent it. And, goodness knows, marriage is hard enough in Hollywood—or anywhere else for that matter—when things start off smoothly. I suppose it was very fortunate that both times I discovered, or rather 'we' discovered, in time, that things wouldn't work out.

"Perhaps I wasn't through with love first. That doesn't matter in the final analysis, you know. It just makes it harder at the beginning. A girl in love is a very unhappy person. She keeps making the same mistakes over and over again. She unwittingly becomes demanding and possessive and is undoubtedly jealous and, no matter how she schools herself against there being a possibility of an argument, there's bound to be one pop up. Maybe the very fact that she works so hard to avoid it, brings on the dispute."

MISS BRIAN, 'twould seem, knows as much about love as Mae West, in theory and experience, of a sort, too. Not, to be sure, the "come up 'n see me sometime" variety. She continued:

"I like to be in love. Certainly one is never happy. But it *is* exciting. You try out new make-up and listen for the telephone to ring—of course, it seldom does, or if it does, it's the studio calling to tell you to come the next day for retakes. But it's thrilling to think the other person might reciprocate with a little show of interest.

"Of course, a girl in love is at her worst. She's self-conscious or stupid or, worse still, shows her feelings too clearly, and then a man, unless he's truly interested, shies off, and she is left to enjoy a quiet evening with her books and pictures and broken heart."

It seemed about time to call the roll or take the house count or sumpin', so we asked Mary about Gene Raymond, young Mr. Powell, *et al.*

"Well, howz about Jack Oakie?" retorted the gal gleefully. "He's been my pal far longer than either of them. Now don't leave poor Jack out. He might feel neglected. Seriously, though," she added, "these boys are just friends. I know that line is so old it went to school



Scott

Here's Mary, the girl of a thousand-and-one boy friends, with one whom she's singled out as her favorite—Dick Powell. Dick was her escort four times in one week! Alice Faye and Guy Kibbee are with them.

with us, and I'll bet reporters are pretty tired of having actresses deny engagements one day and turn up married the next. But nevertheless, in my case, it's true.

"I played in Vaudeville with Ken Murray and had the time of my life, too. But we never knew we were supposed to care for each other until we read it in the paper. Even then, we couldn't seem to get into the spirit of the thing and, goodness knows, we aim to please!

"As for Dick Powell. I think Dick likes the ladies—all of 'em. He is young and popular and entertaining and so he, too, is a victim of the 'reported engaged' mania. Personally, I don't think Dick has a notion of getting serious with anyone just now, and most certainly not with me."

BUDDY ROGERS, too, is a friend of Mary Brian's, a very dear friend—closer than the rest. She thinks, however, that Buddy's association with Mary Pickford is right for him, for he needs a more dominating type of woman in his life. Miss Pickford knows what she wants and, although she doesn't always get it, nevertheless, she is fully able to recognize her ambitions and desires, whether for a story choice or an escort.

"You know," Mary continued, "I'm afraid I'm beginning to be a figure of suspicion in Hollywood. The other day I was passing Bing Crosby's house and little Gary, Bing's ten months old son, put his arms out to me. He isn't a child that's ready to go to everyone either. So Bing put a protecting arm around his son and said, 'Mary, please don't start on *this* generation. Remember, you're an old-timer. Be a good sport! You've had so many beaux you can afford to be. So please let my chee-ild alone.'"

Which, gentle reader, proves that Mary Brian possesses a swell sense of humor and an amazing frankness and honesty.

Mary began her picture career nearly ten years ago, when she played Wendy in "Peter Pan." Betty Bronson enacted the film's title rôle. What has become of her? What, indeed, has happened to many others who started with little Miss Brian, the ingenue who rated no special publicity and very little attention.

It was through agreeableness and hard work that Mary hung on by the skin of her teeth in this precarious industry. She had no one interested in her; indeed, nobody cared whether she stayed or went. There was no one to advise her; so, in consequence, when action should have been taken, she did nothing. Doing nothing may have retarded her career, but she got there ultimately. And when she arrived, she had carved herself a unique niche in the celluloid field. Yes, Mary has a record of good performances to her credit.

You'll see her next in "Private Scandal," with Phillips Holmes playing the male lead. So, what'll you bet, that Mary's "engagement" to him will be announced before the picture's final scene is shot? Yes, you're right for, as Bert Lahr would say, "It's in da bag, it's in da bag!"



AMAZING NEW DOUBLE-TONIC ADDS 5 to 15 lbs. *in few weeks*

Quick new way to get lovely curves fast. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and lose your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Look for the "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* Sold by all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.

GRETA discovers her "Hidden" Beauty



Have a Wonderful New Wave Tonight

INSTEAD of paying $2 or more to an expensive hairdresser, do this. Just wet your hair with the new discovery, JO-CUR and then with a comb and your own fingers you set your hair into perfect waves! *In a few minutes . . . you can have the most becoming wave you ever had—literally double the attractiveness of your hair and for only 5c.*

Remember that JO-CUR is different from any other waveset known. It has a *quince-seed* base—which eliminates all stickiness, and will *not* leave white flakes in the hair. And a JO-CUR wave lasts *7* full days. You can get JO-CUR at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



Jo-cur
PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVESET

NOW ONLY 50¢ for the famous dollar bottle

Now that DeWans costs no more than *ordinary* hair removers, women can enjoy the mildness . . . the skin-kindness . . . the pleasantness of a *facial* depilatory . . . on their arms, underarms and legs. At all drug and department stores . . . 50c.



The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

do you call it that?" I asked.

"Because the dark part has molasses and spices in it instead of the familiar chocolate," explained Joan. "But I do use a chocolate frosting on it—one that is creamy and smooth and thick."

You'll notice particularly the masculine fondness for frosting when you serve Joan's Plantation Cake, too. Though the cake itself is magnificent, it is the frosting which lingers longest in your memory. This Fudge Frosting of Joan Blondell's is far and away the best I've ever tasted. Perhaps it's the corn syrup which makes it so creamy. Or it may be the marshmallow cream. But whatever it is, it's superb.

"Have you any other pet frostings, Joan?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes. Maple Butter Frosting. The cake I serve it with is called New England Maple Cream Cake and it's unbelievably swell."

"You mentioned chocolate a while back, also," I reminded her, "but only in connection with frosting. Haven't you, like 'most everyone else I know, a favorite chocolate cake recipe?"

"Well, I like chocolate cake," replied Joan, "but I like what I call Washington Chocolate Cream Pie better than any chocolate cake I've ever eaten. It's one layer, split in two, filled with French Chocolate Cream and frosted with a chocolate frosting or just dusted with powdered sugar. You must try my recipe some time."

I DID try it and found it so good that I'm going to give you that recipe at the end of this article. The other recipes for Joan Blondell's cakes and frostings are in this month's Modern Screen Star Recipe Folder. But before I tell you how to get these recipes to keep for your very own use, I want to review with you a few cardinal points of sucessful cake-making. For, you know, even with accurate, tested recipes like the ones I shall give you, you have to perform the various operations correctly, if you want to get the finest possible results. So here goes.

First, before work is started on the cake, cake pans should be greased, lined with paper and greased again. If you use butter to grease your pans, melt the butter over hot water and use only the oil that rises to the top. Do not use the salt which sinks to the bottom, as it has a tendency to make the cake stick. You'll find a pastry brush a great convenience for greasing the pans.

Second, measure everything carefully. There are disastrous penalties for using too much or too little of any ingredient, so take time to measure.

Incidentally, flour is one of the most frequently mismeasured items. There is only one correct way to measure flour and that is to sift it first. Then, pile this sifted flour into a measuring cup, using a tablespoon. When the cup is full, level it off with the straight edge of a knife or spatula. Never scoop flour up in a cup, or pat it down with a spoon, or tap the cup on the table. All these things cause the flour to pack down and may well spoil your cake. In measuring baking powder be sure to use your measuring spoons. Fill the spoon and level it off with a knife.

Third, use good ingredients. You can't get first-grade results with second-grade materials.

Fourth, mix carefully.

Fifth, bake properly, in an oven set for the correct temperature. If your oven has no thermostat, and you have no oven thermometer either, set a pan sprinkled with flour in the oven and if the flour becomes a medium golden brown in five minutes, the oven is what we call moderately hot and suited to most cakes. This same test can be made with white unglazed paper, if you prefer. But with oven thermometers as inexpensive as they are, I urge you to get one to insure good results.

When the cake is done it should shrink slightly away from the side of the pan and when pressed lightly by the finger, no imprint should remain. A straw inserted in the center of the cake should come out clean and dry.

After taking cake from the oven, let it stand in the pan for a few minutes, then remove cake from pan and place it on a wire rack to cool. If cake refuses to slip out of pan readily, loosen it from the sides with a broad bladed knife. And finally, always let the cake get completely cold before frosting it. Now, I guess you're ready for Joan Blondell's recipes.

AS I said, I'm giving you the Washington Cream Pie recipe here. Recipes for the others, which include the Silvermoon Cake with Seafoam Icing, the Plantation Marble Cake with Chocolate Fudge Frosting, and the New England Maple Cream Cake with both the Maple Butter Frosting and the Maple Cream Sauce, are included in this month's Modern Screen Star Recipe Folder. These recipes are printed on convenient cards, handy to prop up on your work table, handy to file away for future reference. You can get your set, free, by filling in the coupon on page 8 and mailing it to me. I wish you'd send in your coupon right away, because these recipes are well worth having.

WASHINGTON CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

1/3 cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1¾ cup sifted pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cream of tartar baking powder
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar. Cream to-

gether thoroughly. Add well beaten eggs and beat well. Sift flour, measure and sift with salt and baking powder twice. Add flour to egg mixture alternately with the milk. Add vanilla. Beat thoroughly and pour into a deep, well-greased cake pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 to 35 minutes. When cool, split carefully, fill with Chocolate Cream and cover with Confectioner's Icing.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

1/3 cup sugar
2½ tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
¾ cup scalded milk
½ square cooking chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons thin cream

Combine sugar, flour and salt, and add to slightly beaten yolk. Add scalded milk slowly. Pour into top of double boiler and cook 10 minutes over boiling water, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened, and then occasionally. Remove from heat, add chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Cool. Add vanilla and cream and beat together vigorously.

CONFECTIONER'S ICING

¾ cup confectioner's sugar
½ square cooking chocolate
3 tablespoons boiling water
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate over hot water. Add boiling water and stir until smooth and blended. Add vanilla. Sift sugar and add it gradually to chocolate mixture, stirring vigorously. A little more sugar or a little more water may be added in order to have frosting of right consistency to spread.

No Mothers to Guide Them

(*Continued from page 49*)

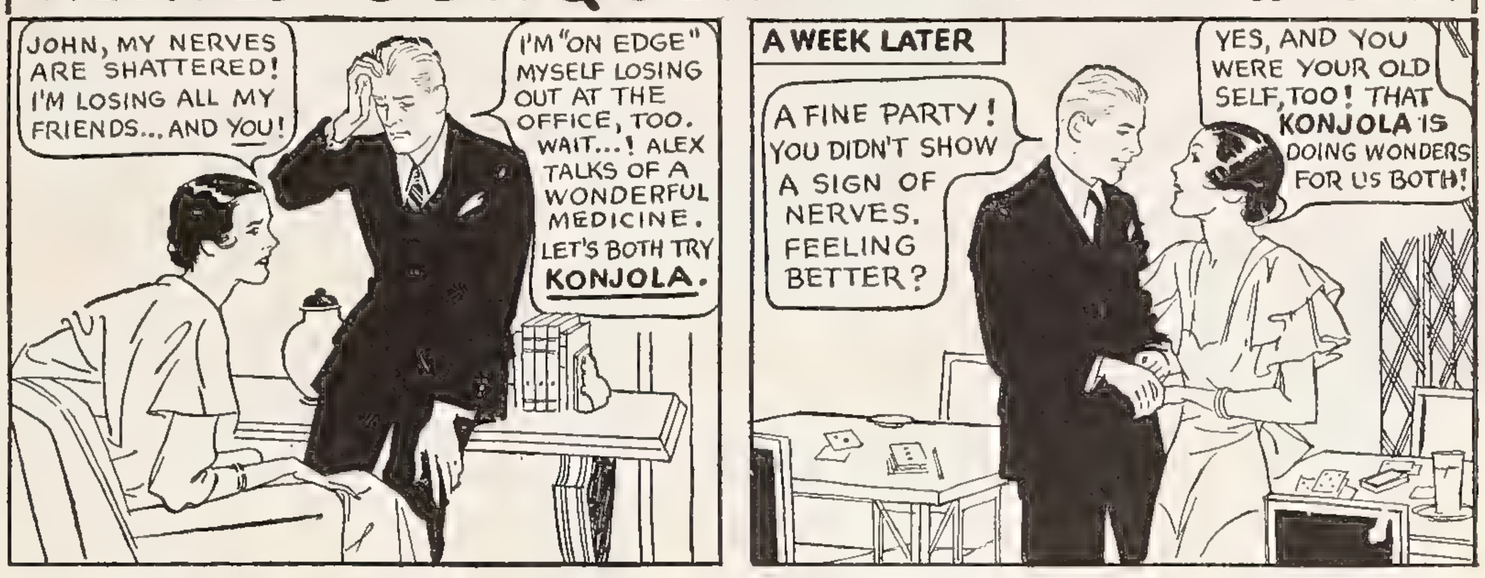
that priceless line, "Come up 'n' see me some time," would have remained a meaningless, sexless phrase.

Whenever Mae West has an important decision to make or a problem to solve, she turns to Jim Timony, who has for years been her guiding hand in the theatre. A blurred version of Charles Laughton, and often mistaken for him, Timony looks also like a Tammany boss. A picturesque pair these two.

MARLENE DIETRICH has no stage mother, either. Josef Von Sternberg, her friend and director, acts in that capacity. During her entire career in Hollywood she has depended entirely upon his sound judgment for stories, publicity and business deals. Often he has been referred to as her Svengali.

If you saw Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory," you already know the history of her struggle towards star-

"NERVES CONQUERED" JITTERY JANE & JOHN FIND HAPPINESS AGAIN!



Try KONJOLA
for "Nervousness"
America's Wonder Medicine

In every corner of the country, you hear wonder stories about America's famous medicine, KONJOLA. No doubt, some of your neighbors use it, it is so widely relied on.

In cases of "nervousness", as well as stomach troubles, rheumatism and allied ailments, many thousands of users claim virtual miracles for Konjola. If you suffer from a "nervous" on-edge condition, you owe it to yourself at least to TRY this wonder medicine.

Konjola is a special mixture of extracts of Nature's own roots and herbs. Not one is a habit-forming drug. Its function is simply to mix with the foods in your



stomach and help your own system throw off health-destroying poisons... If you are nervous, irritable... If you perhaps suffer from some disorder of the liver, stomach, or bowel... it seems plain common sense to try this amazingly popular medicine at once. You can get it under the name KONJOLA at any drug store.

KIDNAPPED?



SOMETHING was happening down in the big vaulted living-room that was to make Joan's adventure sound like a daring and fantastic lie Everyone was grouped around the radio listening to words that they thought affected the little tramp that had descended on them. The music had suddenly stopped and a voice began to talk.

"I want to interrupt the program, folks, to tell you all to watch out for an unusually pretty blond girl of nineteen. She's Brenda Vanderhough, the daughter of the millionaire sportsman George T. Vanderhough. She disappeared from her father's house in Southbury, Connecticut, this afternoon at about five o'clock."

How Joan, the little bank stenographer unintentionally posed as a wealthy heiress and how she finally won the man she adored is a beautiful romance. This love story "The Old Thrill" is a feature novelette appearing complete in the June issue of SWEETHEART STORIES. Get a copy today at your nearest newsstand

Sweetheart Stories 10¢



Honeymoon SPECIAL

Often the forerunner is a tiny detail, such as lustrously lovely, well-cared-for fingertips. F-O Nail Polish sees lovely nails through the honeymoon and all the new jobs of housework. Goes on evenly, doesn't peel, lasts unbelievably long. Five charming colors to match all modes and moods. Available also in the new "Creme" type polish. Ask for F-O Cuticle Remover and F-O Polish Remover, too.

At your favorite chain store.





Here's a Queer Way to *Learn* Music!

No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. Quickly learn to play any "jazz" or classical selection—right at home in your spare time. All instruments. Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully. Mention instrument preferred.

FREE

U. S. School of Music, 1446 Brunswick Bldg., New York City



Be a Nurse

MAKE $25-$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 35 yrs. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 1496, 26 N. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____ State _____ Age ____

dom. Here is an actress who has gone her way alone, climbing from rung to rung, up the ladder of fame to a triumphant goal, feeling her way in the dark with her own hands, looking ahead with her own eyes, reaching stardom by power of her own guidance. The daughter of a well-to-do Connecticut doctor, she left the security of her home for the uncertainties of a career in New York's stormy Forties. Against the wishes of her family she sought footlight recognition and the acclaim that like the line in her picture, "fades like a morning glory." Now that she has made good, her parents have reconciled themselves to her success, but Katie continues to travel the lone road, her own guide.

Clara Bow, Ann Harding and Constance Bennett are other stars who have never had stage mothers. Clara's mother did not even live to see her rise to the heights of renown. B. P. Schulberg, who discovered her and led her to the Elysian fields of world acclaim, assumed guardianship over her destiny. An innocent child in love with life, Clara misadventured many times into sensational newspaper headlines. But for Schulberg's belief in her, Clara might have run away from Hollywood in despair, never to return. Not only did he replenish Clara's courage, but insured her against future poverty as well. During the fruitful years of Paramount stardom, he put away a part of her salary each week into a trust fund, that has made her an independent woman for life. No mother could have done more for the madcap of the cinema. What Mr. Schulberg once did for Clara's career he is now doing for Sylvia Sydney's.

Ann Harding, like Garbo, entrusts her affairs of state to the business sagacity of Harry Eddington. Before her divorce, Harry Bannister gave advice and counsel, but now Miss Harding pays ten per cent of her salary for this service.

Constance Bennett comes of a famous theatrical family. All her life she has lived in the atmosphere of grease paint. Her only language is the language of the theatre. Her father is Richard Bennett, and her mother, Adrienne Morrison, a well-known Broadway star of another day. With two such people to advise her, it is no wonder Constance Bennett became a star, you will say—but Connie Bennett has never been one to borrow counsel. A rebel from the beginning, she, like Hepburn, had mapped out her own road to ambition's Utopia, and like Katharine, she has reached it by her own sense of direction. Constance Bennett with a stage mother would be as incongruous as Wally Beery with a French poodle. Any girl who can haul in fifteen thousand a week, all on her own, doesn't need a mamma to lead the way.

DON'T get the idea that the Hollywood mother is entirely extinct, for nothing is further from the truth. In the new set-up she is merely background, a publicity prop, a conventional note, a homemaker. The town is full of such mothers, as witness the case of Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Patricia Ellis, Ann Dvorak, Elissa Landi, Anita Louise, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young, Genevieve Tobin and others.

Janet's mother is rarely seen at the studio, but in real life she is the little Gaynor's constant companion. Myrna Loy, until a year ago, was a mother's girl. Noted for exotic and wicked vamp characterizations on the screen, her private life was virtually dictated by her mother. However, Mrs. Williams never interfered in studio matters. A good sport and a swell scout, she often let Main Street instincts lead her into silly suspicions, but recently she has been touring Europe and has probably returned with a more broadened viewpoint.

Jean Harlow's mother is one of the most distinguished women I have ever met. Tall and stately, with charming



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut and Elissa Landi attend "Allez-Oop" together. In case you didn't know, the charming Elissa and Mr. Schildkraut have just finished their co-starring picture, "Sisters Under the Skin," for Columbia.

manners and perfect diction, she makes an ideal screen star's mother. She and Jean can tell the swellest naughty stories in Hollywood with more dignity than a queen. However, the guide in her family is her stepfather, Marino Bello, through whose influence it is said Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer raised Jean's salary a mere thousand a week.

Elissa Landi's mother is another who lends distinction to her daughter's career. The Countess Landi, known to all of Elissa's friends as simply "Caroline," is probably the most popular movie mother Hollywood has known since the reign of Peg Talmadge.

Ann Dvorak's mother was once a motion picture star herself, so she understands the rules of the game, even though they have changed considerably since she was William S. Hart's leading lady back in the old silent days. Later she starred for Triangle under the name of Anna Lehr, but gave up her career in favor of domesticity. When her daughter married Leslie Fenton and ran off on an adventure trip, leaving a promising career to hang in the balance, Mrs. Lehr came back into the limelight, protesting her daughter's reason. But now Ann is back in Hollywood at double her old salary and even her mother must admit that Leslie is as devoted and loving a husband as any girl could wish for. In Ann's case she had a mother to guide her, but preferred to find her own way, even if blindfolded.

GINGER ROGERS and Anita Louise are two of Hollywood's old-fashioned girls. They still cling to the apron strings. In Ginger's case the arrangement has been beneficial, for her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, is looked upon as one of the smartest women that ever hit Hollywood. Not only does she keep sending Ginger's stock up by being discreetly clever, but in addition, runs a little theatre, on her own, discovering new talent in actors and playwrights. Next season she plans to produce a show on Broadway.

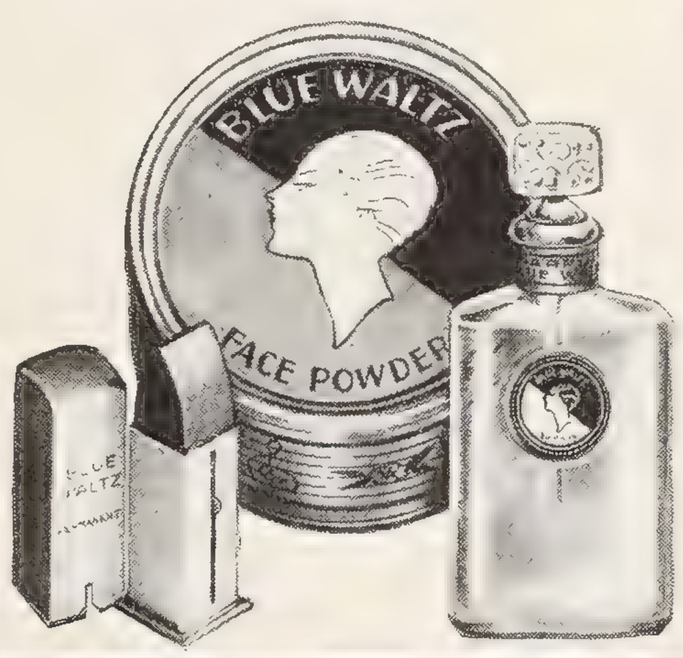
Not long ago Anita Louise stood on the verge of stardom. Frank Borzage wanted her for the lead in "A Man's Castle." She stood in the very spot where Gaynor had stood before "Seventh Heaven." Then Loretta Young got the part—and no one knew why. But later, Lou, Borzage's brother and assistant, told me. The mother had made such unfair demands for Anita's services that the studio dropped all negotiations. Thus a mother's sincere, but overzealous, ambitions may have cost this promising little actress a stardom she may never win again.

The stage mother has probably seen her best days. She used to be a loud speaker on every set, but too much static caused her downfall. She was once the power behind the throne, but now she's only the kibitzer behind the scenery. She made every day Mother's Day in Hollywood, but now it comes only once a year. Mamma has been exiled to a seat in the audience, and if the producers have their way, she'll stay there forever and ever. Amen.

Is Such Beauty Your Dream?

To be beautiful and alluring is every girl's most treasured dream. Such beauty means popularity, romance, love! Sighing and longing never made a girl beautiful, but the use of Blue Waltz Beauty Aids often has. Attain the charm men cannot resist through the daily use of these supremely fine Blue Waltz Beauty Aids!

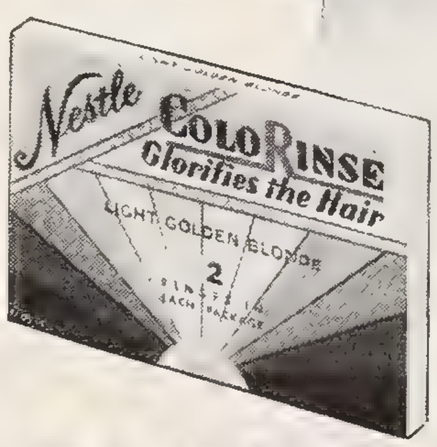




Blue Waltz Beauty Aids—*Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Brilliantine, Talc*—each only 10c at your 5 and 10c store.

Rinse the Years Away!





Keep dull, faded, lifeless hair out of your head—and out of your life! Groom your hair with ColoRinse—just add it to the shampoo wash. Instantly it transforms any appearance of drabness into hair of sparkling beauty, vibrant with natural, youthful, color sheen and softness. It's harmless—just vegetable compound, not a dye or a bleach—with 12 tints to choose from.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR CO.
New York

Nestle
COLORINSE

10c at all 5 and 10c Stores and Beauty Shops . . . Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo



No Kisses for
BAD COMPLEXIONS

Want to be kissed? Then make sure *your* skin has the fresh transparency only a *clean* skin can have. Many women who *thought* they had been getting clean by old-type methods discovered on using Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser, that their skins had never been so clean before.

You *feel* Ambrosia tingle; you *know* it is removing all deep-lying dirt from the pores. That's why it clears muddy complexions so quickly, preventing blackheads and pimples. Skin has the kissable freshness of youth.

For oily skins: follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Tightener.

Mildly antiseptic, Ambrosia Tightener reduces large pores, normalizes oiliness, refreshes and stimulates.

For dry skins: Follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Dry-Skin Cream. It penetrates, replenishes natural oil, smooths wrinkles, ends dry, flaky condition.

Ask for Ambrosia products at any drug or department store. 75¢. Or in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores. Ambrosia preparations were tested by famous New York skin specialists on women of all skin-types. Write for free report of doctor's examinations and full directions for use. Address Hinze Ambrosia, Dept. M, 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 936. 70 5th Ave., New York



"I had terribly inflamed eyes," writes Mrs. Mary Moore of Chicago. "Used LAVOPTIK—and at once I had relief! Next day all inflammation was gone" Every day 6000 eyesight specialists endorse LAVOPTIK for *sore, itchy, smarting, tired, strained,* or *red eyes.* For 20 years, LAVOPTIK has made sad eyes glad. Soothes, refreshes, heels! No harmful drugs. Get a bottle today (with *free eye cup*) at any drug store—and banish eye troubles for good.

Bathe Eyes with LAVOPTIK

Will Gloria Come Back Again?

(*Continued from page 64*)

if it did not have rain also.

"Why is it people continually talk of happiness—the ultimate hoped-for achievement—and at the same time refuse to meet life grandly, taking all it offers to develop one into that broader understanding and tolerance, where happiness is possible? The sorrows, the sacrifices and the losses are all a part of life. You cannot grow into great strength if you are forever shielded and protected."

I was beginning to see why this brave woman has never chosen the easy way for herself. In the seven months she has been back in Hollywood, she has been offered innumerable opportunities to return to the screen (when you perhaps were thinking of her as a woman broken, weak and defeated, ready to take anything) but she was waiting for the right offer. It was not that she scoffed at the $25,000 a picture opportunity and held out for $50,000. It was that she hoped, if possible, to avoid another mistake. She had a chance to work again with Mr. De Mille in "Four Frightened People," when it seemed Claudette Colbert would not be able to go, but she prefers to work with Mr. De Mille on costume pictures or spectacular pictures, when she thinks he is at his best.

"I have been in fearful financial straits," she adds. "I have lost practically everything I ever earned. I almost had no roof over my head when I returned to Los Angeles, but the loss of everything material is not the worst thing that could happen to me. I am still not sorry that I waited until Mr. Thalberg and I worked out an arrangement for me to return to Metro. Much as I needed the money I could have earned in the meantime, I know I am happier in this affiliation than I could have been in any other.

I AM through with being producer and actress. I learned much from it, but from now on I want only to act. I am so glad to drop all the worry and annoyance of stories, publicity and production right into the lap of Mr. Thalberg."

Maybe I should refresh your mind a bit on Gloria's history. M-G-M tried a long time to secure her services. Around 1930, they offered her $1,600,000 for two years' work. She was persuaded by United Artists to remain with them for only $1,000,000 for two years. That's one time she listened with the wrong ear, I am certain for, according to my memory, she made two pictures for them—rather unimportant ones, too—and then when it was announced that her baby was on the way, it looked to us on the outside as if she were eased out of the contract.

"I am making no predictions about the future. How can I tell what it holds? That remains with the public. But this I do know. If Irving Thalberg, with his knowledge of the business, doesn't know how to handle me sucessfully, I would have no idea to whom I could turn. Can you imagine what a psychologist he is? He said to me, 'Gloria, you can make one of two pictures. You can make the finest picture you have ever made in your life—which is what you should do—or you can make a picture that is a complete failure—absolutely hopeless. But the thing you cannot do is to make a picture that is fairly good. That will be certain doom.'"

GLORIA has made plenty of mistakes. Even mistakes in the treatment of her husbands and other men who have loved her. The maternal instinct is very strong in her. She meant all she said just after her marriage to the Marquis, when she stated she hoped she would have a large family. She can no more help "mothering" the men she marries than you and I can help eating. Unquestionably she takes something away from them. Her independent, capable spirit makes her go right ahead doing things for herself, saying to them, "Don't you worry. I'll look after that." Likely, she sometimes gets tired of the load when she is halfway up the grade and would like to put it on some one else's shoulders, but it can't be done then. When muscles are weakened from lack of use, they can't be called into action for an emergency.

When I reminded her of the phenomenal manner in which she had been able to raise money, she spoke frankly.

"I think that is because of my attitude of mind. I know I can always get money. I have been able to secure hundreds of thousands of dollars overnight, when I have had to do so. I have never had a doubt that I could earn money. That has not been my trouble, no matter how many financial mix-ups I have been in. If I could just give as much thought to the keeping of money, could be just as certain in my own mind that I would always have it, I would undoubtedly be as constantly supplied as I am provided with it in the first place. I don't seem to be able to give this part of it much thought. Money to me just means the joy it brings, so to the world I seem fearfully improvident. I never have a thought of limitation about getting money, so I spend it freely for the things that make for beauty and joy in life."

I thought there might be some religion or some philosophy back of her indomitable spirit, but it is a subconscious one which she cannot explain. "I only know this," she adds. "Under great stress of need, there is an infinite source of supply that we manage to contact by the very urgency of our want and the strength of our belief that we will get it. Call it Universal Mind, Infinite Intelligence, or what you will, if our need is great and our belief

in ourselves is strong enough, we seem for a moment to step beyond finite limitations. I don't pretend to explain it. I only know that it is so. In the same way that I know some people who have passed on are closer to you after death than when they were here. It has been so with my father. I feel his nearness much more now than during his life."

And now what about all of these rumors we have been hearing about an impending divorce between Gloria and Mr. Farmer? You may be more anxious about this than anything else. But it is really not the important thing with Gloria. I can believe that a first and maybe even a second marriage may be terribly important, but I cannot think a fourth is.

GLORIA refuses to make any direct statement on the subject. She does admit that she herself has no idea how it will work out. How can anyone tell? How can you ever harness a race horse and a jumper together and hope they will pull without friction? That is what you have when an actor and an actress are married. It is what you have when a business man and an actress are married. It's what you have when a society man and an actress are married. A woman should not have to choose between a home and a career, but she does. In a sense, an actresses' career must take precedence over even love and marriage. It is one of the inevitable things that no one can do anything about. No matter how much two people love each other, there can be no fairness in a union of this sort.

"In my case, I must work for my children," she says. "Michael has interests in Europe which he must look after. When he went back some months ago, he made no definite plans to return to Hollywood. And on account of my work here, I could make no plans to join him—a condition which neither of us desired or intentionally brought about. Beyond this, I can say nothing." While her clear, blue eyes look straight into yours and she tries bravely to smile, there is a wistful sadness in her face that goes right through you.

My personal opinion is that these two will not remain married very much longer, for this Michael has been accustomed to much attention from women. He is used to being the center of attention. And Gloria cannot be there to fuss over him and at the same time do her work in Hollywood. She, too, is a vivid, flaming personality that is unforgettable. She has never looked better than now. I defy any human being to come in contact with her and feel indifference. She is the embodiment of romance and should never be married—except for her children. Surely if divorce comes again, there is no one to blame. Such a combination of conditions is stronger than any single emotion, as the ocean is stronger than all the rivulets that flow into it.

So, we offer a toast to Gloria, the Invincible, whether she be married or single!

Where DO YOUR FEET HURT?

1. WEAK ANKLE—use "Comfort" Ankle Support.
2. SHOES SLIP, STOCKINGS WEAR OUT—use "Comfort" Hose Savers.
3. SORE HEELS—use "Comfort" Heel Cushions.
4. HARD CORNS—use "Comfort" Zinc Oxide Pads with Discs.
5. SOFT CORNS BETWEEN TOES—use "Comfort" Soft Corn Pads.
6. CROOKED TOES—use "Comfort" Toe Straighteners.
7. INGROWING TOE NAIL—use "Comfort" No-ingrow.
8. BUNION HURT—use "Comfort" Bunion Shield.
9. CALLOUS ON INSTEP—use "Comfort" Moleskin Instep Pads.
10. BURNING FEET—use "Comfort" Foot Balm.
11. CROOKED HEELS—use "Comfort" Heel Straights.
12. WEAK OR FALLEN ARCHES—use "Comfort" Arch Supports.
13. FEET ACHE—use "Comfort" Metatarsal Support.
14. CALLOUS ON SOLE—use "Comfort" Callous Pads.
15. ITCHING BETWEEN TOES—use "Comfortene" for Athlete's Foot



RELIEF for only 10¢

There's a "Comfort" Foot Aid for *every* foot ailment. No matter where your feet hurt, you'll find *comfort* and quick relief by using one of the many "Comfort" Foot Appliances and Remedies. Call on the Foot Aid Department at your 10c store. If unable to obtain the item desired, use coupon. Refer by numbers to foot ailments and the proper items will be mailed.

"COMFORT" FOOT AIDS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

COMFORT PRODUCTS, A DIVISION OF THE FOREST CITY RUBBER CO., 1276 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is———(10c for each item). Send me relief for each of the following foot ailments. (Indicate by number) Foot ailment numbers:

———

——— Shoe size———

Name———

Street———

City———

I WANT MEN for TEA and COFFEE ROUTES

PERMANENT ROUTES PAY UP TO $42.50 A WEEK



This is a public announcement of a daring, no-risk offer I am now making to ambitious men and women who are in urgent need of money. No experience or training is required to qualify for one of these amazingly profitable routes. If you are weary of "penny pinching" and are looking for an opportunity to turn your full time or spare time into cash, then investigate. I am now ready to start you in a big-paying business of your own. I manufacture nearly 300 quality products and need more men and women at once to serve waiting consumers. There is no investment in fixtures—you don't have the expenses and risks of the average storekeeper. Even in spare time you can make as high as $5.00 a day. Rush me your name today—get all of the startling details and proven facts free of cost and without obligation.

ROUTES BEING RAPIDLY FILLED

This announcement will bring a lot of replies from people like yourself who need extra cash for nagging bills—food—clothing—or other necessities. Here are success reports from some who wrote me earlier. O. P. Hertzog, Pa., made $85.50 in a week. David R. Machade, Tex., $70.00 in a week. M. Mitchell, Calif., made $75.00 in six days. Mrs. Anna Meravage, Pa., made over $40.00 a week working only three to four days. These exceptional earnings show the wonderful possibilities of my plan. Better send me your name today.

PERMANENT ROUTE
WITH BIG WEEKLY CASH INCOME

These Tea and Coffee Routes are best because you supply people with the things they need daily to live—kitchen necessities. All you need do is take care of these customers in your locality. You handle all the money, make deliveries, keep a big share of the cash for yourself. I supply all plans and simple instructions and take all the risk. I even give new Ford Tudor Sedans to producers. Not a contest or a raffle, but an extra bonus in addition to your regular profits. Everything is explained fully. No experience or tedious training course required. You start making money immediately.



DON'T SEND MONEY
JUST YOUR NAME

I don't want your money—I need your help. Send me your name so I can lay all the facts before you, then you can decide if you like the work. If you want a chance to make up to $42.50 a week for looking after one of these routes, you will reply promptly. There is no obligation. Send name for free facts today.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

ROUTE COUPON

ALBERT MILLS, President
5050 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Rush me free facts on Tea and Coffee Route plan and how I can start earning up to $42.50 a week at once.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Please Print or Write Plainly)



About My Improved

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

MY husband was dumbfounded: "To think," he exclaimed, "that such beautiful, extra-quality shades can be bought for only 15c each!" . . . Millions of Clopays already in use. Full size shades. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. Attach to old rollers without tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz patterns. And new *improved* Clopays stronger, heavier than before. With wooden slat included. Now, too, you need trim only *one* side to fit narrower windows. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corporation, 1301 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Neighborhood Stores

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3, LOWELL, MASS.

QUICK

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

IRONINGS

NO STICKING—NO SCORCHING

Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. *Send now.*

TRY THIS FREE



THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No.835, Keokuk, Ia.

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

"I Want To Be Bad"

(*Continued from page 34*)

been so impressed with her performance that they have purchased her contract from RKO and have announced that she will be the leading lady for George Raft.

AFTER three long years of struggle —one year without any job at all —Helen Mack has at last come into her own. I know of precious few girls of her age (Helen is but twenty now) who would have had the audacity to stick it out so long. But, I know the reason for her courage. She's been up against defeat before. She's faced discouraging facts at least a hundred times in her short life. You see, Helen really started this battle fourteen years ago, at the age of six.

Yes, on the stage at six, in New York at ten attending the Children's Professional School, learning to read and write part of the day and trudging, with her mother, from one booking office to another the rest. First, a small role on the stage, then, the part of a child in a Gloria Swanson picture made in New York at thirteen.

"Oh, I told them I was sixteen," smiled Helen as she hurriedly related the most unbelievable part of her life. "I wanted a job on the vaudeville stage so badly. It was the part of a sixteen-year-old girl in a skit called 'Sweet Sixteen.' We traveled all over the country for over two years and all that time I only saw my mother during the last two months of our tour, when she came with me on the road.

"From thirteen to fifteen, I learned the back-breaking toil of one-night stands, of sleeper jumps every day or so. I became independent, packing and unpacking, rehearsing with the orchestra. A quick supper (I always had something that cost a dime because I wanted to save $50 of the $75 I got each week), then pack and jump onto the train.

"When it was all over, I confessed my true age to the man and his wife with whom I had been working. They were actually dumbfounded. They thought I was eighteen.

"Is it any wonder, then, that when I took my first screen test that I wanted to play just a girl? I had been doing 'Sweet Sixteen' for two years and I naturally thought I should continue. Oh, how I thank God every night for giving that man the courage to tell me that I wasn't beautiful, not even pretty.

"I guess every girl thinks she's pretty. It kind of helps. I suppose I had always thought of myself that way and I remember I cried when I got home. I looked in the mirror and whispered to my reflection, 'Why, you're not even pretty!' From then on, I never kidded myself. So? I wasn't beautiful? Then, I must be something else. I must have something that would help me make the grade, to make me *be* somebody.

THAT idea of being somebody has always been in my mind. There were several reasons, the first being that I so wanted to amount to something on the stage for mother. All her life, she had wanted to be an actress, but never got the chance. Just the other day she told me that before I was born she hoped and prayed I would be a girl so that she could make me an actress. She even had my life all planned before I was born. After all she has given up for me, I just have to be somebody for her. I know that if I am, it will make her happy, and besides, I can then give her the things I've always wanted to give her.

"Then, I want to be somebody for myself. Sort of justify myself to myself. I've got to prove to myself that I've got *something* even if I'm not pretty."

I looked across the desk at her. Such a real person! So honest. So beautiful. All her beauty isn't of facial features. It reaches deeper than that. Helen Mack has a beauty of spirit, a beauty of character that makes her far lovelier than almost anyone I've ever met. Sometimes she looks as though she were about to cry; then she will smile, just to bewilder you. Deep brown eyes, like clear pools that form the window for her true beauty to shine through. Small and fragile, she's as friendly as a terrier puppy with that gift of being so natural that you can't help but love her.

Just four times, in all my comings and goings in Hollywood, have I met one whose personality was so vivid that it completely overshadowed the subject matter of our interview.

I WANTED to wave a flag and shout, "Stop! Look! Listen! Here *is* somebody."

In each case I was sure the person would eventually become a big name in motion pictures. At the same time, I was afraid the public wouldn't see what I had seen. I wanted them to know these future stars as they were in real life.

The first was Dietrich. Even though I hadn't seen her German-made picture, and she hadn't yet made her first film in Hollywood, I seemed to know she would hit the top.

The second was Helen Hayes. I met her that first day on the M-G-M lot when everyone was whispering about the disappointment in her make-up tests. They said, "She looks badly. How can she ever overcome such a handicap?" But I talked to her that day and, once again, I felt sure.

The third was Katharine Hepburn. Something forced me to ride a hundred miles with the studio boys to meet Hepburn the day she arrived in Hollywood. We talked as the train thundered towards Hollywood. After we had arrived, I spent the remainder of

the day telling all those whom I could make listen about the new star.

And Helen Mack is the fourth.

Please don't think that I am comparing her to these other three, all of whom made such a distinct hit in Hollywood. She's nothing like them, except in one particular. She has that same "something" shining from her eyes that transcends mere physical beauty. Dietrich is fortunate to have beauty as well. But, I'm sure you will agree that there are many on the screen with more beauty than Hayes and Hepburn. And Helen Mack tells you, with a sparkle of sincerity in her eyes, that she isn't even pretty.

What these four have in common is not so easily seen. It is something one feels about them. They are destined for greatness. Somehow, each has known it.

That is what I am so anxious for you to see in Helen Mack. You can see it in "All of Me" and I'm sure, in her future pictures.

She Knew What She Wanted

(*Continued from page 68*)

nose, rosy cheeks, wide-set eyes under strong, heavy lashes, and bobbed hair. She studied, among other things, Greek, Latin and French. She could get the Greek and Latin all right, oddly enough, but she simply could not learn French. And here's another sample of her stick-to-it-iveness.

When she finished school, her parents sent her to Europe for three months. Instead of the allotted three months, she stayed a year and a half. Part of the time she visited with her mother's sister-in-law in Scotland, but most of the time she lived in Paris in the household of a French family, where it was impossible for her to speak a word of English. Her family thought she had forgotten all about her difficulty with French long before. She hadn't. She lived with the French family and she entered the Sorbonne, where all the lectures were in French. She deliberately put herself in a spot where she *had* to learn the language—and she learned it.

Coming home from Paris, most girls bring trunkloads of clothes. Jean brought home not a single dress, outside of the clothes she had been wearing over there. What she did bring home were phonograph records of all the famous French actors of the *Comédie Française*. She studied with them on a phonograph and talked back to them.

Even in such small things as her personal mannerisms, she has always shown the same kind of persistence. When she was fifteen, she realized that her hands were too large. She started right then, teaching herself to use them gracefully. She trained herself so that, whatever position they were

Grand Chocolate Sauce
speedy! can't fail!



Eagle Brand
CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● *But remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

FREE! MARVELOUS NEW COOK BOOK!
Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things, also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice creams, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. MM64, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....
(*Print name and address plainly*)

Borden Quality





"Be Proud of Your Skin"... says Poslam

If you are embarrassed by pimples. blackheads, eczema, minor} rashes or other skin blemishes, you can depend on POSLAM to relieve their discomfort quickly and safely.

An unsightly skin need not mar your happiness, for POSLAM is so concentrated it works wonders almost overnight. Thousands who thought their skin troubles hopeless are using this famous ointment with wonderful results.

Your own druggist has recommended and sold POSLAM for more than 25 years Ask him! 50c everywhere.

A convincing trial sent free. Write

POSLAM CO., Dept. 15-W

254 West 54th St., New York, N. Y.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

BE A DESIGNER OF HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



EARN $25.00 to $50.00 A WEEK

Have your own Style Shop, design smart gowns for the best dressed women, mingle with the elite, win financial independence as the **Hollywood Fashion Expert** of your community.

DRESS LIKE SCREEN STARS AT LITTLE COST

You can easily learn to design and make glamorous gowns like those of your favorite film star at a fraction of their cost. You may acquire the charm that such alluring gowns give to the wearer. You can have more clothes, and dress more smartly, at less expense.

Hollywood Fashion Creators Train You AT HOME

With the cooperation of leading Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios and Screen Stars themselves, this 50-year-old college, in the new style center of the world,will teach you Professional Costume Designing in your spare time at home by its easy-to-learn method—and prepare you for a high-salaried position. Free placement service for our students; graduates in demand. **Woodbury College, Hollywood, Calif.**

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

WOODBURY COLLEGE, Dept.13-F, Hollywood,Calif.
Send me FREE your new book, "Designing Hollywood Fashions," and full particulars of your home-study course in Costume Designing. My age is.....
Miss—Mrs.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

in, they were graceful, to counterbalance their naturally bad shape. If you don't think it worked, look carefully at her hands the next time you see her on the screen.

THERE has been really only one period in Jean's life in which she didn't know precisely what she wanted to do. When she was little, of course, she had the usual ambition to be a nurse. (Why do little girls always want to be nurses, and why do little boys always want to be firemen?) Jean wanted to be one so she could marry a little boy in her neighborhood, who was going to be a doctor. They were going to have fourteen children, fourteen nursemaids, fourteen cars, and go around the world healing sick people free of charge.

Between her fifteenth and seventeenth years, she was interested in dramatics, writing plays, directing them and acting in them at school and with the neighborhood kids at home. But then, when she was already entered for exclusive Vassar, she changed her mind and decided she might like to go to the medical school at Columbia University. That was about the time her parents gave her the trip to Europe, and Fate stepped in, as Fate seems to have a way of doing.

For, coming home from Europe, still thinking she might like to be a surgeon, by luck Jean travelled in the same ship with the English road company of the play "Bird In Hand." There, right in the same ship with her, were real, professional, honest-to-goodness actors and actresses. After that there was never any more doubt in her mind. An actress she was going to be! She made friends of the English people in the troupe and hung on to them like the well-known leech. In the five days, crossing the Atlantic, she hardly let them out of her sight —persistent, again, you see.

And the day after they arrived in New York, the director of the "Bird In Hand" company phoned her. She was hired as understudy to the leading woman. Simple? Sticking to it! Maybe the school teachers are right.

But a young actress in New York has a hard row to hoe, no matter how easily she breaks in. Jobs don't grow on trees, no matter how pretty and talented you are. Here's how Jean did it. She had a little notebook—like one of her beloved diaries—in which she wrote the name of every agent in New York. Every morning she started out and made the rounds. If one said "Come back in a week," she wrote the date in her little book and came back in a week, whether he had meant it or not. If some other agent said nothing, she came back and saw him the next day—and the next and the next. They couldn't forget her. How could they? She was always in their offices.

It wasn't so easy, either. It took some bravery. She could have lived with her mother and father in Ridgewood, but she wanted to live in the city so she could make the rounds of the agents. Refusing to accept help from her parents, she roomed with another girl in a basement. It was dark and dank, it was full of cockroaches. there was a shabby screen in front of the sink, there were only two cots to sleep on, but she stuck it out. Every morning she got up, shined her worn shoes to save the dime, and set out. It was the sticking to it that counted. For, after a while, she did get the jobs. She was in "The Truth Game," "Peter Ibbetson," "Life Begins" and "St. Wench."

Then a Warner Brothers' scout saw her and she went to Hollywood. When she was assigned to play in "As The Earth Turns," at Warners, she decided she wanted Al Green for her director. Young, inexperienced, a newcomer though she was, she sailed right into the front office and said, "I will not have any director but Mr. Green." She got Mr. Green.

I think you'll be seeing Jean as a star, all right—

What Clothes for Vacation Time?

(Continued from page 73)

My, but that's a fluffy, frilly thing, and it does still come high up under the chin in most instances. There are tendencies towards dropping it to low levels in front, but for this season, know that a hug-the-throat motif is all that any well-dressed girl need worry about.

Shoulders! Well, they're not so broad and sticky-out as they have been. Still, they are square and ample-looking. None of your pinched arm holes this season. You can have raglan sleeves and square sleeve lines to your heart's content with sleeves, generally puffed towards the elbows or wrists, though some little shoulder puffs appear on those organdy nothingnesses worn for the late afternoons and evenings.

Waistlines are kept on a normal, natural basis and daytime skirts are straight, with pleats to give them walking room, while those for evening are wide from the knees down and trail the floor to any extreme that you may wish to bother with. They can end at the ankles also with perfect propriety.

Vacation time is town time and even working time for many. But whether you are playing seriously or tending to your duties valiantly, have a suit of some sort or description. It fills so many spots that a dress can never live up to and, with various blouses, can be made to meet a multitude of needs.

Sheer suits are wonderfully satisfactory. And by sheer, I mean what is called a triple chiffon or a moss crepe or even a printed georgette. The coats

of these suits are generally made loose and flowing, either three-quarter or hip length, depending on your height and figure. Some of the coats, this year, are quite tailored and fitted, and feature wide collars and close little peplums.

I've just seen one made of black silk crepe in a very light texture. It had three blouses to go with it—one of barred white organdy, another of Pompadour taffeta and still another of striped handkerchief linen. The girl who bought this suit, very wisely, had a hat for each blouse—a white beret for the white blouse, a Watteau sailor with some funny little daisies round the crown for the taffeta blouse, and a draped toque for the striped one, made of the same material.

You could wear this sort of a get-up for town or for vacationing. Only for the latter experience, you would probably choose a non-crushable linen in blue or brown for the suit and cotton or linen for the blouses, with slouchy felt or linen hats to carry out the various schemes.

A WHOLE flock of shirtwaist dresses was another girl's choice for the foundation of her summer wardrobe. They were of cotton and linen and necktie silks. Then she had one light-weight flannel coat, unlined, to go with all of them, so that she could wear it, or not, according to the tricks the weather played at a particular moment.

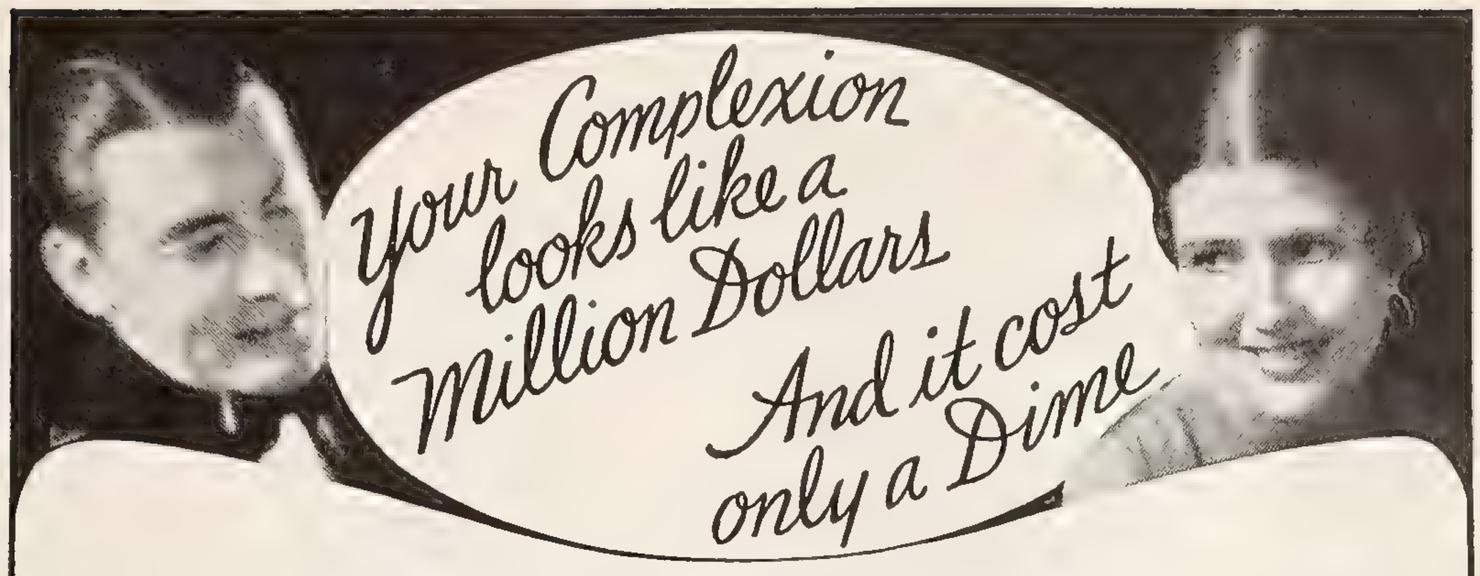
Have you considered shorts? Well, do then, for they are very much on the up-and-up. Everybody is wearing them for vacationing and you might just as well join the gay procession. They're full enough to cover undue humps and, just for modesty's sake, there are wrap-around and buttoned skirts that can be donned in a jiffy to hide their scantness, skirts that can be used for capes if the shoulders instead of the legs happen to need protection.

Bathing suits grow briefer. They're just too gracious for conscientious swimmers, for there's nothing to get in the way of strokes and things. Then there are slacks—usually of jersey or flannel—to pull on over the tightly-fitting suits and to serve as a beach costume after the sun-bath has done its work and tanning. Pajamas as such are out, but slacks—those man's pants effects—are all the rage and they're practical, too.

For dress-up, many girls are going in for shirt-waist dresses with long skirts. Of course they are rather diaphonous shirt-waists, but they have their jabots and their tailored lines all left intact.

Here are some of them! A pastel lace blouse with a black crepe skirt; a printed organdy blouse with a dark linen skirt; a plaid taffeta blouse with a heavy rayon skirt. They go on and on—these combinations and the blouses and skirts can be juggled about for a new splash each time you appear for a party.

If you can afford it, one of those fur capes will pep up your summer wardrobe no end, and is not so costly in the long run, either, for next winter you can make it appear as the cape of your winter coat.



There's simply *no sense* in using costly facial creams. Truly, you will find a 10c jar of Vi-Jon Cream as pure, as delicate, as genuinely *beautifying* as creams costing 50c to $2.00 per jar.

Make this simple test: Buy a *full size* (2-or 3-oz.) jar of any Vi-Jon Cream; also a "small size" of any high-priced cream recommended for the same purpose. Compare their texture, their odor, their actual effect on your face. No difference whatever! *And* the Vi-Jon jar contains 3 to 6 times as much cream. Make this test. Convince *yourself*.

VI-JON COLD CREAM

VI-JON VANISHING CREAM

VI-JON LIQUEFYING CREAM

VI-JON THEATRICAL CREAM (Cleansing)

10c at Five and Ten Cent Stores





VI-JON CREAMS

VI-JON LABORATORIES . . ST. LOUIS

REMINGTON PORTABLE

ONLY 10¢ A DAY



A new Remington Portable. Carrying case *free*. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 806, Buffalo, N. Y.

"*Now* I Can Keep My Real Age A Secret"



NO LONGER AM I TROUBLED WITH GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



—Make Ordinary Bob Pins Seem Needlessly Clumsy

Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, daintiest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Beauty shops find them indispensable for those soft curls and flattering ringlets. You'll like their strong snap and tight grip—and they are richly enameled, of course, as are all Sta-Rite hair pins. 10 cents at your favorite store in black, brown, gold or silver color. Or send 10c for full size pack. Specify color desired.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO., Shelbyville, Ill.

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co. of Canada, Limited
49 Wellington St., W., Toronto, Canada

STA-RITE HAIR PINS WAVE SET

Let me tell you how to improve **Your *skin*, *as I did* Mine**



It is so embarrassing to have your skin clouded with blackheads, coarsened by clogged pores or roughened by pimply spots and blotches. Cosmetics will not hide them, and you feel conscious of unspoken criticism, ill at ease, unable to appear at your best.

Why endure this mental distress—and perhaps physical discomfort—when the Resinol treatment provides a safe, simple way to help nature relieve complexion ills and make the skin clearer and smoother?

Bathe first with Resinol Soap. You will find it ideally refreshing and cleansing, and, because, it has no excess of free alkali, it can be used safely on sensitive, tender skin—where harsher soap might irritate. Then apply Resinol Ointment to the sore pimply spots. Its special Resinol medication is particularly effective in giving quick relief and promoting healing. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Keep them always on hand.

For a convincing free sample of each write Resinol, Dept. 1-H, Baltimore, Maryland.

Resinol

Why have
GRAY HAIR?

(TEST BOTTLE **FREE**)



Have young-looking hair instead of gray. This way SAFE. Test it Free—no risk—no expense. Complete Test Package proves results.

Comb colorless liquid through hair. Gray vanishes. Lustrous color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off on clothing. Leaves hair soft. Get full-sized bottle from druggist. Money back guarantee. Or we'll send Free Test.

Make this test FREE Snip off a lock of hair. Try first on this. Prove results. Millions have sent for this test. Mail coupon for FREE TEST PACKAGE.

--MARY T. GOLDMAN--
2318 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Kay Has Fooled Us All

(*Continued from page 42*)

most recent third, Mr. McKenna.

Have you ever stopped to wonder how it was possible for a movie star to obtain her third divorce as quietly as Kay accomplished hers from Kenneth McKenna without the usual "follow-up" sob stories all about "Why My Marriage Failed!"? No other star in Hollywood has ever been permitted the luxury of divorce without explanation. But Kay "got away with it."

HER only comments were made in court, necessary words to legally free her from Kenneth McKenna. She pleaded incompatibility. Mr. McKenna nagged her, with the resultant "mental cruelty." But if, behind those barely-adequate-to-obtain-a-divorce charges, there lurked the unhappiness of a woman whose pride was hurt, who had made two trips to New York attempting to salvage a love that had been perhaps a little too deep on her part, there was no indication of it. The actual divorce was obtained in Los Angeles. The news that she contemplated it had been broken in New York. At the time she said, "There isn't any story. I haven't anything to say."

And even the snapping of inquisitive reporters at her heels when she returned to Hollywood, did not change her mind, or her story. The other day a woman reporter tried to interview Kay on the "secret" back of her divorce. Kay stood up. Very quietly she gathered up her bag and gloves, walked to the door of the publicity department and stepped calmly through it. It was such a painless leavetaking, the gaping *femme* reporter didn't realize for some time that she wasn't coming back.

That story had not exactly slipped my mind as I sat opposite the charming Kay in her dressing-room on the Warner Brothers lot. It was between scenes of "Dr. Monica" and Kay, towel wrapped about her head, had just completed a fresh camera make-up. There is something polished and smooth about her even in grease paint with a towel wrapped about her head. There is something in her friendly manner that forbids impertinent intimacies. I checked this something off as one of her possible secrets for preserving her privacy.

Suddenly, and no doubt rudely, I said, "How do you do it?"

Kay slightly lifted a freshly made-up eyebrow, "Do what?" The mere fact that she spoke softly didn't mean she might not walk out at any moment. Kay always speaks softly, even when she has a run-out in mind.

"*Not* talk about your divorce when everyone else in Hollywood has always been forced to? Refuse to either deny, or confirm the rumor that Maurice Chevalier is sending you twenty-five dollars worth of flowers daily? Always dodge sensational sob stories about your private life no matter what you do?" Well, I had spoken my piece. The rest was up to Kay.

She reached forward, selected a cigarette from a large box on the coffee table in front of her and said, "I have been rather fortunate, haven't I?

OF course, I think it is not possible for anyone in Hollywood to achieve a completely private life. In the first place, we need publicity. It is part of our stock in trade. But one of the things I strive to do is to keep my publicity confined to such things as new photographs, fashion pictures, interviews concerning my career. When more personal things are brought up, I become what the newspaper boys refer to as 'very bad copy.' Part of it is intentional. It is impossible to quote even a movie star if she does not say anything. But partly, I cannot help it. It is utterly impossible for me to talk about anything close to my heart.

"I cannot confide in anyone, not even in my most intimate friends. I think this fault, or blessing, whichever it may be, more than anything else, has helped to keep my affairs private. I do not mean to be cynical about Hollywood friendship. There are many people here whose friendship I sincerely value. But not one of them even suspected trouble between Kenneth and myself before I announced the separation story in New York. I believe our friends were as surprised as were the reporters and the fans. There could not have been any of those over-the-luncheon-table rumors about 'poor Ken and Kay, they aren't hitting it off so well,' because nothing we said, or did before our friends could possibly have given them anything to be suspicious about.

"It was not exactly accidental, either, that I just happened to be in New York at the time of the divorce announcement. I was there on purpose because I knew that, had I remained in Hollywood, I would be forced to discuss the move I had made. I could not dodge it without making for strained, unnatural relations with my friends, and for resentment on the part of the press people. But by removing myself three thousand miles from Hollywood, and allowing the shock of the news to wear off before I returned, the flurry of curiosity just naturally died down. I merely informed the publicity department to refuse all interviews about my divorce. I had not, and I have not, anything to say about it."

She was anxious to change the subject. I think even now the most casual reference to her divorce from McKenna awakens bitter, unhappy memories in Kay Francis.

SHE said, "Getting back to this subject of keeping one's private life as private as possible, I think it is a very good rule to refrain from denying every

little rumor printed about you. For instance, the other day there was an item in the paper, a very small item by the way, hinting that I was receiving flowers daily from a certain motion picture actor. I read it, was amused at the insinuation it carried, and the next day I forgot it, just as thousands of other readers forgot it. But, had I rushed out in print with a big denial story, a page three protest, it would have caused a mountain of public attention to what had been a mere molehill before.

"Except in the case of out-and-out lies, I have never denied rumors about myself. Just the other day I read in the paper, 'Kay Francis Four Times Married and Divorced!' The story was not accurate by one marriage. I had been married three times. I had my secretary dispatch a note to the editor explaining his mistake. The following day an inconspicuous retraction was printed, and I dropped the matter."

When the stunning Francis leaves town, the producers of her pictures know it, but not the publicity department. Her favorite mode of travel is flying and she has made so many trips by now, the pilots know her and grin delightedly when she boards a plane in her dark glasses and hat pulled down over her face. When the plane lands at various fields between here and New York, they help her keep her identity a secret.

She has never had the interior, or exterior of her small modest bungalow in Hollywood, photographed. No maid, or secretary in her employ, has ever been granted permission to reveal The Private Home Life of Kay Francis. No intimate friend has ever revealed the "true" story of My Palsy-walsy Kay Francis.

For Kay is one Hollywood star who is not kidding about her rights to a private life. Only she doesn't have to make an unholy fuss about it!



With a Song in His Heart

(*Continued from page 43*)

No Kruger had ever stepped across it, nor thought of doing it.

YOUNG Otto was working in Chicago, installing telephones for the Western Electric. He was living in a dingy boarding-house on a narrow street cluttered with women and children and day's washings. Dun colored walls and underdone food and the smell of room laundries and cheap perfume. Flavorless. Unexciting. *Life.*

He walked into the parlor one night, just back from a trip to Omaha, Nebraska. He sat down at the tinny piano installed for the comfort and convenience of the guests. His fingers wandered with a lazy lovingness over the yellow keys. He played *"Die Wacht Am Rhein."* Suddenly a voice rose in that dreary parlor and sang to his music. He played the song through to the end, accompanying that bodiless voice. Some of the deep mysticism of the German stirred in his young soul. He listened with more than his physical ears. He turned at the song's end and in the dim corner, on the sofa, he saw a face and a figure that stopped the beating of his heart.

"She had a halo around her," Otto Kruger told me. "She didn't look like anyone else. I can't describe her features. I never saw them, I guess. She was dark, I know that. Her face was very pale. Her eyes were like blazing jewels in her face, but softer than jewels. She told me that when I turned I look to her like Hoffman's Christ. Years later, in a theatre in New York I was in my dressing-room one night experimenting with a red beard I intended to use in a part. The lights were back of my head. I wore a white sheet draped over me. Anne Warrington, my leading lady in the play, knocked at the door and came in. She took one look at me and fainted dead away. She had seen the resemblance, too—too plainly.

"We fell in love then and there, that sweet singer and I. Don't ask me how, or why, or what I make of it. It simply happened, that is all. She was a non-professional. She wanted to be a singer. She talked of concert and opera, of the stage and the theatre in the rapt voice of one who discusses some holy cause. Somehow she made the installing of telephones, the tinkering with wires and lines a dreary and unprofitable business. She infused the world with color I had never seen before.

WE had one blissful week, she and I. We had every interest in common. We sang and played together. All the old German folk songs, all the old songs of every language that lovers have sung since song began. We went to concerts together and to the Opera. We walked through city streets and were unconscious of our surroundings. Mounted high on some telephone pole during the course of my day's work, I could look over the teeming city and see only her face.

"And at the end of that week we went out into the country. It came to me that I must tell her we would be married the next day, the day after that. I had never mentioned marriage to her before. It was such a love as had demanded neither questions nor answers. It was a miracle without any need for demonstration of words or the making of plans.

"I said, 'We must be married.'

"And then she told me. She told me that she was to be married in ten days. She was in Chicago for the purpose of buying her trousseau. She had been engaged for more than three years to a doctor in Texas. They had been childhood sweethearts. He had worked

blood will tell—

WHAT a tonic rich, red-blood is to one's attractiveness!

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good sound reasoning that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood . . . and no *one* can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician . . . if you feel weak . . . lack a keen appetite . . . if your skin is pale and off-color . . . try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite . . . your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

You will find S.S.S. at all drug stores in two convenient sizes. © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S.

builds sturdy health



SUMMER can play havoc with your complexion —if you aren't careful! Hot sun and dry winds rob the skin of its natural oils. Cause the texture to become coarse and rough.

Don't let this happen! OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder will help *your* skin retain that supple softness and youthful clearness which men find so alluring.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the *only* face powder made on a base of pure Olive Oil. It is light and fluffy, yet it spreads evenly and clings for hours. Keeps the skin smooth and firm.

In large economy-sizes at drug and department stores—50c and 25c. Mail the coupon for 5 of the famous OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

CRYSTAL CORP., Willis Ave., N.Y.C., Dept. 50F
I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, Cleansing Cream, Olive Oil Cream, and Perfume.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

HOW TO WIN PRIZE CONTESTS. This book can make you rich, or at least help you make a good living. The purpose of this book, "How-to Win Prize Contests", is to help you win by setting forth the best-known principles and methods. Send 25c to **HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO. Box 745, Girard, Kansas**

CLAIRE WINDSOR
POPULAR STAR



What shade is your hair?

Tell me and I will tell you an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a *single, simple* shampooing.

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. Simple directions tell you how. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. 25c at your dealers'—or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. F
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Color of my hair:

for his degree with her in mind. He had opened up a practise in Texas and had worked night and day, relentlessly, tirelessly, in order to establish himself so that he might offer her a home worthy of her. He had succeeded. He had a good practise. He had saved money. He had bought a home and furnished it. He was ready for his bride and the wedding was scheduled for ten days ahead."

In that hour in the woods Otto Kruger changed from one type of man to another. He didn't know, of course, just what he was going to do or what he was going to be. An actor did not spring, full-fledged, like a Phoenix bird from the ashes of his old self. It didn't come to him, clean-cut, that he would give up engineering and follow the footlights to success. He did know that the old Otto Kruger was as gone as though he had never existed. He did know that, then and there, he dropped his little knapsack of plans and ambitions and stood empty-handed, waiting.

He said, "As I look back on myself now I am amused. Not amused at the idea that I was in love. I *was* in love. We were in love. It is as real and unquestionable in memory as it was in fact. I am amused at the young idealism of the man I used to be.

"I told her that I could not so cruelly hurt another man. I told her that I would not snatch a bride from the altar. I suppose my stolid German practicality, having its last fling, rejected so melodramatic a notion. I told her she must go to the man who could provide for her, take care of her as I could not.

I STAGED the martyr act. I probably began my acting career then and there. I told her that this was, after all, a mere infatuation. It wouldn't last. It wasn't intended to last. I closed my eyes while I talked because I didn't dare to watch her face while I lied to her.

"I told her that she must marry the doctor. It was the only decent thing to do. As for me, my best pal had been killed before my eyes by an electric current the week before and I had intended all along to go out to his Uncle's ranch in Wyoming, as he had asked me to do. The name of the ranch, by the by, was Lone Woman Basin Ranch. I told her my bags were packed, and that I had planned for this to be our last day together.

"I kissed her goodbye, lightly, on the brow. I told her it had been a lovely experience. I didn't give her time to ask me why I had mentioned marriage. I think she knew. I never have seen her again. I sent her to a loveless marriage and I walked out of that woods another man.

"I'm sorry it has to sound so dramatic. It was, of course. But what came out of it all is the really interesting thing, the fact that one scarifying experience like that can, and did, change a man into another man entirely, a new man with new aims and purposes and points of view and ambitions and dreams.

"That very night I rode the rods to the Lone Woman Basin Ranch. I did everything that a rancher can do and finally descended to the lowest of all ranching occupations—tending sheep on the hillsides and ranges. But on those hillsides, under the sun and the stars, all of the old placid orderly Otto Kruger was burned out of me. I realized that I could never go back to telephones, that I had passed a milestone and was set on a new road.

"Some men change, by slow stages, imperceptibly, from one type of person to another. A pedant will become a Don Juan, a pauper a millionaire, a student a wastrel or vice versa. Others meet one person, live through one adventure and the deed is done. That's the way it was with me.

I KNEW that I must escape—in the sense we meant when we speak psychologically. I must escape from Otto Kruger. Still, I didn't know how or by what means. In my effort to escape I spent the next year in a series of adventures that would put the Henty Boys of our childhoods to shame. I rode the rods to New Orleans, I joined a tent show in Texas and declaimed, very badly, in 'East Lynne,' 'Hamlet,' 'Lorna Doone,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'The Drunkard.'

"I shipped as sailing master on a sailing vessel bound for Central America and bearing a cargo of mahogany. I had never stepped foot on board a vessel before. I hadn't an idea of how to chart a course. I managed to get there, thanks to a pal who understood my plight and helped me out. I got mixed up in a revolution. I contracted typhoid fever and a few other maladies and things, and finally returned to the bosom of my frantic family to die. I didn't die. I got out of bed after months of hovering on the borderland and broke my father's heart and his pride in his only son by joining a stock company in Cleveland.

"I am an actor. I have done 300 plays, including stock. I have been forgiven by my father. Grossmutter is dead, still believing, no doubt, that the descendant of Oom Paul Krueger had disgraced the family name. Our name is really spelt with an 'e'—Krueger. I took the 'e' out of it when I joined the stock company. I thought it would ease my father's injured pride. Years later he asked me to put it back again. I am happily married and have a small daughter, Ottilie, aged seven. I have a home in Hollywood and money in the bank.

"And my work still means to me that I can be Otto Kruger one day and can escape into being the counsellor-at-law, the gang leader in 'Prizefighter and the Lady' the next day.

"It may sound fantastic to you, but everything I have done, everything I have turned out to be, everything I will ever do or have from this day forth is because of a song once sung in a dingy boarding-house room in Chicago, because in a May woods a girl once said to me, 'I am to be married in ten days.'

"I am an actor because of a song."

The Report Card

(Continued from page 80)

THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
Ken Maynard in another Western.

LADY KILLER (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney in a gangster role, with Mae Clarke as his moll.

LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
Beautiful scenic shots.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
Watch Ann Sothern. This gal's gonna make good.

MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles in an excellent comedy.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Good comedy with Bob Armstrong and Dixie Lee.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
Poor vehicle for Francis Lederer, but he makes the most of it.

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie and Noah Beery in a Western.

A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
Authentic story about Hollywood. With Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
Baron Munchausen in person.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Lanny Ross' début.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
Stirring drama about the medical profession. Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.

MR. SKITCH (Fox).
For the Will Rogers fans.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Thrilling entertainment. With Bob Montgomery, Elizabeth Allan, and Lewis Stone.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen as Quirt and Flagg again. Lots of fun.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray and Walter Connolly in another one of them thar hospital yarns.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
Lionel Barrymore.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
A Janet Gaynor film.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).
The comedy team of Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
Norman Foster and Ginger Rogers.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
Ann Harding, the woman physician.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
Larry "Buster" Crabbe and a bevy of beautiful girls.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
Very, very funny. Alice Brady, Conway Tearle and Lionel Barrymore.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts as a movie star. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Good comedy. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Burns and Allen.

SMOKY (Fox).
Fine horse picture.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
Dietrich.

SON OF A SAILOR (First National).
Joe E. Brown.

SPEED WINGS (Columbia).
Tim McCoy.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Hepburn in a fine characterization of a mountain girl. The story may bore you, but you'll like Katie.

SUNSET PASS (Paramount)..
Western.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Very modern drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy and Constance Cummings.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter in a homey story that you'll enjoy.

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
That Scott boy in another Western.

TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
Bing Crosby.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners).
Not up to par. Joe E. Brown.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (First National).
What the Depression has done to the kids. Frankie Darro.

A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES (Warners).
Fine characterization by Aline MacMahon. Paul Kelly and Ann Dvorak do nicely. (New title: Side Streets.)

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
Fair comedy. Wynne Gibson, William Gargan, Charlie Farrell.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
You'll be disappointed.

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
Very sophisticated. With Warner Baxter and Helen Vinson.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
Another Warner Oland thriller.

COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
Dick Powell and Ann Dvorak in a football story with a new slant.

COME ON MARINES (Paramount).
Rowdy stuff. Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
Poor story. Fay Wray and Paul Lukas.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
The least successful of the current "bus" pictures. Lew Ayres and June Knight.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal).
May hold your interest. Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners).
Eddie Robinson and Genevieve Tobin.

DAVID HARUM (Fox).
The latest Will Rogers offering.

DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
Good characterization by Will Rogers.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
Light romantic comedy. Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
Nice performances by Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson.

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Kruger in a war story.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
You may like this.

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).
Submarine yarn.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck turns gambler, too.

GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Marion Davies' latest. With Bing Crosby.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
The kids may enjoy it.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey again.

I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox).
John Boles, Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames can't do much with this Greenwich Village tale. You may like the newcomer, Miss Ames.

I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond in a musical that's worth your time.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
Very unusual. Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Heavy drama. Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou.

LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
A musical with June Kight and Neil Hamilton.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
John Barrymore as a waiter in a night club. The direction is poor and the story is bad.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
An all-male cast including Boris Karloff, Victor McLaglen and Reginald Denny.

MASSACRE (Warners).
A bit depressing. Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
Bruce Cabot and Betty Furness in a tale about Annapolis.

MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
Rather weak. Lilian Harvey and John Boles.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
Noah Beery and Astrid Allyn in a very dull mystery.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia).
George Breakston and Frankie Darro as leaders of rival gangs. Lois Wilson and Frank Morgan don't have much to do.

OLSEN'S NIGHT OUT (Fox).
Featuring El Brendel.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
Another hospital yarn that doesn't click. Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
A trifle unpleasant. Some good acting by Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen.

THE SHOW-OFF (M-G-M).
Spencer Tracy is miscast.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
If you're interested in expeditions to Greenland.

THREE ON A HONEYMOON (Fox).
Poor story. ZaSu Pitts peps it up some.

THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
Claudette Colbert in the title role.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
You'll like Otto Kruger.

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).
Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
An excellent cast saves it. May Robson, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and William Bakewell.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount).
W. C. Fields is the whole show.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
A mystery. With Edmund Lowe.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
Charles Farrell as an art student.

HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
A waterfront yarn with Richard Arlen and Judith Allen.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
Poor story. Walter Huston is wasted in this one



"Here is the SECRET"
says Mary Brian



MOON GLOW
NAIL POLISH
Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral

If you paid $1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Poish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., *Ltd.*, Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked.
( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral
Name.....
St. & No.....
City.. State.. (MG-A6)

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 6318-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

"RADIO GIRL" PERFUME INSPIRES
Dreams of Love



There's a subtle allurement in this exquisite odeur. And RADIO GIRL Perfume and Face Powder have *added* charm for the thrifty modern girl who loves nice things—*they cost so little!* Because, though deriving its fragrance from French essential oils, RADIO GIRL Perfume is compounded in the United States... RADIO GIRL Face Powder has the same delightful odeur. Made in smart, new blending shades.

Use this Coupon for FREE SAMPLES M6
"Radio Girl", Saint Paul, Minnesota.
Send me FREE Regular Size *Radio Girl* Perfume and Trial Size *Radio Girl* Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
Name.....
Address.....



LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
A dull yarn. Lew Ayres and Pat Ellis are in it.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
This radio team's first picture. You can skip it.

THE BIG SHAKEDOWN (First National).
Exposing the cut-rate drug racket. Very dull.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
Dull story about a couple of song writers. Music is good.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
Disappointing. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Colleen Moore.

TWO ALONE (RKO).
Mediocre. Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UPPERWORLD (Warners).
Another trite yarn for Warren William. Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers here, too.

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).
Very, very bad. Charles Laughton can't save this one.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

If you would be a dream girl on a moonlit terrace, you must rehearse aplenty for this rôle in your own home. Especially in this season of the year. And that's what I'm going to talk about, this time—the groundwork, the preparation, the precautions that go to make up summer loveliness. You may get a break, at that, on a moonlit terrace, what with the dim light and all. But how about a blazing summer beach?

Isn't there just a little twinge at the heart strings, however, when memories of former summers return to haunt you? That red, shiny nose that simply wouldn't take powder; those blistered shoulders that peeled and prevented wearing your evening gown to the big ball of the season.

What to do about these things?

You may say to yourself, "What of it? Who would go back to the Victorian era and don veils or sun bonnets. What vanity can be great enough to keep me out of sports on a summer day in the year of 1934?"

BUT there is a way to avoid every single one of these summer sorrows. If you don't believe it, ask any girl who works in motion pictures. Of course they know because—contrary to the general belief that grease paint covers all defects—it merely exaggerates them. The camera is the most critical beauty doctor in the world and many a girl has been unsuccessful in motion pictures because of a roughened skin. These girls can't afford to take chances.

To go back to Fay Wray. Here's a beautiful woman who has been in pictures since she was seventeen. She declares that keeping her skin in perfect condition is of the utmost importance to her career. Her suggestions on the care of the complexion may help you solve your summer worries:

"A good complexion, at any time of the year, depends primarily on one's physical condition. That is an established fact and it is also taken for granted that regular exercise is necessary in order to be fit. However, this is not the only thing to be done. For example—ice is one of the best complexion aids in the world. I have a tiny ice box that I carry with me to work. Before make-up of any kind is applied, my face is always rubbed with an ice cube. This acts as an astringent; it tones up the skin and brings the blood to the surface."

Ice, however, when used carelessly may do more harm than good. Fay Wray stresses this fact and insists that much cold cream be used where the skin is inclined to be dry. She cold creams her face at night after make-up is removed, and again in the morning, before taking her bath. If she intends going for a swim or for a long motor ride where the wind and sun may dry the skin greatly, she uses a special preparation to prevent windburn and sunburn. (There are several very good preparations for this that are inexpensive and can be purchased at drugstores.)

Dolores Del Rio has a home remedy that is excellent for keeping the skin smooth and clean. Before retiring she merely pats pure strained honey on it and allows it to remain for about ten minutes. When the ten minutes are up, she washes the honey off with luke warm water and finishes with a dash of cold water. The honey not only serves as a cleanser and astringent but is healing as well. It's just the old adage of "an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure." No sunburn blisters pass without leaving the skin rough and unsightly. Why not be smart and avoid them?

HERE are a few odds and ends of beauty advice which I have picked up from some of our Hollywood beauties:

If your nails are in the habit of breaking just as you've gotten them nice and long . . . don't worry. All Marlene Dietrich does is to cover the broken nails with a thin sticking-plaster and then covers the entire nail with a deep nail varnish. You can't tell the difference!

Ginger Rogers keeps her gorgeous legs white and smooth by rubbing them with a piece of pumice stone every day in her bath. Only be sure the pumice stone is smooth, Ginger warns.

For perspiring hands, Claudette Colbert suggests a salt rub. This is how she does it: take about a tablespoon or two of ordinary table salt—moisten it with a little water and then grind into the palms thoroughly. Remove with luke warm water. Do this once or twice a day—and you'll soon notice a difference.

Irene Dunne declares there is nothing that supplies sheen to the tresses like daily brushing with a good stiff brush. But, she claims, it must be plied vigorously and diligently. "Thirty strokes every night before retiring" still holds good.

Now we know the secret of Frances Dee's lovely, shiny, curled up eyelashes.

She uses plain old-fashioned mustache wax on 'em!

Constance Bennett always brushes powder on her lashes and then brushes it off before applying her mascara. It gives the lashes "body."

Sally Eilers always keeps a bottle of castor oil on her dressing table—to be used in and on her eyes! One drop goes in each eye once a day for cleansing purposes as well as obtaining that luster . . . and a wee little bit goes under her eye shadow to give her eyes a moist, transparent look that is so flattering.

Another use for castor oil: Jeanette MacDonald literally "soaks" her scalp with equal parts of castor oil and alcohol the night before the shampoo, to restore the natural oil the studio lights seem to absorb.

Did you know that if your powder is lighter than your skin, your skin will appear coarse? Also that if you have a large nose, dark powder will make it less conspicuous? But if your nose is just button-size, then use light powder to emphasize it.

The movie stars have a new wrinkle: To give the hands a tapering and delicate appearance, they apply liquid rouge on the inside of the fingers—between each finger—in delicate shades that blend with the skin tint and with the shade of nail enamel used.

Mary Biddle has a generous sample jar of a well-known cream to offer all of you who write in for it. It'll take care of those sunburns, windburns and rough hands for you. Ask her to send it to you.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 17)

Here's to Anna Q.

J. RAYBOULD, Highland Park, Mich, one of her loyal fans, says:

It was with keen interest that I watched the audience's reaction to the appearance of Anna Q. Nilsson's name in the cast of "The World Changes." The movie fans had not forgotten our Anna Q. It only took them a second to spy her name, followed by a warm buzz of welcome.

But even then, the producers didn't take a tumble — they couldn't realize the gold mine they have in the person of Anna Q. Nilsson.

She came to Detroit with the "Moulin Rouge Caravan." The audience was glad to see Anna Q. in person, happy to see her walk on the stage a well being. The fans had not forgotten Anna Q. the many months she fought bravely to win the battle with the elements of nature—broken bones. Detroit turned out *en masse* to greet this courageous woman and wish her well in her fight to come back to us on the screen.

Let's give her the credit she so richly deserves. *(Right you are, Sylvia. And shortly you'll see her opposite two of Warners' most popular male stars, Warren William and Edward G. Robinson, in "Upperworld" and "The Dark Tower" respectively.)*

Why Three Newcomers to the Screen Are Bound To Twinkle

B. M., of Hollywood, Calif., gives us the answer:

Jean Muir and Evelyn Venable could scarcely shake me out of a lethargy into a flurry of letter-writing, but Paul Kelly, Fred Astaire and Margaret Sullavan—ah, that's a different story.

Paul Kelly: Here is an actor who achieves the maximum results with the minimum of gestures. He is very arresting. Perhaps a genuine artist—at least a fine actor, with an extremely well-pitched, magnetic voice, and nothing of the "ham" about him. I like his reserve—the suggestion of passion (in the best sense) and strength of character.

Margaret Sullavan: For a youthful person, she has marvelous emotional power and range. I hope they don't over-publicize her! It happens so often. For instance, much as I admire Katharine Hepburn, the stream of publicity pictures and stories about her are tiring us all out.

Fred Astaire: Has just what it takes to sparkle in screen musicals. Of course, we all know about his dancing, but isn't he a clever comedian? A genuine, infectious gaiety in his personality.

Telling the World

SYLVIA TANNER, of Milton, Pa., raves:

Mary Astor is equally good in diversified roles and she is so different that it is a pleasure to see her. Her acting, as the insane wife of Paul Muni in "The World Changes" was great. She played the part of the siren to perfection in "Easy to Love" and her work in "Red Dust," "Convention City" and "The Kennel Murder Case" was of the same high quality.

DO THIS

for white shoes

Clean with Shinola. Fine for all shoes—suede, buck, canvas and kid. Removes spots quickly and restores that "new shoe" look. At all stores.

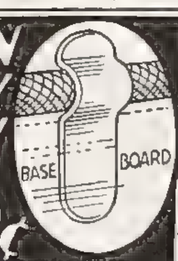


10¢

liquid, tube or cake

There's a Shinola Product for every shoe. Pastes and liquids, all colors, only 10¢ each.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

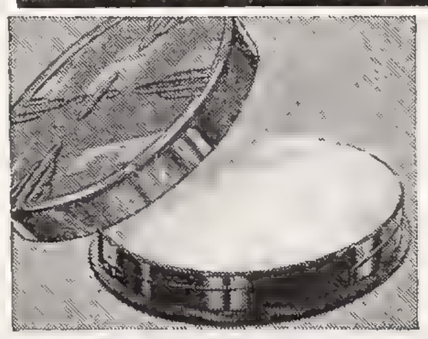


KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
At Kresge's

FADED GRAY HAIR

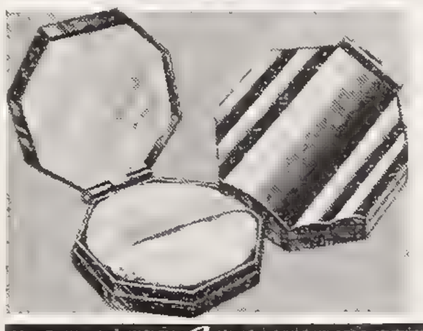
Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—**"SHAMPO - KOLOR"**. No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with **"SHAMPO - KOLOR"**. No "dyed" look, but a lovely natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept 39, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

10¢ — 15¢ AT LEADING CHAINS



Top, left—odorless composition vanity in smart solid colors, with first grade velour puff. Fitted with screw cap.... **10c**

Bottom, left—ultra-smart octagonal in odorless composition, with beveled glass mirror and the finest velour puff..... **15c**



Both are feather-light, fashionable, serviceable . . . and may be had in black and white and smart pastel shades Seeing is buying.

Created by
A. L. SIEGEL. CO., Inc.
22 West 22nd St., N. Y. C.

HANDYSIFT *Loose Powder Vanity*

20¢ A MONTH KEEPS ALL MY WHITE SHOES SPOTLESS!



..says BETTY LOU

Would you believe it! For less than the cost of a movie ticket I keep, not only my white shoes, but all my white accessories, purses, belts, etc. immaculate and new-looking for a whole month. That's all it costs for two economical bottles of

Realshine WHITE Shoe Cleaner and Dressing

Look for this Bottle

RENEWS
• SHOES
• HATS
• GLOVES
• BELTS
• PURSES



Actually removes spots and imbedded dirt, yet will NOT RUB OFF! The one white dressing for all purposes.

10¢ AT YOUR 5 & 10¢ STORE

Realshine Co. Inc. Galveston, Texas

Consult Yogi Alpha About Your FUTURE



The next 12 months are filled with opportunity. What do they hold for YOU? What will be your lucky days? Will you win in love? What occupation should you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a big 1000 word Life Reading for only 25c. Covers marriage, love, health, partnership, lucky days, etc. You can follow this guide day by day throughout your lifetime and consult it before making any important changes in home, social or business affairs. J. T. writes, "You have given me new faith and hope." M. B. writes, "Everything you predicted came true." R. M. writes, "Have found your forecast absolutely correct. It seems uncanny that one can have that power." Send only 25c in coin or stamps and exact birth date for your Astrological Forecast, Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satsfied. Mail coupon NOW.

FREE
300 WORD NUMEROLOGY READING with order for Astrological Reading.

BIG READING ONLY 25c

YOGI ALPHA, Box 1411, Dept. D-10, San Diego, Calif.

Enclosed is 25c for my big life Reading. Money back if not satisfactory. My Numerology Reading (300 words) included FREE.

Name..... Birth date.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you have a friend who wishes a reading, send 50c for TWO Readings.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 45)

A: STAND UP AND CHEER
(Fox)

Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, James Dunn, John Boles

BLUES of depression disappear! This picture of the March of Prosperity along the New Deal Highway (long since having passed that famous "corner") is a vivid and humorous portrayal of the optimism of modern America. There are plenty of laughs and romance along the road—from the said corner of economic stress to the smooth road of prosperity and happiness. Warner Baxter, reaching new heights in dramatic portrayal, brings the country "out of the red"—with the able assistance of Madge Evans, James Dunn, John Boles and a strong supporting cast. What with Will Rogers having furnished the original idea for this opus, and the grand display of gorgeous chorus girls swarming all over skyscrapers, and fountains, and doll dances thrown in for good measure, there is nothing left to be desired.

C: YOU'RE TELLING ME
(Paramount)

W. C. Fields, Joan Marsh, Larry (Buster) Crabbe, Adrienne Ames

FUNNY in spots. It's W. C. Fields' starring picture—ringing in all the Fields gags—some funny and some not so funny. The plot (what there is of it) hinges on a princess who befriends Fields, the town goat, to the extent that he gets tight with the mayor and sells his "puncture-proof tire" for a million bucks. Adrienne Ames makes a stately looking princess and Joan Marsh and Buster Crabbe are sweet as the lovebirds. If you like W. C. Felds' comedy, this mighty satisfy.

B: THE CRIME DOCTOR
(RKO)

Otto Kruger, Karen Morley, Nils Asther, Judith Wood

SOMETHING new and very interesting in mysteries. Yes, you will see a novel murder mystery—novel, because there *is* no mystery. You know who killed the gal all the time and you know the motive, but you *don't* know how the thing will end in spite of the fact that you will think you know until the last sequence. Otto Kruger is swell as the jealous detective and Nils Asther does very well in the role of the victim. The feminine half of the picture is well done by Karen Morley and Judith Wood. We do advise you to see the picture. Good entertainment.

B: GLAMOUR
(Universal)

Constance Cummings, Paul Lukas, Philip Reed

A GOOD story, effective direction and fine acting put this talkie very close to the front ranks in movie entertainment. Constance Cummings does her best work to date as the ambitious chorus gal who achieves fame, a wealthy husband and a baby—then leaves it all for love in a cottage. But, unlike the usual formula, the story doesn't end there. It goes on to tragedy and heartbreak—winding up with a strong and effective finale. Paul Lukas and Philip Reed, husbands one and two respectively, give outstanding performances. The balance of the cast, including Doris Lloyd as the jealous nurse of the boy, contribute their share of excellent acting. If you see this, it will be time and money well spent.

B: SPEED WINGS
(Columbia)

Tim McCoy, Evalyn Knapp, Billy Bakewell

A TYPICAL, small-town thriller. The picture is chuckful of action—speeding airplanes, crack-ups, rescue scenes and one or two bloody fights. Aviator Tim McCoy tries to make a man of Billy Bakewell, who has gone yellow after witnessing too many smashes. Kids will go for it.

B: MELODY IN SPRING
(Paramount)

Lanny Ross, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Ann Sothern

THIS is light and tuneful. According to Paramount's guess, half of the world has been waiting to *see* Lanny Ross sing—well, here's their chance. Be warned, however, that when he stops singing and we have a chance to scrutinize his acting, he isn't as hot as he might be. Well, time will improve that. Don't expect more than a tune and a laugh.

A: VIVA VILLA
(M-G-M)

Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, Donald Cook, Stuart Erwin

EXCEPTIONAL action picture! Man and boy—here is a swell picture for you! Action . . . speed . . . war . . . noisy guns and sex appeal carefully placed together in historical fashion. Wallace Beery is just about perfect as Villa and he stands out for the rare simplicity of his characterization more because of the tremendous scope of the vivid backdrop of Mexico. Henry B. Walthall gives us a fine example of acting as the President. Carrillo does his best work as first lieutenant to Villa. The photography is gorgeous. This is almost an epic. Better see it!

C: THE TRUMPET BLOWS
(Paramount)

George Raft, Adolphe Menjou, Frances Drake, Katherine De Mille

ANOTHER palooka! Badly jumbled story . . . mis-casting . . . mediocre

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



RELIEVES PAIN IN ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you relief in *one minute!* These soothing, healing pads *stop the cause* by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—no more pain, sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes.



Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns and callouses when used with the separate *Medicated Disks* included for that purpose. Get this sure relief today. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

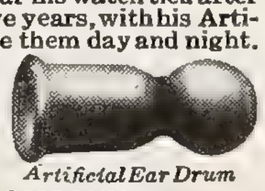
Put one on—the pain is gone!

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—



Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
717 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

GRAY HAIR PENCIL



Instantly gives to **GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color.** A secret method that ***keeps gray away*** from Roots, Temples and Parting, and Keeps Gray from Spreading. Cannot be detected. Will not fade or wash off. Delights both men and women!—

NOW 25 CENTS

To Quick'y Introduce ORATEX Treatment,

full size Pencil for 25c coin. Lasts many months. State shade.
ORATEX CO., 400 West Erie St., Dept. G-18, CHICAGO



direction and very little, if any, interesting features. I arrived late at the preview and had to sit in the aisle, so I know how many people walked out. Poor George Raft. Cast as a Mexican bull fighter and still talking with a Lower East Side accent. It was just too bad. Menjou wasn't much better and Frances Drake can dance better than she can act. The photography was the one redeeming feature. But who wants to see redeeming features?

C: FINISHING SCHOOL
(RKO)

Frances Dee, Billie Burke, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot

WARMED-OVER stuff. If we hadn't quite a run on these "exclusive" girls' school stories, this little epic might not suffer so from the comparison, but as it is, the cast is much more important than anything they can do about it. Frances Dee, however, does a right smart job as the girl. Billie Burke preens to everyone's delight and Ginger Rogers (as usual) nearly walks away with all but the scenery. But the story isn't there.

B: I'LL TELL THE WORLD
(Universal)

Lee Tracy, Gloria Stuart, Roger Pryor

LEE TRACY'S back! As a direct result of a clamoring fan following, Lee Tracy is on the silver screen again. Of course, all you who've had a say in his come-back will want to see this picture . . . and if you like lots of Tracy, you'll find it here! Fast action, good dialogue. Tracy is an ace reporter in Europe. Everything tends to give you a chance to see your old favorite at his top speed. Of course, the story is a bit far-fetched, what with mythical kingdoms, murders, princes and what not, but when Lee falls in love with Gloria Stuart and tries to do something about it, you're in for some real action.

C: THREE ON A HONEYMOON
(Fox)

Sally Eilers, Charles Starrett, ZaSu Pitts, Henrietta Crosman

NOT so good. If ZaSu Pitts had had a larger role, it might have helped, but Sally Eilers and Charlie Starrett are no more adequate than the story, which is terrible. All about a headstrong gal (Eilers) who is sent on a world cruise to overcome it, but, as far as we could see, it only made matters worse. She starts out by chasing a handsome ship officer (Starrett) who insults everything but her intelligence. Then comes a suicide or two—with a finale which allows all parties (including ZaSu) to "get their men."

B: MANHATTAN LOVE SONG
(Monogram)

Robert Armstrong, Dixie Lee

SURPRISINGLY good. Though produced by an indie, this has all the



BEAUTY *does* COME IN BOTTLES

Lovely, lustrous fingertips . . . their secret's found in each bottle of CHIC. See how satin-smooth CHIC nail polish "goes on" . . . how its lustre lasts, unharmed by water. CHIC comes in five favorite colors . . . CLEAR (Colorless), PINK, CORAL, RUBY, DEEP . . . each in an unusually generous crystal flacon. Available also in the new "Creme" type polish. Ask for CHIC Cuticle Remover and CHIC Polish Remover, too.

At all good chain stores.

CHIC NAIL POLISH 10¢

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

We teach Beauty Culture. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.** For promptness in writing me, I will include a $2.00 Certificate for Mahler Beauty Preparations.

D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 36F, Providence, R. I.

$1 PAYS FOR $3000 LIFE PROTECTION

Even if you are past 55 —and without Medical Examination!



IF YOU are between the ages of 10 and 75 you may now enjoy the benefits of reliable life protection for only $1, and without a medical examination. This new Life Protection Certificate, offered exclusively by one of the largest associations of its kind in the state of California and subject to rigid examinations by the State Insurance Department, pays up to $1500 For Death From Any Cause; $2000 to $3000 for accidental death. Your protection is backed by a sound financial institution with more than 25 million dollars life protection in force.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, age, name of beneficiary, and a Life Certificate, fully made out in your name will be sent to you for 10 Days Free Inspection. NO AGENT WILL CALL. If you decide to keep it, send only $1 to put your protection in force for at least 45 days . . . then about 3c a day. If not, you owe nothing. OFFER LIMITED. So write today without obligation.

Accept 10-Day FREE Inspection Offer

NATIONAL SECURITY LIFE ASSOCIATION
Dept. B-187, 204 S. Hamilton Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Now lift off Corns



AND STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

FREEZONE

Let me put you in the Movies



3,500 athletes in pictures! Physical Culture training won me a Movie Contract. Studios searching for men with athletic bodies. I offer you a chance to win a

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

Free Screen and Talkie Test thru my home-study Physical Culture Course. What training has done for me and many other picture stars it can do for YOU. Send NOW for FREE booklet. Give name, age and address for particulars. Joe Bonomo, 230-J Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

WHITE SHOES Cleaned Easily!

For kid, cloth or buckskin use ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner in Tube. Wonderful results. Easy to use. Will not rub off. Only 10¢ at 10¢ stores. 12 kinds of ColorShine for all colors and kinds of shoes. Try it!



CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

earmarks of a major production. Good plot. All about two rich sisters who lose everything but their apartment (the rent was paid in advance). To cover other expenses they take their chauffeur and maid in as "paying guests," with the chauffeur (Armstrong) taking full control. Dixie Lee is another pleasant surprise. As the singing debutante, she not only looks plenty cute but has a good voice, and is a natural for comedy.

B: SIDE STREETS
(Warners)

Aline MacMahon, Paul Kelly, Ann Dvorak

FINE characterization. Aline MacMahon has the role of her career as Madame Valerie, a lonely, plain-looking woman in her thirties—aching for the love of a human being. Along comes Paul Kelly, a young, unreliable but likeable sailor, looking for a meal ticket. They marry. Her understanding and forgiveness of his many digressions ultimately make him realize the worth of the woman he married. Kelly gives an honest and real performance. Ann Dvorak, in a smaller part, does well. But the picture belongs to Aline.

C: ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES
(Fox)

Hugh Williams, Helen Twelvetrees

WALK don't run! This little opus is inclined to leave you with a desire to yawn. Yes, in spite of some fairly good acting, one or two fair situations and the début of Hugh Williams, this picture never gets started and arrives exactly nowhere. The war is brought in merely to make it difficult for the lovers to get together. Mr. Williams' papa wants him to marry the girl of his choice when, all the time, Sonny Boy could go for Helen Twelvetrees in a big way. Papa has his way, in the beginning, and Sonny Boy (you guessed it) has his in the end.

B: A VERY HONORABLE GUY
(Warners)

Joe E. Brown, Alice White

OPINION will be divided. Those who like Joe E. Brown in anything will like this. While those who like him in nothing will say, "I told you so."

It's about a guy who needs a grand to tide him over with his gold-digging gal friend (Alice does well this time) and borrows it from a doctor in return for "his body in thirty days." This will make you laugh once in a while. The fast action of the usual Brown opus is lacking. If you've seen 'em all, try it.

C: JOURNAL OF A CRIME
(Warners)

Ruth Chatterton, Adolphe Menjou

A PROBLEM for you. There isn't a laugh in the entire picture. So if you like your entertainment light, you'll know just what to do when this show comes to town. For those of you who go for a bit of heavy drammer, however, it must be said that you'll get your money's worth. Problem: What would you do if you didn't love your wife any more and found out that she had killed your sweetheart, especially when the police don't even suspect the wife and have a good case against a bank robber? Adolphe Menjou likes the problem so well that he keeps a diary of Ruth Chatterton's period of breakdown. Then came the dawn, however, and Ruth and Adolphe start out afresh—or something. Chatterton is a bit too hysterical, but you may like her.

C: COME ON MARINES
(Paramount)

Dick Arlen, Ida Lupino, Roscoe Karnes, Grace Bradley

A BIT rowdy. In a desperate effort to make Dick Arlen "tough," you never get the idea that he really loves Ida Lupino at all. Marine Arlen gets into so many scrapes that he is finally sent to the jungles. There, with his taxi-driver pal, Karnes, he gets into some of the most improbable situations we've seen for a long time, including the rescue of some "children" who turn out to be débutantes—all free, white and twenty-one. The result is lusty, rowdy entertainment.

D: LET'S BE RITZY
(Universal)

Lew Ayres, Patricia Ellis, Isabel Jewell

UNPARDONABLY dull. Personally, I don't think Lew Ayres has any right to be so lousy—and Patricia Ellis has no rights at all! The night we previewed this epic, the film caught on fire and they never got the voices in "sync" again, so it was quite a comedy. But you won't have any of those laughs when you see it (if you do), so it will no doubt bore you stiff. The story is outmoded and the dialogue is very badly chosen. Never let it be said. . . .

D: UPPERWORLD
(Warners)

Warren William, Mary Astor, Ginger Rogers, Andy Devine

FLOPO, Flopare, Flopatus! But just why I should go to the trouble to conjugate this mess in half-hearted Latin, I will never know. The plot can be told (à la tabloid) thus: "Local man deserts wife and chee-ild as blizzard grips city!" And that would just about say it all. Typical shot: Warren William returns from his extra-marital relations with Ginger Rogers and is brought back to home and wife (Mary Astor) by the pathetic baby-talk and gurgling of Dickie Moore. In spite of the banal plot and all the rest, Warren William continues to exude sex-appeal and charm. Just how he manages to do so is as mysterious as the reason for making this picture. Don't!

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!



TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR** Tablets **(Nature's Remedy)**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists'—only 25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk HG-77 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

BUNIONS Reduced Quickly



BUMP GOES DOWN!

Pain stops almost instantly! Then blessed relief. **Fairyfoot** gradually reduces painful, ugly bunions. Enables you to wear smaller shoes. No cumbersome appliances. No messy salves. Used on over 2,000,000 feet since 1897. Write for **Free** trial treatment. **Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago, Ill., 1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. A.271** **FREE Proof**

BALD NO LONGER



Mr. A. S. R. of New York City writes: "I had 3 bald spots the size of a half-dollar. I used Japanese Oil for 3 months and now my bald spots are entirely covered with hair."

JAPANESE OIL, the antiseptic counter-irritant, is used by thousands for baldness, falling hair, loose dandruff and scalp itch. Price 60c. Economy size $1. All druggists'. FREE booklet. "Truth About the Hair"—write.

NATIONAL REMEDY CO., 56 W. 45th St., Dept. M. M. N. Y.

At Last I Enjoy LEG COMFORT



"For six years I tried everything possible. Since using your method two years ago, I haven't had a sign of trouble." Mrs. Kate Harris, Alexander City, Ala.

Why suffer? The LIEPE METHOD quickly relieves indicated Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Enlarged and Swollen Veins, Eczema and other stated leg troubles *while you walk*. A special prescription for each type of case. 40 years of success! Praised by thousands

FREE BOOKLET

LiepeMethods, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 94-F, Milwaukee, Wis.

NEW LOW PRICES GOODYEAR Firestone-Goodrich U.S. AND OTHER TIRES

$2.15 29x4.40-21



Save on Tires! Why pay high prices for tires? Save money on all standard brands, reconstructed by the special **Adamite scientific process.** Adams tires are **fully guaranteed** to give best of service under severest road conditions for **12 full months** and are backed by the vast financial resources of this well-known company.

12 MONTH WRITTEN GUARANTY BOND WITH EACH TIRE

BALLOON TIRES			CORD TIRES		
Size	Rim Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
29x4.40-21	$2.15	$0.85	30x3	$2.25	$0.65
29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85	30x3½	2.35	0.75
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85	31x4	2.95	0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	32x4	2.95	0.85
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	33x4	2.95	0.85
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	34x4	3.25	0.85
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	**Heavy Duty Trucks**		
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15	Size	Tire	Tube
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15	30x5	4.25	1.95
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25	32x6-8ply	6.95	2.75
33x6.00-21	3.55	1.25	32x6-10p.	7.95	2.75
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35	34x7	9.95	3.25

DEALERS WANTED **ALL OTHER SIZES**

FREE With order for 2 tires, full size utility light complete with bulb. Replaces flashlight, no battery to replace. Always ready to use

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED BRAND NEW

Send $1 deposit with each tire ordered. ($4 with each truck tire.) Balance C.O.D. If you send cash in full, deduct 5%. Remember — 12 months' written guaranteed service or replacement at ½ price.

ADAMS TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. F-205
2515 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

AND now about Master Arlen. When we visited little ole Massa (son of Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen) he was parked in the center of the living-room of his palatial suite in the Waldorf-Astoria. And, as far as he was concerned, New York was a delusion and a snare and the less said about it the kindlier.

In the first place, if a fella crept as far as a radiator, the darn thing burned his pink palm and if he grabbed for the telephone, he rated an electric shock for his trouble. And, b'gosh, when you're only ten months old, you've gotta have *some* fun.

Young Dick looks like his daddy and, like his daddy, he's a movie actor. Yes, a full-fledged one who had a private dressing room, a "double" n'everything. (Remember, he played in "The Baby in the Ice Box"?) Indeed, "Elmer," as his parents call him—probably because his name is Richard—and his "stand-in" looked so much alike that they had the director and cast constantly confused. But little Dick got the billing and more money, so that made him the star.

Besides, at the moment, he is doing Europe with his famous parents, who had no itinerary mapped out, but just decided to wander for three months. Now, if that isn't star stuff! Oh joy, oh bliss; oh Paramount, oh munyee!

The movies are a great big job to Richard Arlen, Sr., and we suspect he is a pretty swell gentleman who knows all the answers. Dick Arlen does his job, and does it well. Years ago he was a stunt man and doubled in dangerous shots for, believe it or not, Agnes Ayres.

And now, after all these years, he's earned a vacation and so, across the Big Pond with little Joby and littler Elmer! Nice? We think so.

* * *

PARAMOUNT and Georgie Raft may have had words, and then again they may not have. But, be that as it may, the Home Office threw a cocktail party for one of their better bets. It was impromptu and very lively and in one of the tower suites at the Waldorf.

George Raft is a regular guy. He has a desire to "come clean" on everything and would like to step right up and speak his piece no matter who fell by the wayside. But movie stars are human merchandise—sounds dreadful, doesn't it?—and when they're told to answer "perhaps," yes or no are strictly taboo.

So Georgie could not tell why he is out of Mae West's latest picture; that is, even if he wanted to—which of course we're not at all sure he did. So whether it is because he served as Diamond Mae's stooge once before and didn't intend to allow lightning to strike in the same place again, or not, we'll never know.

Mr. Raft arrived at the party with a bodyguard. Asked what the boy's occupation had been before he found himself in this honorary position, Georgie can-

Everyone Glances at those GRAY streaks



Take a good, square look yourself. Aren't you sick of catching friends taking sly looks at your hair? Touch up discolored wisps of gray with

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

in the clean privacy of home. Easy to use; easy to maintain an even shade; odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave; leaves the hair natural-looking, lustrous, youthful. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. M G. 20
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

FREE CHARACTER READING CHART Worth $1.00 Complete

A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 25" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you.
Study your sweetheart's character. • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.
Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. F42, 395 Broadway, N. Y

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only 10 cents at most 5c and 10c Stores.

BLEACH OUT FRECKLES BLEMISHES



It is so easy now to have a lovely skin of satin-like texture; to have smooth, white, flawless new beauty. Just begin tonight with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream; it never fails; no massaging, no rubbing. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to whiten, smooth and clear your skin. Tan and freckles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly Soon your skin is all you long for—creamy-white, satin-smooth. No long waiting; no disappointments. Money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola at toilet counters or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box M-14, Paris, Tenn. *Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.*

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

HOW TO HAVE
Softer Silkier Longer LASHES

LUR-EYE holds the secret to this charm which you may easily possess. Each night rub a tiny bit of Lur-Eye at the roots of the lashes. In less than a month your eyes will reflect this new beauty of *more* alluring lashes. (Actually *longer, silkier, lovelier!*)

DOES NOT SMART OR STING

Lur-Eye also relieves tired, inflamed, bloodshot eyes, and granulated lids.



LUR-EYE
LASH DEVELOPER
Introductory Size at the better 5 and 10c stores. Regular Size at good drug and department stores
LUR-EYE PRODUCTS, INC.
1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

AMERICA'S STANDARD
SHOPPING CONVENIENCE



Rest Tired Arms
Same Good Quality
Today's Big Value 5¢
Attractive Trade-Marked
DEUBENER
SHOPPING BAGS
Garfield Park, Indianapolis, Ind.



VOICE
100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio A-721
308 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

BLACKHEADS!
Wash with KLEERPLEX!



DON'T SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS! CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine," clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY. RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities, the Beauty Editor of this magazine and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Stop using ordinary cosmetics—send only $1 TODAY for this unusual skin healthifier. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX (Dept. MR-4)
1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.
( ) Here is $1. Please send me 2 mos.' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or ( ) I will pay postman plus 20c P.O. charge. Outside U.S. $1.25—no C.O.D.'s
(WRITE NAME—ADDRESS IN MARGIN)
MAIL COUPON NOW

didly replied, "Tap dancer—unemployed." Now, you can't call that beating around the bush, can you? No, we think not.

And never let anyone say George is conceited. He claims that only one side of his face may be photographed, because his right ear boasts a tiny knick, souvenir of a slight tiff with a belligerent gentleman. Well, the b. g. isn't being photographed from *either* side.

Mr. Raft is in New York to go into his dance at the Paramount Theatre. He is a great favorite here in his home town—as he is elsewhere—and he's not afraid of anything except to talk about his future marital plans, if any. Our guess is that he'd like to know himself just what he intends to do in that direction. For, the very day his wife "named" Virginia Peine, Georgie wired the coast and asked Margie King to join him here, and then phoned Virginia to tell her he never sent that telegram. Well, you tell *us!*

* * *

LANNY ROSS, with a long-term contract clutched in his capable fist, is all set to embark on a picture career in earnest. Not that he would think of dropping his radio activities for, as Lanny sagely remarked, "When your profile isn't what it used to be, you can still shout into the mike. That is, until television rears its photographic head."

However, Lanny's profile, we should think, is one of the things he shouldn't have to worry about. Yes indeed, his appearance is all to the good and his personality is very definite. He's a little older than he looks—being all of twenty-nine summers—and seems rather an opinionated lad. Entertaining, too, when he doesn't go into his puns.

Paramount gave a preview party at which "Melody in Spring" was unreeled and sandwiches were served and Mr. Ross appeared in person. 'Twas a tribute or sumpin' to the star and his first cinematic production and was held in Radio City's famous Music Hall. After which, the boys and girls of the press repaired to the broadcasting studio to hear Lanny in his Maxwell House Show Boat broadcast. Which, indeed, was a treat.

This young star is anxious to get out to the land of sunshine and sound tracks, for he is very serious about his career—which is as it should be—and, we suspect, a little bit serious about himself.

* * *

And now we have it! Poise, m'dears, mit a capital P. Tune in on Robert Montgomery. We did at M-G-M's Broadway office, where the young man had given up an afternoon to the dreary business of being interviewed. That is, until four o'clock when he needs must rush to the Racquet Club to play some squash. (The polo ponies were left in California.)

The Montgomerys will be "in town" for at least three months, most of which they intend to spend at their Westchester farm house. It is one of those picturesque early nineteenth century affairs that has had additional wings added from time to time and which sounds simply divine.

"I was fired by Sam Goldwyn," remarked Mr. Montgomery, with what seemed to us to be great satisfaction. "And Mr. Goldwyn has never been wrong," with what seemed to us like an "and the big stiff certainly pulled a boner that time" air! Yes, gentle reader, Bobby sorta floored us.

Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 14*)

delicious dinner your victim is paying for. On the other hand, if a friend from Boston dropped into town, you'd be entertaining and appear interested even if you were so bored you could scream.

Now, if you have "what not to do" firmly fixed in your mind, how about discovering how to inject a little romance into this love business—or how to keep it there, if you're lucky enough to find it present.

The first five rules for keeping love alive is attentiveness, which, of course is the antithesis of that dreadful romance-destroying "taking things for granted." All of us like attention, in varying degrees of course. But no matter how independent a soul you claim to be, it is pretty nice to see that someone is interested in your wants and desires, no matter how small they are.

If the best beau has had a hard day at the office or a headache he cannot shake off, inquire about it and don't insist that he take you out that particular evening when any one of the other six would be just as convenient to you. This would be downright selfish and demanding and I sort of feel that a demanding girl has a fear complex. She has to see a man give in to her wishes in order to be sure she still has "power over him."

IN order to keep romance in love, respect each other's privacy. Don't, little lady, be a "checker-upper." Don't try to trap the boy friend into an admission which will serve not only to embarrass him, but to put you yourself in an unenviable position. If you have caught him in a white lie, let him think he is getting away with it. Don't confront him, for if he denies your accusation, you have merely succeeded in forcing him to tell you another. And, if he admits it and says, "So what?" you're sort of left holding the bag.

Another thing, if the best beau has had an unpleasant experience, is down in the dumps as a result and calls off an appointment in consequence, be thankful and not indignant. For, you nor anyone else would be able to get him out of a mood, and the best you would rate for your trouble would be an undeserved association with his disappointment or whatever it happened to be. Of

ENJOY
TWELVE COMPLETE
SCREEN NOVELS
IN ONE MAGAZINE



Each month SCREEN ROMANCES selects 12 of the latest and best cinemas for your entertainment.

These are adopted from the movie, profusely illustrated with actual scenes from the production and presented in story form.

Read these exciting stories. Then get a double thrill by seeing the picture when it comes to your favorite movie house.

Every issue contains hundreds of beautiful portraits of your favorite stars, along with previews of forthcoming pictures, fashion views and news of Hollywood.

Get your copy of the June issue today.

Now on sale

Screen Romances

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS



RING OFFER

To introduce our rainbow flash MEXICAN ORIZABA ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send free a 1 Kt. Spanish Imitation Diamond Ring (looks like $150 stone), for this ad and 15c to help pay for adv. and handling expense. MEXICAN ORIZABA GEM IMPORT CO. Dept. M, 329 S. Broadway, Los. Angeles, Cal. Stamp for Catalog. (2 for 25c.) Agents wanted. Earn $1.00 an hour spare time. Member N.R.A.



course he wouldn't do this intentionally, but human nature is funny and often we unwittingly arrive at convictions and conclusions which are most unfair.

And so, if you are considerate, attentive, do a little flattering and respect his privacy, you are doing your bit toward keeping the love game going, for your injecting that ingredient—romance.

YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS. That's what this department is for. Miss Van Doran will discuss here, with frankness and human understanding, your love problems. No readers' names and no readers' letters will be printed in this column. You may have a personal reply by writing to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Good News

(Continued from page 39)

was delivered. The service charge was a dollar a trip!

Such privacy is darned expensive, to say the least. No wonder we don't see Ann at more parties.

THE Academy Awards Banquet for the best *this* and the very best *that* of the year went off in great style. Katharine Hepburn and Charlie Laughton were not on hand to receive their little gold statuettes, but even so they got a great big hand.

Will Rogers absolutely out-Rogered himself as master of ceremonies. We've seen Will going good, but he topped all previous appearances in this one, where he roundly kidded such movie "holies" as Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, Jack Warner, Greta Garbo, Leslie Howard, Paul Muni and many others. And did they take it from Will? He actually put them in the aisles!

Conspicuous among those present were Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill looking very newlywed, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown having a lot of fun at a ringside table watching their friends whirl by, Diana Wynyard and May Robson receiving congratulations for being candidates in the actress group of best performances, Leslie Howard and Paul Muni receiving ditto for the actors group, Frank Lloyd proudly exhibiting his statuette for the best directional work in "Cavalcade."

JOAN CRAWFORD has gone Little Theatre minded with a vengeance.

Right out in her own back yard,

READ WHAT—



Joan Foster LEADING BEAUTY CONSULTANT says about Gayanne FACE POWDER

Joan Foster
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
BEAUTY CONSULTANT

S.S. Kresge Co.
Gentlemen:
More women should learn how unusually fine your Gayanne Face Powder is—
I found it equal in quality and texture to brands selling at $1.00 and $2.00
Sincerely
Joan Foster



Joan Foster is right—Gayanne Face Powder is an exact copy of Fifth Avenue's most expensive and exclusive face powders.

RETAILS AT 10c EACH AT ALL
S.S. KRESGE CO. STORES
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS GAYANNE CUSHIONED POWDER PUFFS

Regardless of Price here's a

Rouge

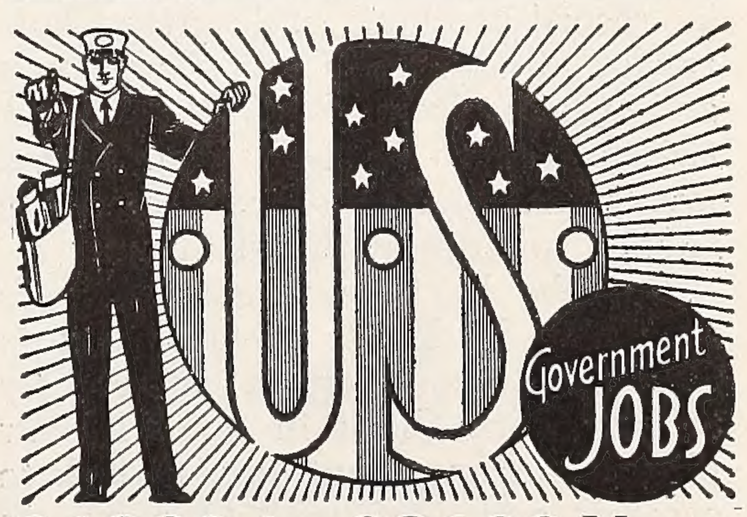
you can't beat —and it's only a DIME!

Absolutely dollar size and quality. Goes on easily and evenly—and stays on until you want it off. Handsome, durable mirror top case, Soft puff. Save money—try Silvaray once and you'll never spend a dollar for rouge again.

At Your 10¢ Store



Silvaray



$1260 to $2100 Year
TO START

Men—Women, 18 to 50
STEADY WORK

Many early examinations likely

Common education usually sufficient

Mail Coupon Today— SURE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C-307
Rochester, N. Y.

COUPON

Rush FREE, list of U. S. Government big pay LIFE JOBS, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work and how to get a position.

Name.....

Address.....

Joan is constructing a miniature theatre where she is going to stage one-act plays and short dramatic offerings, in which she, herself, will be featured as leading lady.

They say the reason back of Joan's newly developed interest in the theatre is none other than Mr. Franchot Tone. Franchot's real love is the stage and Joan's real love is Franchot. Here's hoping he doesn't get Joan so interested in footlights she will eventually abandon Hollywood for Broadway.

THIS has been a great month for black eyes in Hollywood. Margaret Sullavan refuses to state where she got hers. Esther Ralston rated her shiner by being on the wrong side of a swinging door. And poor little Sylvia Sidney picked up one by accidentally taking a "script" blow supposed to have been landed by Cary Grant on George Baxter's eye.

RONNIE STEPS OUT!

All the unmarried *femmes* in town were terribly encouraged when Ronald Colman started stepping out and going social. Yes, when Ronnie first returned to Hollywood he was to be seen here, there and other places, usually in the company of some very charming lady. Elizabeth Allen and Virginia Peine were particularly favored.

But just when the gals were getting up their hopes, Ronnie did a right-about-face and went into his retirement act again.

One version is that Ronnie simply can't go the giddy social life. But another story has it that the elusive Mr. Colman is really seriously interested in a lady whom even the gossips don't suspect.

THE success of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night" has lead to all sorts of amusing complications. Columbia Studios made this picture, which is cleaning up at the box office, in record-breaking style after borrowing Claudette from Paramount and Clark from M-G-M. These two proved to be such ideal screen lovers that the fans are demanding another picture with this team.

But the hitch is which studio is to make it first? M-G-M wants Claudette to come out to Culver City to play with Clark in one of their pictures. Paramount wants Clark to come in and work with Claudette in one of theirs. Of course, Columbia thinks, since it was their idea originally, *they* should have the first crack at a repeat engagement.

JEAN MUIR is a strong-minded gal with no respect for Hollywood's gospel rules.

A day or so before the opening of "Wonder Bar," Jack Warner was surprised to note that Jean was not on the advance ticket list for the première. And it is one of the rules that contracted players always show up for the first nights of their own studio.

A secretary dispatched a little note to her requesting that it was Mr. Warner's wish that she attend.

The next morning by mail came Jean's check for $.75. The accompanying note read: "Please reserve one balcony seat for me."

THE CHATTERTON-BRENT BUSINESS

It was like this: ". . . after a week in New York, during which time I've had a chance to think things over, I have come to the conclusion that it is necessary for us to separate." That was the way Ruth Chatterton broke the news to George Brent in Hollywood. George, who has been fighting with his company for over two months, makes up with them within twenty-four hours after receiving the wire. And now, the rumor is floating around town that there is a good chance that when Chatterton has divorced Brent *she may remarry her former husband, Ralph Forbes!* That would be the end of two and one-half years of unusual marriage for the trio: Ruth divorced Forbes to marry Brent—and all the while they were married, the most constant caller and best friend of the couple was the ex-husband! Some fun?

GEORGE RAFT'S wife, Grace Mulrooney Raft, sued for separation and $1,000 a month alimony. Although they had been married for ten years, they had been living separately for quite a portion of that time. The suit contained the charges: . . . "Non-support and humiliation" and said that Raft continually "flaunted women in my face."

Raft's current flame (or is it just a publicity flame?), the wealthy socialite, Virginia Lehman Peine, recently freed herself from her mate. The statement George made a few weeks ago, ". . . yes, if Miss Peine were free, I would marry her immediately," may become a reality. Or may not.

However, Margery King, who was George's heart interest until Virginia came on the scene, flew from New York yesterday—stating that she was going there to visit George. Hi, ho. These Hollywood romances will get you down, if you'll let them.

BOBBE ARNST, who was rather thoroughly broken up when Johnny Weissmuller divorced her in favor of Lupe Velez, has just been married to Robert Cavanaugh, prominent Chicago attorney and alumnus of Yale. For the past three months, Hollywood has seen very little of Bobbé, who has been playing stage engagements in the East, but we're happy that she has found happiness again.

DIVORCE FOR KATIE — OR NOT?

Katharine Hepburn denies all rumors to the effect that she will soon divorce her husband, Ludlow Smith. In spite of all the denials, however, the rumors are becoming stronger every day . . . so don't say we didn't tell you. There appears to be nothing to the rumor that she is that way about a certain prince, though.

There is also a strong story floating around Hollywood that Katie is so floored at her dismal failure on the stage in New York that she has refused to return to Hollywood for another picture for at least a year. 'Tis said that she wants to spend that year in Europe studying the stage and that her heart's desire is to return to New York at that time and make them like her. It is *our* hunch, though, that the next few months will find La Hepburn right back here where she belongs—making a picture.

GENE RAYMOND has spent about half his time, since returning from Europe, extolling the virtues of the American girl in comparison with the gals across the water. Gene leaves no doubt in your mind that the American girl is ". . . much more charming . . . more gorgeous and more alluring." One would almost think so to watch the amount of attention he has been showering upon the head of little Janet Gaynor. Maybe he is talking about her.

THE Fox Studio-Lilian Harvey battle has been called off and all is sweetness and light again between the little continental danseuse and her producing company.

In case you're interested, Lilian won her "point" without having to take the case into court. From now on she will make her own German and French versions of her American pictures without voice "dubbing" by anyone else.

WHEN Miriam Jordon appeared in a Los Angeles court to file divorce suit against Joseph Davis of London, a local newspaper reporter described her as "an English blonde whose eyes are as blue as the lilacs in Kew Gardens." Whew!

The rest of the proceedings weren't so flowery. Miriam explained that she had married Davis in 1925 and that he promptly retired from active employment the day she said "I do." All during their married life, she claims, she footed the rent and grocery bills and furnished her husband with spending money.

"I once asked him why he refused to work," explained Miriam to the judge, "and he said, 'Why should I? You're making enough money for both of us.'"

Judge Shinn granted the divorce in one of the shortest sessions on record.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



Read RIPTIDE *for the answer*

Married to a hard-working but neglectful husband, Mary found the attentions of young Tommy Trent more than acceptable. . . . Starved for love she tried to remain faithful and at the same time enjoy the pleasure of Tommy's advances.

The inevitable scandal which follows . . . the misunderstandings and heartaches will quicken your pulse. This drama, which is Norma Shearer's first picture in many months, will be hailed as the greatest romance of her career. The complete story, profusely illustrated with stills from the picture, appears in the June issue of SCREEN ROMANCES.

You can also enjoy in the same issue complete novelizations of eleven other splendid new Hollywood productions—all abundantly illustrated by scenes from the actual cinemas:

● AS THE EARTH TURNS, with an all-star cast; ● GOOD DAME, starring Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March; ● MELODY IN SPRING, starring Lanny Ross; ● THE SHOW-OFF, Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans; ● REGISTERED NURSE, Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot; ● DOVER ROAD, Diane Wynyard and Clive Brook; ● WHIRLPOOL, Jack Holt and Lila Lee; ● BOTTOMS UP, John Boles and Pat Paterson; ● WHARF ANGEL, with Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell; ● TAKE THE STAND, with Jack LaRue and Thelma Todd, and ● GLAMOUR, Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings.

ASK TODAY AT ANY NEWSSTAND FOR A COPY OF THE JUNE

SCREEN ROMANCES

"... a dozen screen hits between covers!"



LUCKIES ARE ALL-WAYS KIND TO YOUR THROAT

"it's toasted"

NOT the top leaves—*they're under-developed—they are harsh!*

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves — The Cream of the Crop — *They Taste Better*

NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and sandy!*

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company